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ANDRONIKE

The Heroine of the Greek Revolution

BY

STEPHANOS THEODOROS XENOS

TRANSLATED FROM THE ORIGINAL GREEK

BY

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This Translation is Dedicated

TO

MY THREE SONS

This translation is by

ALFRED THOMAS

PREFACE

NEVER was the attention of mankind more turned to Greece than during the year that is closing. With feverish interest and anxiety, millions the world over have watched her brief desperate struggle against fearful odds. Her hopes and her future now seem crushed. She is a victim, bound and laid upon the altar, overcome by the superior strength of the Ottomans and by the hostility of the European powers. Her antagonist, the Ottoman Empire, is to-day stronger and more formidable than it has been at any time since the Battle of Navarino, seventy years ago.

This book is a romance of love and adventure with its scene laid in Greece. As the plot develops, the reader seems treading Greek soil, breathing Greek air, and living among the Greeks. Though Andronike the heroine, Thrasyboulos her lover, and the renegade Barthakas, the evil genius of the story, are actors in the Greek revolution of 1821, they might be reckoned characters of to-day. That revolution, with its mingled heroism and shame, does not differ greatly from this last war, itself an episode in the ceaseless struggle between the Christian and the Mussulman, the Greek and the Turk. This story is a succession of instantaneous photographs, revealing, with photographic accuracy, phases of life in the Balkan peninsula. No other book in so realistic manner describes the birth throes of modern Greece. No other portrays more

vividly the political and moral medley and chaos of the East.

Hurrying on in the excitement of the tale, the reader scarcely realizes how historic truth is interwoven with the romance. The holy communion and execution of the patriarch Gregory and his bishops, the rise of the Hetairia, the battles and sea-fights described, innumerable other scenes and events in the narrative lose not one whit of interest in that they are historic fact made tributary to fiction.

It would have been easy to load the page with notes and explanations, but I have judged it better to let the tale, in its gradual unwinding, be its own interpreter. Some passages I have omitted in translation, and sometimes I have tempered oriental exuberance of style. Yet, while clothing the expression in the forms of English speech, I have constantly striven to preserve unmodified the body and soul of this greatest romance of contemporary Greece.

EDWIN A. GROSVENOR.

AMHERST COLLEGE, AMHERST, MASS., U. S. A.

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ANDRONIKE

THE HEROINE OF THE GREEK REVOLUTION

BOOK I

CHAPTER I

THE HOLY COMMUNION

ON the left bank of the Golden Horn, in the quarter of Phanar, there once stood a small female monastery. This was raised to the rank of a cathedral in 1614 by that patriarch Timotheos who came from Cyzicus and thus replaced Sancta Sophia, which the Ottomans had seized on the capture of Constantinople. In memory of the grand edifice of Justinian, long before converted into a mosque, the new patriarchate was called "The Great Church."

In the frightful rebellion against Sultan Moustapha II in 1701 the rioters destroyed this building and carried off its treasures. The patriarchate which one sees to-day on the former site, was raised by Jeremiah III of Patmos ten years afterward, and again thoroughly restored by Gregory V one hundred years ago.

In outer appearance it is a structure with wooden roof, built on the ancient walls of the city, and provided with monastic cells and apartments for the Holy Synod. In the hallowed enclosure stands the Church of Saint George, whose most precious possessions are the ancient throne of the patriarchs, the pulpit of Chrysostom, and half of the marble column on which Christ was bound and scourged.

About midnight on Good Friday in 1821, when the darkness was heaviest, an old man of eighty, wearing the priestly robes of the Orthodox Church and accompanied by a comely

youth, descended from the rooms of the patriarch and entered the Church of Saint George. He was a person of ordinary height. His eyes were dark; his countenance emaciated, but full of life and expression; his beard and hair gray and scanty.

"Let us come before his face with confession, and make a joyful noise unto him with psalms," said the old man, stopping in front of the bema. Then he made the sign of the cross three times, and went in. Soon he came out and gave the young man some church vessels, wrapped in silk. His companion kissed them, kissed the hand of the priest, and then concealed them under his ample cloak. "I am ready," he added. "Follow then, my child," murmured the old man. Together they left the church and the patriarchate.

The two persons advanced a considerable distance, and did not stop until they reached Ouzoun Kapou, the gate of the seraglio near the bostanji prison. "Who is there?" in a loud voice cried a ferocious janissary. "I have permission to enter the prison where the bishops are," said the old man in Turkish; then he showed the written order of the grand vizir. "Wait until I ask my officer," replied the guard, respectfully kissing the order. The officer came, and after a few questions himself conducted them to the prison.

Within a half-subterranean cell, dimly lighted by a candle attached to the wall, there lay upon the ground in chains, without beds, covered with dirt and with gaping wounds, the bishops Dionysios of Ephesus, Gregory of Derkon, Athanasios of Nicomedia, Joseph of Thessalonica, Dorotheos of Adrianople, and several other ministers of the Orthodox Church. The wrinkled face, the snowy head, and the wretched condition of each inspired sympathy and profound respect.

"Our most reverend patriarch," exclaimed the Archbishop of Ephesus, as the old man appeared. All made a feeble effort to rise.

"I am indeed with you," said the great prelate in a tremulous tone, bestowing the benediction with his right hand. Then turning to the officer and dismissing him kindly, he added, "I have permission from the grand vizir to remain alone with the prisoners."

The officer gave an angry glance, but withdrew, muttering some indistinct words.

"He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh: the Lord

shall have them in derision. Then shall he speak unto them in his wrath, and vex them in his sore displeasure." These words the patriarch Gregory uttered as he pointed at the departing officer, and his eyes filled with tears at the pitiful condition of the bishops.

"What necessity, father, beloved of God, brings you here at such an hour?" asked the Bishop of Nicomedia.

"The most imperative of all. This." Taking from his breast a letter, written in the secret dialect of the Hetairia, the patriarch read as follows: "My kinsman, who has access to the sultan, informs me that the sultan is furious at the progress of the Hetairia. Being informed that the bishops are members of it, he has determined to put to death all now in prison. I write this to you, the patriarch. At once inform the ambassadors of England, France, and Russia."

"This letter was not necessary to tell us that death is near. None are placed in this bostanji prison except persons condemned to death," said the Bishop of Thessalonica.

"We are waiting for it calmly," interrupted Gregory of Derkon. "Would that our blood might suffice for the accomplishment of the great undertaking! Yea, Lord God, deliver this Christian people, like another Daniel, from the merciless hands of the Mussulmans." "Amen," all responded in a low tone.

Then after a long silence the patriarch spoke: "Reverend fathers, aged martyrs of this holy struggle, forerunners of the deliverance of the glorious Greek nation. The hour has struck. The bitter cup, at which even our Lord was moved, is not far from us. Let us drink it bravely. Our death shall inspire indignation and heroism in all the Greeks. I have a frightful story to tell. Last Tuesday I was summoned to the palace of the grand vizir, Benderli Ali, near Alai Kiosk. There I found the chief interpreter of the Ottoman Porte, Constantine Mourouzis and his brother Nicolas. They were on their knees, bareheaded, barefooted, their hands crossed on their breasts. The vizir, restless as a panther, with a wild look, was noisily pacing the hall, knocking down the furniture and terrifying all who were present. 'Take these rascals and confess them before I hang them. Give them some of that wine, which you call blood of your prophet,' he added mockingly as soon as I entered.

"I listened without reply. I sent my deacon to bring the consecrated emblems from the nearest church. Then, taking the two princes to one end of the hall, I administered the communion, being interrupted only by the scoffs of the Mussulmans present.

"Then the now slain Constantine whispered to me: 'Most reverend, save thyself and the Synod if thou canst. The sultan intends to put you all to death to terrify the rebels.'

"That very moment the grand vizir grasped my shoulder. 'What secret have you here?' he cried.

"'Father forgive them, for they know not what they do,' I repeated to myself.

"Constantine Mourouzis was taken from the palace of the vizir. Sultan Mahmoud sat at the window of Alai Kiosk. I approached one of the windows, and I saw the unfortunate Constantine kneeling before the executioner. He turned his head and looked at me. Afterward, directing his gaze toward the monarch, he cried in a stern voice: 'Bloodthirsty tyrant, the last hour of thy kingdom has sounded. God shall avenge my nation. Thou shalt be punished for thy crimes.' Before he finished, his head fell under the sword of the executioner. A ferocious shout from a thousand Ottomans accompanied the horror. Then, on the same mound, under the eyes of Mahmoud II, was beheaded Nicolas Mourouzis."

"May his memory be everlasting! May his memory be everlasting!" repeated the bishops.

"To-day, just after I received the letter which I read to you, I was called to the grand vizir," continued the patriarch. "He was milder this time. He pointed to a seat on the sofa and offered me a pipe. I have accurate information that the bishops in the prison are members of the Hetairia,' he said; 'nevertheless, I suppose that you are faithful to the sultan.' I inclined my head slightly without uttering a word.

"'The padishah and I have need of your assistance. You alone can deliver the surviving Greeks from otherwise certain death. Hasten to the prison and receive the confession of the bishops. Whatever you learn, communicate it to his majesty. See, he sends you this diamond snuff-box as a token of his boundless esteem.'"

The patriarch Gregory showed them the costly box.

"You see," he added, "the thirty pieces of silver which were given me to betray you."

"After I returned to the patriarchate I remembered the words of Prince Mourouzis. I at once understood that the sultan's decision to put you to death had already been announced. Nevertheless, as he fears our coreligionist Russia, he seeks to make a tool of me. He wishes me to declare in writing that you are traitors, so that he can show the document to Count Strogonoff. Do you remember, reverend father," turning to the Bishop of Derkon, "when your friend, a few days before Alexander Ypsilantis crossed the Pruth, in a full meeting of the Synod, advised me to abdicate the patriarchal throne and go to the Peloponnesus that I might escape death? Do you remember my answer? 'I know,' I said, 'that the fishes of the Bosphorus will devour my body. Nevertheless I, and all the clergy of Constantinople, ought to die here for the common safety. Our blood will arouse the sympathy of Europe against the tyrant and will inspire heroism in the Greeks. Should we escape, the sultan will be the more exasperated and will slaughter every Christian.'

"The hour has come," added the patriarch Gregory, directing his clear glance toward the bishops. "This hour is the last in which I meet you upon earth.

"Come, my reverend children, let us partake of the sacrament and administer confession to each other. Let us lift our minds to him who trieth the hearts and the reins. Let us thank him that he has vouchsafed us such a glorious death. Come, Thrasyboulos, come, my child," he called to the young man, who was listening with eyes full of tears.

The youth approached with the sacred vessels. The afflicted bishops, close to each other in the prison cell, partook of the Last Supper.

This dramatic scene had hardly finished, when young Thrasyboulos, who will be one of the principal characters of this story, unable to master his emotion, drew a Damascus blade which he had hidden under his capacious cloak, and sprang into the midst of the bishops, crying with a husky voice, "Holy men, bless my sword."

The priests looked at the young man. His face shone in the dim light of the prison, beautiful as the archangel Gabriel.

"Blessed and strong be thy sword, my son," said the patriarch Gregory. "Thou art an honorable and a manly youth. May the Lord make thee one of the foremost pillars of the nation. May no weapon of the enemy smite thee. May fear never come upon thy heart. Mayst thou reach thy tomb only when thou hast seen thy country and thy religion delivered."

"Amen," all responded.

"Amen," answered Thrasyboulos. "May this blessed sword be my talisman! As long as my arm holds it, death will not dare come near me." Kissing it tenderly, he thrust it into the scabbard.

The patriarch was now ready to leave the prisoners, but the Bishop of Adrianople, Dorotheos, began to speak. He was a man well known for his attainments in science and philosophy.

"Blessed patriarch, most reverend bishops and holy fathers, my fellow-prisoners, 'Upon the wicked he shall rain snares, fire and brimstone, and a horrible tempest: this shall be the portion of their cup. For the righteous Lord loveth righteousness,' saith the prophet-king David. Lifting our minds to this holy word, we, the shepherds of the Christian Church, must await death without murmuring. In order that the fountain of Grace, of which we have just partaken, may continue, it must find your hearts cheerful and untroubled.

"If there lingers in you a holy longing to behold the deliverance of the Greek nation out of its present afflictions, that longing is permitted by the Almighty, for he aims at the emancipation of the churches and of the places among which Christ was born. He seeks the removal of sacrilege, murder, and violence from this country, which gave light to the nations now enlightened, and which is capable of again becoming one of the foremost.

"Let no other feeling, reverend fathers, enter your hearts. Banish all hatred of your tyrants. Only entreat the Most High to forgive them. And with reason, for he who overthrew many nations and slew mighty kings, he will chastise them and strengthen the weak Christians against their oppressors. Our death, holy fathers, is more glorious than that of the martyrs under Nero and Severus. They died for the spread of Christianity; we fall that it may be delivered from thrice-barbarous Islam."

Afterwards, raising his fettered hands as far as he could toward heaven, he prayed: "Lord Jesus Christ, thou Lamb of God, who wast crucified for the nations and to free mankind from sin, intercede with thy Father for us sinners."

"Amen, amen, amen," said they all.

"Ye shall be blessed forever, my children," said the patriarch. "It is time for me to leave you. I do not say farewell, because soon we shall meet where no power will be able longer to separate us."

Three times he gave the benediction to the bishops. "Follow me, my son," he said to Thrasyboulos. Then he left the prison and the prisoners.

CHAPTER II

THE DIAMOND SNUFF-BOX

BEFORE the patriarch and the youth had gone far from the stifling dungeon in which the bishops were confined, the sun was tinting the sky of Constantinople with rosy dawn, each ray, like an artist's brush, imparting new color and new shadow to that splendid picture.

As they traversed the city, the patriarch felt compelled to stop and gaze for a moment at the seven hills, the Golden Horn crowded with shipping, and the winding channel of the Bosphorus, which like a noiseless cataract empties one sea into another and was opened, as if by the rod of Moses, that Europe and Asia should nevermore be joined together. He cast a glance toward the glowing sky, where a few stars, dropped from the robe of vanishing night, were fading into dawn. He turned toward the fair promontory of Scutari, where mint and roses were pouring forth fragrance like myrrh and cassia, and sprinkling with dew whoever was astir at such an early hour.

Then he said to Thrasyboulos, "See, my child, how magnificent are those skies which he who was hanged upon the cross has spread above this sinful city. Constantinople, my son, in spite of its physical beauty, is to-day like a foul abyss. Satan and his hosts dwell here. He is full of joy as he sees his followers tormenting and destroying the

Christians. As soon as we reach the patriarchate, set out, my child, to Odessa. I will recommend you to some merchants there, who are our fellow countrymen. In that city you can complete your studies and afterwards enter into business."

"I set out, most holy father, to Odessa! I become a merchant! I, who bear a sword which has been blessed by your holiness and by fifteen other chiefs of the Church! I will gladly go there to be enrolled in the Sacred Legion. I ask only for a letter of recommendation to Alexander Ypsilantis. Do you know, my uncle, that ever since your sacred confession in the prison I feel myself changed! It seems to me that my head has been anointed by holy oil and my whole body made invulnerable by that blessing. Oh, when shall I bare my sword! Oh, when shall I fall upon the unbelievers!"

"Speak lower. Remember that you are in Constantinople. I hear steps behind us."

At that moment a voice was heard crying, "Father, father!" Turning, they saw a poor Greek running toward them.

"What is the matter?" asked Thrasyboulos.

"Two Turks are chasing me," said the Greek, panting. Hardly had he finished when two Ottoman soldiers appeared.

The patriarch, although unrecognized, was able by his mild manner and a little money to send them off.

"You must know how all the Christians are persecuted," said Thrasyboulos. "Why, then, do you go out when the streets are empty?"

"From poverty, sir. I have so many children to support."

"So many children! But you appear very young. What is your business?" the patriarch inquired.

"I am a caiqueji. Excuse me, my master, but if I am not mistaken you are our most venerable patriarch," said the Greek, recovering from his fear and uncovering his head.

"Yes, my son. Take this," said the patriarch, giving him some money.

"Thank you! Thank you! Our Christ has sent you to me. I have to help so many people. You must know that during these days my small caique has rescued many whom

I have carried to Russian ships. I am so early in the streets because just now I went out to get food for a family which I have hidden in my house. Night before last they fled with almost no clothing from the hands of the janissaries."

The patriarch looked at him with wonder. "Do you know the name of the family?"

"Yes, most venerable. It is that of Demetrios Mourouzis. They are relatives of Constantine and Nicolas, whom the sultan put to death. I carried them some wine, and they intoxicated the guards and escaped."

At these words of the boatman the aged patriarch was not able to control his emotion. "Blessings upon you, my good Christian!" he exclaimed. "May the Lord give you the riches of Abraham and Isaac, for you will spend them in good works." Taking out the diamond-studded snuff-box of the sultan as well as all the money he had with him, he added, "Take this to help support your children and also to assist the family to which you have given a shelter in your house."

"You cannot mean to give me all this," said the poor boatman, looking at him with astounded eyes.

"Yes, yes; I give it to you, my good man."

"Stop, stop, most reverend patriarch," said the Greek, rubbing his eyes and sitting on the ground. "These brilliants are like a dream. That box is a fortune. I can open my own shop in the bazar."

"Once more I recommend you to look out for the Christians whom you have at your house," repeated the patriarch as he said good-by.

"I will sacrifice my life for them," he replied. "I was not always a boatman. My father was formerly in easy circumstances."

"The sultan's snuff-box could not have better fortune. By means of it the family of Mourouzis will be saved," said Thrasyboulos, shortly afterward.

"Nothing takes place in the world unless it has first been written there," said the patriarch, pointing to heaven, as he entered the gate of the patriarchate.

All the Saturday before Easter he passed in meditation and prayer. In the evening he said to Thrasyboulos: "Take this recommendation, which you desired, to Alexander Ypsilantis. Here are also two other letters for two leading merchants

of Odessa, and here is a sum of money for your expenses. Also here is this letter for Messrs. — and Co. In it I tell them that in case of my death they are to acknowledge you as heir to the property which I have in their hands. Now leave the patriarchate and Constantinople as quickly as you can. Hurry to the harbor and embark on the first Russian boat which sails to-night."

"I cannot leave until I know what is to become of you yourself and of the bishops."

"That is madness. Whether we live or die, you cannot help us in any way. You are in danger of destroying yourself, and then what? Think of your aged father and of your betrothed Andronike."

"My father! My mother! My darling and beautiful Andronike! Let me add, my country and my religion," cried the young man, passionately. "It is true; I must leave Constantinople. Farewell, most reverend patriarch. Bless me once more. Our destiny is unknown; but if you go to heaven first, intercede for me."

Then tearfully, after some incoherent words, he kissed the right hand of the patriarch and speedily set out for the Golden Horn.

CHAPTER III

A FRIGHTFUL SCENE

EASTER came with clouds. The sky was black, the atmosphere heavy, and rain seemed about to fall in torrents. Continuous thunder and lightning echoed and flashed from east to west. Despite all this the sea was calm. Not a breath of air stirred. The salutes from the Christian vessels in the harbor, incessant on other Easters, were on this day rare and at long intervals. Nature herself foretold that this Greek Easter was to end in horror.

The patriarch Gregory rose very early. Before descending to the Church of Saint George to celebrate the resurrection of our Lord, he was plunged in profound melancholy. At last he robed himself in the royal saccos and the gilded and bordered stole. He placed upon his head the diamond-

studded mitre, and attached the epigonation to his side. Then, attended by Gabriel, his faithful deacon, he proceeded to the church and took his seat upon the throne of Chrysostom.

The Christians present were gloomy and silent. Each felt the absence of the bishops, and bitterly reflected upon their sufferings in prison. Yet when the patriarch Gregory raised his pastoral staff and intoned, "Let God arise and let his enemies be scattered," one common response agitated the ranks of the men.

"Let the nation arise. Let Christianity arise," they murmured, and a new life appeared on the faces of all.

After the liturgy the patriarch returned to the patriarchate and received the visits of the Greeks. At that very hour one of the officers of the grand vizir arrived and ordered him to go to his master.

The patriarch found the vizir, Benderli Ali, in ill humor and enveloped in clouds of smoke.

"At last!" said the representative of the Sublime Porte. "I expected you yesterday. My all-powerful master expected the confession of the bishops."

"It was our High Saturday, and it was my duty to pass it in prayer and meditation."

"It would have been better for you to spend your time in prayer and meditation upon the command of your sovereign and master Sultan Mahmoud, upon whom your head depends. Then, according to your statement, you did not have time to take down in writing the confession of the prisoners."

"The entire day I passed in prayer and meditation," repeated the aged patriarch.

The vizir began to be enraged at his calmness. "Tell me then orally what the prisoners confessed."

The pontiff crossed his hands upon his breast, cast down his eyes, and remained silent.

"Will you not speak?"

Gregory maintained the same silence.

"Very well. Hear what our Koran says: 'We have led man to the path in which he will show whether he is thankful or thankless.' 'And verily for unbelievers we have prepared chains and iron rings and burning fire,' it says somewhere else."

Beckoning to him, he added in a low tone: "Yet there is mercy for you and the archbishops now in chains. Let

them return to the padishah and I will deliver you all from death."

"One man cannot deliver another from death," said the patriarch. "Does not your own Koran say, 'We are all from God and to him we shall return'?"

"Hold! That saying is only for Mussulmans," cried the now infuriated Benderli Ali. "You shall see whether I have power to slay you or to release you."

"Thou couldst have no power against us except it were given thee from above," in the very words of Jesus he calmly replied to this Ottoman Pilate.

"Thankless and accursed nation," shouted the grand vizir with intense anger, as he sprang from his sofa into the middle of the room. "You accursed and worthless slaves, whom so magnanimously we have exalted to the same height as ourselves! You to whom we have granted the free exercise of your foul religion! Now you seek to trample on our own necks! No! no! By the Prophet, by the angels who separate truth from falsehood, by the day of judgment, I will hang you all!" Clapping his hands, he shouted still more loudly, "Come here! come here!"

Two officers entered.

"Make haste and order the bishops at the patriarchate to choose another patriarch within an hour. This one I am going to hang. But stop! For the last time I ask you: Will you tell me the confession of the prisoners?"

The patriarch uttered not a word. He held his eyes fixed upon the ground.

Benderli then signed to the officers to depart, and ordered his guards to carry the old man to the bostanji prison.

As soon as the news spread that the ecumenical patriarch was to be hanged, the streets and squares filled with people. All sought the place in which this inhuman sacrifice was to be made.

The Jews, who usually on Easter Sunday wear their worst clothes, to-day put on their diamonds and ornaments. Mingling with the Ottomans, they inflamed them against the unfortunate Christians. The latter, foreseeing the tempest, entreated the earth to open and hide them.

Then the executioner entered to bind the hands of Gregory, who was waiting absorbed in prayer. He ordered him to follow. A shudder convulsed the aged form. Who could remain unmoved at such a moment? Did not Christ

himself say, when praying prostrate on the other side of the brook Kedron, "Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me"?

The patriarch followed the executioner. As he walked slowly and with dignity, the fierce Nubian pushed him. "Go faster," he said. "You are not the only one I have to despatch."

"I do not walk slowly, my man, in order to hinder you in your work," the martyr replied with a smile. "I am almost eighty years old, and I am unable to go faster."

The quarter of the patriarchate was packed with janisseries and with an Ottoman and Jewish mob. The crowds elbowed each other to obtain the best place. The masts of the Ottoman fleet and every high spot accessible were covered with countless people. The hills, the windows, and the minarets of the mosques presented a loathsome spectacle of general exultation.

At almost that very hour when Gregory was being brought upon a skiff to Phanar by the executioners and guards, Eugenios, the newly consecrated patriarch, entered the gateway of the patriarchate with unusual pomp.

The bishops and the other high clergy in his train, seeing the gibbet and their former chief smeared with blood, with torn clothing and bound as a malefactor, mingled with the psalm-singing of the new enthronement their secret prayers for the repose of the soul of him who had been three times elected to the patriarchal throne.

"Now, traitor, if you wish to beg the mercy of the padishah, it is too late," said the secretary of the Reïs Effendi, who had been expressly sent for the degradation and removal of the patriarch.

"I shall beg the mercy of the Most High for you and for your impious masters. I die now, but you will die that death which sooner or later awaits every man. Turn and behold these crowds. All are creatures, made by the Lord your God. Woe unto him who wrongs or puts to death one of these!"

The chief secretary and the hangman looked at each other.

"Become a Mussulman," whispered the former, "and at once I will let you go."

"A Mussulman! a Mussulman!" the patriarch replied, regarding him with contempt. "May God forgive you for

the blasphemy you have uttered. May Jesus Christ, now so shamefully persecuted, rescue your sinful souls from the hands of Satan. Execute your master's command. Remember, if you do not hasten, your own head will fall before sunset."

He pointed toward the fiery ball of the sun, here and there parting the cloudy and darksome sky, seeming in truth like the Holy Spirit, which the children of the Orthodox Church still believe then descended upon the head of its great martyr.

"Finish with the giaour," cried the chief secretary to the executioner, madly stamping his foot.

The latter seized Gregory by the beard, threw his priestly cap in mockery to the ground, and fastened round his neck the fatal cord. The eyes of the patriarch, raised toward heaven, involuntarily fell upon the windows of the patriarchate. There he saw the young Thrasyboulos, overcome with grief. The calm of the patriarch, till then unbroken, was at once changed into bitterness of soul. He suffered what Socrates himself suffered when before his death he saw his weeping and distressed disciples.

"God forgive you," he uttered for the last time, and his eyes closed forever.

Such, on the twenty-second of April, in the year 1821, was the martyrdom of Gregory V, two hundred and eighty-sixth Patriarch of Constantinople, reckoning from Andrew the Apostle, who here first preached the word of God and erected the ecclesiastical throne of this ancient metropolis.

An hour afterward the grand vizir arrived, accompanied by janissaries and officials. Sitting on a bench opposite the sacred remains, he smoked and joked about them with his men. Next he placed upon the breast of the dead a paper with the inscription, "A traitor to the kingdom," and fastened the decree upon the gate of the patriarchate.

CHAPTER IV

THE FATE OF THE BISHOPS

A LARGE boat left the quay of the seraglio under the eyes of the sultan, and headed toward the Bosphorus. In addition to the boatmen, the helmsman, and a few janissaries, it carried the bishops whom we have seen in the bostanji prison.

The boat might be called the bark of Charon, for it was conveying these holy fathers to the other world. Above the helmsman the swarthy executioner stood erect. He was an active old man, with a rough white beard, with fiery eyes rolling in deep orbits, and with strength unconquered by age. With his impassive bearing he resembled marvellously that unshaken son of Night and Erebus, the mythologic, gloomy-browed Charon.

The boatmen sang a Turkish love-song in derision of the priests, who were intoning their funeral hymn and praying and exchanging their last embraces, repeating, "Blessed is the road over which we journey to-day."

At last they reached Baluk Bazar Kapou, that is, the Fish Gate of Galata.

"Get up!" cried the hangman, kicking the venerable Archbishop of Ephesus. "Shame to an old man like you to fear death! Get up! Here is your place," he said, as he sprang upon the wooden landing.

The archbishop rose and followed him. "O God, after winter thou makest peace. After sorrow and tears, thou grantest joy. Inscrutable are thy judgments. Infinite is the depth of thy counsels." Then to his fellow priests he murmured, "Forgive me, brethren, and may God forgive you." But before he ended the experienced executioner had finished his task.

The boat now kept on higher up toward Parmak Kapou, and the songs of the boatmen grew more merry.

"It is your turn now," said the hangman in a threatening voice to the Bishop of Nicomedia, as he lighted a pipe and then began to drink a glass of lemonade. "Do you see? I take this cooling drink that I may finish you off without trouble."

The aged bishop, whom the death of the Archbishop of Ephesus had completely unnerved, fainted at these inhuman words, and died before the boat touched the pier.

"Get up!" said the hangman, giving him a kick; then, as he did not move, he kicked him again more violently in the side.

"Rise, reverend father of Nicomedia," said the Bishop of Anchialos, in a firm voice; "collect your strength to climb this short ladder to the Most High. A moment more and, reaching the top, you will reach paradise."

The words were spoken only to lifeless remains. His soul had already joined those of the patriarch and the Bishop of Ephesus.

"Let us use force, since kindness does no good," said a janissary. "But see, he is dead," he added, with a sneer on approaching the body. "He is doing it on purpose. These giaours are like foxes, and pretend to be dead when they can't run away; so one is deceived and lets them go."

"Living or dead," said the hangman, "I'll not humor him. I'll fix him with my precious little rope," fastening his cord to the neck of the bishop and leaving him hanging at Parmak Kapou.

Then the boat approached the other end of Galata, and the executioner in the same brutal fashion bade the Bishop of Anchialos follow. So he, too, disembarked, and slowly and unmoved approached the gallows.

Our hand can linger no longer on this harrowing but truthful recital. The suffering bishops of Tirnova and Adrianople were hanged a few days later at Arnaoutkeui, the Bishop of Thessalonica at Yenikeui, and the Bishop of Derkon at Therapia. The virtuous Kyril, a former ecumenical patriarch, then living retired in Adrianople, was put to death in that city. Many others of the high clergy were likewise slain in other parts of Sultan Mahmoud's empire. Already had begun one of the most fearful tragedies which the human race has ever seen.

The ambassadors of England, France, and Russia presented remonstrances to the sultan on account of the murders of the patriarch and bishops. He replied that, as an absolute and independent sovereign, he was responsible only to God, from whom he received his empire. Then he ordered the Ottomans to unsheathe the sword and cut down the Christians.

Whenever Islam has gained a victory over Christianity, it has been merciless. Now, however, when it clearly saw itself tottering, it plunged the sword into the bodies of babes and women with the same frenzy as into the men by whom it felt itself threatened. Discharges of firearms, wild and infuriate cries, groans, and laments, and destructive conflagrations overhung by clouds of smoke, prevailed for many days in different quarters of the city.

Can the Christian refrain from emotion at the fate of this queen city, once triumphant under its Christian Emperors!

CHAPTER V

THE DEPARTURE

THRASYBOULOS left the patriarchate by night, and went to the pier of Phanar without being seen. Three days before, on quitting the patriarch, he had crossed to a café in Galata which Greek sailors frequented and there made the acquaintance of Nicolas Sclavos, captain of an Ionian ship which on Easter Monday was to sail for Odessa. That same evening he had gone on board the vessel. When on the following day he learned of the deposition of Gregory, he landed at once and ran to the patriarchate. There he witnessed the death of his uncle.

He was not able to depart immediately, for the slaughter had already commenced and none of the Christian vessels were permitted to weigh anchor. It was the sultan's design that Europe should know nothing of what was going on until after the last execution.

Arriving at the pier, Thrasyboulos sought for some means of reaching the ship of Nicolas Sclavos, which was not far off. He meant to persuade the captain to take the remains of the patriarch on board and carry them to Odessa for burial there. Finding no boat, he stripped off his clothes, plunged into the water, and swam to the vessel.

"You have got the start of us," said the captain. "We ourselves had the same plan. We mean to take down the sacred remains from the gallows if we can." After Thrasyboulos had made arrangements with the captain, the ship's boat carried him to land.

Approaching the patriarchate in the dim light afforded by the lamp over the gateway, he saw shadows of two men, moving slowly and cautiously not far from the soldiers who were guarding the corpse.

"What are you doing here?" asked Thrasyboulos, when near them.

"Is it you yourself, sir? Don't you know me? I came to see if I could save the patriarch's body from injury. The gentleman with me is the younger son of Prince Mourouzis."

In the indistinct light Thrasyboulos recognized the Greek boatman to whom the patriarch Gregory the day before his death had given the diamond snuff-box of the sultan. "I want," he said, "to get down the body, now that the streets are somewhat free from the janissaries, and to carry it to my house, so it may escape insult, and afterwards take it to the church."

Thrasyboulos thanked him. Then he told him the plan he and the captain had made for the following night. They agreed therefore to come the next night, and also that the family of Mourouzis should embark on the same ship.

The designs of Thrasyboulos were frustrated by new commands of the grand vizir.

Benderli Ali ordered the remains of the patriarch and of the bishops to be given to the populace and dragged through the streets. The minister of the Sublime Porte supposed that by such sacrilege he could overawe the Greeks, who were seeking to break their chains.

Thrasyboulos was in his chamber when he learned that the mob was engaged in this foul pastime. He ran down into the street. There he saw a crowd, dragging the body of Gregory over the rough pavements of Phanar. They had also stolen the icons and sacred vessels from the chief churches of the capital. These they had broken to pieces and were hurling them at the houses of the Christians, aiming at every man's head which appeared in a window.

It was useless to follow such a maddened multitude. He returned to the patriarchate and threw himself upon his couch, a prey to sickening despair. When the mob grew weary of pulling the dead body about, they threw it into the Golden Horn.

That evening Thrasyboulos was on his way to the harbor, hoping at last to quit the city of so many horrors, when

again the boatman stood before him. "Ah, glory to God! Do you know that I have been able to hide the patriarch's remains!"

"It is impossible! How could you do it?"

"While the crowd was dragging the body, I followed them at a distance. Christ blinded their eyes and they cast it into the water near my boat. As soon as it was night, I and the sailors of Captain Sclavos dived for it again and again, and at last we found it, for the wretches had tied a heavy stone round the neck."

"Is it very much disfigured?"

"How can it be otherwise? The vile ruffians pulled it about so long."

"Where is it now?"

"In the ship. As soon as we found it, we covered it with a straw matting until it should be very dark. Then we carried it to the ship of Captain Sclavos."

"One moment, and I will be with you again," said Thrasyboulos, and he flew to the patriarchate. He seized the few things necessary for his journey and returned.

"What is your name, my good man?" he asked the boatman, putting some pieces of gold into his hand.

"Lampikis: my father was once a wealthy diamond merchant. The Turks cut off his head, took all his property, and I became a boatman."

"My name is Thrasyboulos. In this world it is only the mountains that never meet, but men see each other again. Good-by. Do not forget me. I believe I shall see you again in happier times."

"A good journey to you, my master. God and the blessing of the patriarch be with you," said the boatman, kissing the hand of Thrasyboulos.

From the Russian journals of that day we know how reverently the patriarch's remains were received at Odessa, and with what magnificence they were committed to the tomb.

The very day he set foot in Odessa, Thrasyboulos sent the following brief letter to Andronike, the Peloponnesian maiden, his betrothed:—

MY BELOVED ANDRONIKE, — I have escaped as by miracle. As soon as I am rested a little, I shall tell you all about the sad death of the patriarch and the bishops. My darling, in the midst of everything I think of you. Probably the Peloponnesus is now the centre of terrible events.

May God place his protecting hand on your head, my beautiful, my best beloved Andronike. May he rescue you from the dangers that threaten every Christian. To-morrow I shall write you fully.

Your loving

THRASYBOULOS.

CHAPTER VI

THRASYBOULOS AND ANDRONIKE

IN Arcadia, that fair and healthful district of Peloponnesus, that tiny Greek Switzerland full of lofty mountains and running brooks, where to-day, as in ancient times, Diana and Pan receive the quiet devotion of the inhabitants, one finds, not far from the river Alphæus, the little city of Demetzana, the birthplace of the murdered Patriarch Gregory V.

Let us transport ourselves to Demetzana, or rather to Arcadia, almost two years before the cruel scenes which we have described.

One summer day, in 1819, as the almost setting sun gilded the wooded crests of Mounts Cyllene and Parasios, a beautiful shepherdess led her little flock down from a height to one of those refreshing valleys which lie at the mountain's foot. She sat down, not far from a crystal spring which lost itself with gentle murmur in the pebbles and sands.

Her figure was tall, comely, robust, yet supple as that of the gazelle. Her long, luxuriant hair was ebon black. Her dark and almond eyes shone like glowing coals. The complexion of her oval face was clear and lily-white; but when her anger was roused, her cheeks purpled, so dark was their crimson.

She was indeed the true type of those huntresses who once roamed after golden-horned stags with Diana over those same slopes. In other words, she was a Greek beauty; not one of those whom the traveller can find to-day silk-robed and corseted in drawing-rooms, but such as may be met wandering with their sheep over the mountains and groves of Arcadia, like the nymphs, or on the plains of Messenia, like Rebecca drawing water from the well.

She unfastened a small wallet from her shoulders; then, taking from it a little bread, she cried, "Here, my children, come here!"

Her sheep, as well as two great shepherd dogs, surrounded her.

"Here, Agriope, this bit is for you. You, Galateia, take that. You, Euridike, that; and you, Calathæa, that." So she divided the bread among her sheep, to each of whom she had given the name of a dryad or an oread or a nymph of Parnassus.

Soon the sheep and dogs stretched themselves out upon the grass. Then, resting her two hands on her shepherd's staff, she began to sing this hymn of Rhegas: —

"O my children,
O my orphans,
Scattered here and there;
Insults bearing,
Persecuted
By men everywhere,
From your labor
In each village
All you gain is bread.
Serfs of tyrants,
Tools of masters,
Lift each slavish head!
Wake, my children! Sounds the hour
When blest Freedom shows her power,
And for you her feast is spread!"

Her silvery and expressive voice filled the valley with melody. Like the piercing lament of Demeter, who once in the same Arcadia, from the cave of Phigalia, woke the rocks and waters to sympathy for her lost Persephone, her song would have moved the heart of any traveller who by chance might be wandering through enslaved Greece.

This hymn, however, did excite one human being, unseen at the farther end of the valley. It was the young Thrasyboulos, whose acquaintance we have already made. He was that day hunting on the mountains, and on his way back to Demetzana had sat down on a stone to rest.

He sprang up, feeling a thrill of enthusiasm at the patriotic song, yet half believing it a trick of fancy. At the first turn in the valley he found himself face to face with the shepherdess.

As her dogs sprang at him, he said to the young woman, "Do not be afraid; do not be afraid. I am not a man to harm you."

"To do me harm!" she interrupted haughtily; "I am not afraid of you. You are but one and I am one."

"Ah, shepherdess, I see that you are brave as you are beautiful. But, my friend, unarmed as you appear to be, what would happen if you should meet two or three Turks?"

"I am not unarmed," she replied, quieting her dogs. "I have two pistols and a sharp dagger concealed here. Besides, I have my two dogs and my feet, which are swift."

The admiration of Thrasyboulos increased. "You resemble Athena both in beauty and courage," he said in a low tone.

"I am like one of the women who in the ancient times lived on the other side of those mountains," she said, pointing to the cloud-capped summits of the Spartan Taygetus.

"By my soul, beautiful shepherdess, your words move to tears and ecstasy. What is your name?"

"Ask the wolves and the birds. They all know my name."

"Stop a moment, shepherdess," Thrasyboulos cried to the girl as she turned to depart. "Pardon me for the question, but do you know how to read?"

"Ha! ha! Pardon me for my laughter, but can you yourself understand this book?" she retaliated, taking a small volume from under her mantle and showing it to the youth. "By the Panaghia,¹ Diogenes, if he had found the man he sought with his lantern, would not have been so astounded. Farewell, best of mortals, as this divine Homer says," she added with a merry laugh. "The sun is setting and I must leave you." Turning, she called to her dogs: "Come, my children; come, Melampos and Actæon, let us go;" and in a twinkling she was far from the spot.

Thrasyboulos became more and more excited. The shepherdess seemed to him like the beautiful Atalanta, the heroine of the Caledonian hunt, whom in mythologic days the same Arcadia had brought forth.

"No! By my soul, you shall not escape me," said Thra-

¹ The Holy Virgin.

syboulos, as she was about to vanish from his sight. Rousing from the intoxication into which she had plunged him, he ran at full speed after her.

In a few moments he had the delight of seeing her from a distance enter a tower which rose near the entrance to the valley. Then he slackened his steps, and by the time the stars came out on the vault of heaven he was near the tower.

"Whom does that tower belong to, Frank?" Thrasyboulos demanded of a little man, dressed in European costume, — a style exceedingly rare in Greece at that period, — who with arms folded behind him, was walking in front of the gate.

"The demogeront Athanasiades," he replied dryly.

"What is the demogeront? Rich or poor? Married or single?"

"Rich; a widower with two children, a son and a daughter beautiful as the Vasilike of Ali Pasha. I have the honor to be her professor."

"Ah, Frank; you are the teacher of the beautiful daughter of the demogeront," said Thrasyboulos.

"Her professor, sir!"

"And what do you teach her?"

"Greek. I have taught her all the poets. She knows by heart Homer and Pindar. She has a wonderful memory for history and mythology."

"Kyrios¹ Professor, I begin to suspect that the young woman must love you very much," said Thrasyboulos, naïvely.

"How have you found that out?" asked the teacher, staring with open eyes.

"If a young woman is intelligent and admires great men, she cannot remain insensible in daily intercourse to a man who teaches her about great men. It seems that you do not understand your position, Kyrios Professor. A man who teaches about great men is himself taken for a great man."

"Hunter, you are right. As I observe that you are a clever man, I ought not to hide from you that the beautiful Andronike loves me as passionately as I worship her."

Thrasyboulos felt an involuntary pang of jealousy. He glanced at the man, and under the clear sky he saw a long, narrow, sallow, middle-aged face, with a thick nose and

¹ Mister.

long ears. The head was sunken in his shoulders, and his eyes were small and fixed. His right side was deformed, and he was bow-legged.

"What is your name, happy mortal?" asked Thrasyboulos.

"Barthakas, sir."

"Barthakas. I want, Kyrios Barthakas, to see this angel. I fear that your lively fancy exaggerates. Men often become infatuated with plain faces, and from constant intercourse think them beautiful as the Aphrodite of Apelles."

"From what part of the Peloponnesus are you, sir?"

"From Demetzana, where my father is a shoemaker."

"You shall see this Aphrodite of Apelles. Shall I tell you the truth? If you were not a shoemaker's son I would never present you. You are handsome and enterprising, and might play me tricks. But a shoemaker! You have to do with proud people. Andronike and her father are very haughty, and I do not fear you. Have you any game in your little bag?"

"A little."

"Pretend that you want to sell it. Follow me."

The demogeront was a tall, large-framed man with grey hair and lustrous eyes. He united the Greek type with something of Turkish stateliness.

Andronike had discarded her veil and shepherdess costume for a house dress. Thus attired, she seemed ten times more entrancing to Thrasyboulos than when he met her in the valley. She recognized him, blushed, and on some pretext left the room as he entered.

"What do you ask for your game?" asked the demogeront.

"Nothing, sir; but can you let me have a chamber or a loft, where I may pass the night? When coming down the mountain, I hurt my knee and am unable to continue my way to the city."

Barthakas opened his little eyes and regarded him sharply.

"Yes, my pallikari," said the demogeront; "gladly will I give you a chamber, and, moreover, we will dine on your game."

"Andronike," he called, "the gentleman here will dine with us and sleep in our tower, since he hurt his foot, and is unable to return to Demetzana."

The young girl silently and in surprise bowed to Thrasyboulos, took the game, and, according to the custom of the place, went out to attend to the rites of hospitality.

The teacher began to be uneasy. "Do you know that the demogeront takes you for a gentleman?" he said to Thrasyboulos; "but don't be troubled. I will not tell him that you are the son of a shoemaker."

"I intend to tell him myself," he answered calmly.

Quickly he took off his hunting-clothes, performed his toilet, and put on an elegant light pelisse loaned him by the demogeront; then he came in to dinner, where the father, the daughter, and the teacher were waiting for him.

It is a saying of Lavater, the famous reader of faces, that the first years of youth indicate the history of a man. In truth, if any one had studied the countenance of Thrasyboulos that night, when he was barely twenty, he would have been sure that his future career was full of promise.

His forehead was square, slightly depressed in the middle. His eyes, deep blue and of ordinary size, were not unusually expressive nor inquisitive; yet they penetrated the thoughts of others, and exerted a mysterious influence on whomever they were fixed. The expression of his face aroused sympathy and inspired confidence. His figure was tall, sinewy, and slender; his gait quick, energetic, and sometimes impatient.

Thrasyboulos was wont to observe and examine, while Andronike observed and felt. He was gentle and affable, but cautious in speech; she was haughty, careless, and always frank.

With an imagination kindled by mythology, history, and classic poetry, the only study for which she cared, without other intimates than her father and brother, Andronike had created in her heart an ideal world. She felt as if in roaming over Arcadia she would meet the nymphs and heroes of antiquity.

Yet, sometimes waking from her dreams in these same mountains and valleys, she realized with sharp transition the present condition of her country. She saw clearly the servitude around her and abhorred the despots. Often she burst into tears, and changed her pastoral songs into national laments and, like a Spartan maiden, prayed that all might die or Greece be delivered.

As for her teacher, Barthakas, he had dwelt five years in her father's house. She had grown accustomed to him, and treated him with the kindness which the superior grants to the inferior. Inasmuch as her proud and illiterate father esteemed Barthakas a man of profound knowledge and well acquainted with Europe, Barthakas mistook the daughter's kindness for sympathy, and thought he had gained her heart. So he assiduously courted the father, that sooner or later he might attain the hand of Andronike. Such was the state of affairs when Thrasyboulos came to dine at the tower.

"Kindly tell me your name, hunter," said the demogeront as they sat at table.

"Thrasyboulos, sir."

"Thrasyboulos! Pray, then, have you ever thought of delivering your native country from the thirty tyrants?" cried Andronike.

"What thirty tyrants?" her father interrupted gravely.

"I ought to have said the ten thousand tyrants," replied the girl. "I mean the Turks."

"Andronike! Andronike! Be more careful of your words!" said the teacher, assuming a serious manner, and eyeing his plate.

"Do not be afraid of me, gentlemen," said Thrasyboulos. "I am a Christian with a Greek heart. This young lady's question is the question of a true Greek girl. Liberty is no longer a banished word. All our hearts whisper it."

"You are mistaken, sir," interposed Barthakas. "I am sure that no thoughtful, well-to-do person wants to endanger his position."

"Everybody is thinking about freedom, except people who tremble at the sound of a gun and are afraid of losing their repose," cried Andronike, levelling her great eyes at the teacher.

The tutor grew red. "Andronike, I —"

"Keep quiet, teacher. I know you well enough. You turn like a windmill. Don't bandy words. The gentleman here will understand you."

The sallow countenance of Barthakas grew dark. Andronike's manner had shown Thrasyboulos that she had not a particle of love in her heart for him. Nevertheless Barthakas skilfully concealed his displeasure, and, forcing a laugh, said to Thrasyboulos: "In my counsels to that

young lady, Kyrios Thrasyboulos, I am like the general Phocion, who knew that any sensible advice he gave the Athenians would be rejected; so when they applauded him once, he said, 'Surely I have said something wrong.'"

"You remember, Kyrios Thrasyboulos, that according to Plutarch Phocion neither wept nor laughed," remarked Andronike. "Therefore, when my teacher laughs so loud, we can say that he resembles Æsop, who laughed with everybody. Ah, Kyrios Barthakas," she added with irony, "if your comparisons are so inapt, you will lose our esteem for your learning."

"We have these quarrels often," said the demogeront to Thrasyboulos, regarding his excited daughter with pleasure.

The crafty mind of the tutor surmised that the excited mood of his pupil was due to the presence of Thrasyboulos. Besides, he felt that in comparing him to Æsop she was thinking of his body as well as of his mind, so, to destroy the handsome hunter in her opinion, he said with a certain pride: "What esteem I enjoy is my own. I have lived in the great world of Europe, and there everybody knows me. I am not obliged to introduce myself to any one; nor, by our Holy Easter, should I greatly fear the opinion of this gentleman, who is neither a king's son nor any great person himself."

"It is true," said Thrasyboulos, unblushingly; "the individual now enjoying your hospitality is no great person."

The demogeront bowed and added, "Men are well enough known by their faces."

Andronike, at the young man's glance and smile, experienced a hitherto unknown sensation in her heart.

"Yes, my lord. My father, though wealthy, is a shoemaker at Demetzana," continued Thrasyboulos, with the same calmness.

The little eyes of Barthakas darted with pleasure and triumph from father to daughter.

"A shoemaker! You are joking," said the demogeront.

"Not at all, my lord. My father is a shoemaker. Nevertheless, being a lover of letters, instead of taking me into his trade, he sent me to school in Demetzana, and there I learned a little."

At once the manner of the demogeront changed. At that epoch men of his class were more supercilious than

the Ottomans themselves. Even the daughter opened her dark eyes. Her pale countenance flushed. The liberal-minded and intelligent girl was troubled, not so much at the humble rank of this man, who had begun to creep into her heart, as at the unaffected and careless way with which he revealed it.

A prolonged silence took the place of conversation.

"The wise man does not consider whence men come, but what they attain," said the teacher, resuming the thread of the general conversation. "In the present state of Greece," he added, "the rulers and the opulent and we too, the professors and poets, are not slaves of the Turks. Who knows what you with your talents and external advantages may become, though the son of a shoemaker? What says the proverb: 'The clove is black, but it sells by the ounce.' For example, many of our leading men have arisen from the humblest families."

"It's true. An example is my own uncle Gregory, who, sprung from our lowly house, is to-day Ecumenical Patriarch."

"The patriarch Gregory your uncle!" exclaimed the demogeront, arresting his fork. His haughtiness had passed away like a cloud.

"He is my mother's brother," said the young man, with unabated indifference. "My last letters from his holiness summon me to Constantinople to complete my studies there, and enter upon a profession somewhat higher than my father's."

The demogeront now recollected that the patriarch Gregory was born of poor parents in the town of Demet-zana, but that his learning and virtue had caused the mitre to be placed upon his head.

During that night three persons did not close their eyes. They were Thrasyboulos, already in love with Andronike; Andronike, who for the first time met one worthy of her dreams; and Barthakas, who cursed the hour in which he introduced the hunter to the house.

On the following morning Andronike took Thrasyboulos all over the house to show him her treasures. "What are these?" he asked on entering a room the walls of which were covered with skins.

"They are the skins of animals which I have killed on the mountains."

"I pray you, young lady, relieve my anxiety. Do you always go about alone, as yesterday, in these desert places?"

"Not alone. I have my flock and my two dogs."

"Does not your father or brother or teacher ever accompany you?"

"Are the many shepherd girls who tend their flocks on our hills accompanied, that I need a companion?" she answered haughtily. "Besides, my father has his public affairs to attend to. My brother looks after our lands, and Kyrios Barthakas is too timid. Then, too, his feet are too crooked to follow," she added with a laugh.

"Have you never had an accident? Have you never met robbers or other rascals?"

"I always avoid the thick woods, and I go only where it is open. My dogs are always quick to show me the tracks of men and beasts. Once, however, I encountered a Turk, who sprang upon me from a hiding-place, but it was unlucky for him. My dogs mangled him, and I hurt him with my knife. I escaped and fled, leaving him in a bad condition. I do not know what became of him."

"Forgive me one other question. How does your father let you lead such a life?"

"My father loves me, and cannot prevent my doing as I wish. He knows that I should not live ten days if my manner of life changed. Then I have made such excursions ever since I was a child, and he has become accustomed to them. When a person is once for all accustomed to danger, he never imagines that any harm can come out of it."

"Did not Kyrios Barthakas ever ask to go with you?"

"Only once. Not being able to keep up, he fell into a chasm, and it took him two days to find the way home. Since then my tutor has been so panic-stricken that, much as he wishes, he never dares to go with me."

At that very moment the teacher entered. He had been hunting for them everywhere. The conversation changed, and Thrasyboulos soon left the tower; but the demogeront invited him to visit them again.

The father of the beautiful Arcadian had conceived the idea of uniting his daughter with the nephew of the patriarch.

CHAPTER VII

THE OATH AND THE BETROTHAL

THRASYBOULOS and Andronike met more than once upon the mountains. Soon the shepherdess of Arcadia became as unhappy as Calypso if a single day passed without her seeing Thrasyboulos. With him she traversed the ancient places of Arcadia. The thought of the past and of liberty inflamed them to enthusiasm. They sang their heroic and mournful songs, and amid these surroundings recalled the grand events of Greek history, the only education either of them possessed.

One evening, six months after their first meeting, Andronike informed him that she planned to visit one of her aunts, who lived at Mazi, a village near the ancient fountain Cleitor. Andronike indeed desired to spend a few days with this aunt, but her principal object was with Thrasyboulos to visit Mavroneri, or the ancient Styx, which is not far from that village. She told him that when there she was going to intrust him with an important secret.

The day after reaching Mazi they went to Naucria, a village on the site of the ancient city Nonacrios. The fountain-head of the infernal river was close by.

"You are sober, Thrasyboulos," said Andronike, as they sat opposite the Styx. "This is the first time I see you so. In all the way you have not spoken to me ten words."

"I was trying to make out, dearest, what you have to tell me, and at the same time I was thinking of what I have to tell you," he said with a sad smile.

"You have something to tell me!"

"Yes; forgive me for telling my secret first. Next week, Andronike, we must part!"

"We must part!"

"For several months my uncle in Constantinople has been writing to me to come there. Up to the present I have put off my journey, under one pretext and another. But the letters of the patriarch have already become so urgent that day before yesterday my father definitely ordered me to set out next week. The patriarch has

written to him that, if he does not wish to send me he should inform him, so that he may adopt another of our relatives who eagerly desires the place. My father knows nothing of our love for each other. Your father must have already learned it from Barthakas, from whose evil soul nothing is hidden. We have all to-day before us. Let us study how we can make our happiness lifelong."

"My happiness will end the moment you set out for Constantinople," said Andronike, pale and anxious. "When you reach that great capital as nephew of the patriarch, will you any longer remember a poor Arcadian girl?"

"Andronike, your words are bitter! Tell me, my darling," said he, taking her hand while the tears dropped from her eyes, "have you ever heard a falsehood from my lips?"

"I am ashamed of myself to cry so, just like a child," Andronike said, paying no attention to his words.

"My soul, Andronike! Listen to what I say to you. Do you think I am a man who is able to keep his word?"

"If I did not suppose you were, I would not have let myself love you."

"Then I say to you that I will not step outside of Arcadia until we are formally betrothed. Do you think that your father will consent to our marriage?"

"A few days ago I had a long conversation with my father on this subject," said Andronike, blushing slightly. "He is good, of high character, but proud and ambitious. Unfortunately he is greatly influenced by Barthakas. The wretch has put into his mind some strange ideas; among others, that, though you are the nephew of the patriarch, the patriarch has recognized none of his kindred since he reached the throne, and that you use his name only to deceive my father, who is rich, and to marry me. He calls the letters of the patriarch, which at different times you have showed me, so many forgeries."

"His soul is like his body," said Thrasyboulos, calmly. "I will tell my parents of our love. I will write to the patriarch, and I do not doubt that my uncle will approve our betrothal."

"What you say to me, Thrasyboulos, is like the sun in winter. It gives light, but no warmth," she added with a sad smile.

"I do not understand you."

"My friend, I must tell you everything to-day, because, though I lose all the rest, if you are left me, I shall be happy." Taking his arm, and pointing to the extended horizon which lay before them, she continued in a low voice: "Do you not hear from every city, from every village, from every hilltop in Greece, the wild war-cry which fills the air? Do you not hear the clash of already broken chains and the clang of arms? A few months, and you will see this land deluged in blood."

"Do you mean a revolution?" interrupted Thrasyboulos.

"I mean a holy struggle for the cross and the fatherland, and the progress of the Hetairia is such that we are not far from it."

"Of what Hetairia?"

"That is the secret of which I intended to inform you. Listen. After the frightful death of Rhegas, the Philomousos Hetairia was founded at Vienna. At its head was Yannis Capodistrias. Its design was to diffuse education among the enslaved Greeks, and by this means gradually to prepare them for freedom. The Philike Hetairia is a consequence. Six years ago three immortal men, Scouphas, Tsacaloff, and Anagnostopoulos, conceived the daring and desperate idea of preparing every Greek for freedom, not by letters but by arms; in other words, to rouse from their lethargy the inhabitants of enslaved Greece. After incredible sacrifices and labor, after being at first mocked at as fools on account of their great undertaking, these three indomitable men succeeded in their design; that is, they founded a Hetairia, divided into seven grades, and having symbols, passwords, oaths, and a cypher like the freemasons. The richest and most capable men of our nation, who are to direct our holy struggle, are connected with it. There is not a city nor a village, Thrasyboulos, which the Hetairia has not reached. For you to realize on how firm foundations this undertaking rests, I may say that your uncle the patriarch knows all about it. I believe his purpose in sending for you is to have you enter on this limitless career of glory."

"How have you learnt all this?" asked Thrasyboulos, in astonishment.

"In a strange way. Some days ago, as you remember, I

went to Hermione with my father. After our arrival there I went out to see the ruins of the temples of Demeter and Persephone. I had hardly sat down in the recess of a rock, when I heard pistol-shots close by. They were followed by a groan and the words, 'You have killed me, you dogs!' I rose up in terror; but before I could take a step a man rushed in front of me, pale and trembling.

"Who are you, wretch?' I cried, drawing my pistol. After I had escaped from the hollow, I saw another man coming who was weeping. 'We are not bad men,' said the first, still trembling. 'If we had not killed that Iscariot, he would have ruined the whole nation.' Then he showed me at a little distance a dark man, with square shoulders and beard and moustache, lying dead on the ground.

"I remember that I was so terrified that I started to fly to Hermione. The two men ran after me, and falling on their knees besought me to listen. Their manner assured me that they were not villains, and I stopped. 'Before we tell you who that dead man is and who we are,' said one, 'tell us, have you a Greek heart?' 'Greek!' I exclaimed with my usual but perhaps senseless enthusiasm. 'I detest the Turks, and I mourn night and day at the slavery of Greece.' 'Then we have nothing to fear from this girl,' said the men to each other. Afterwards one of them continued, 'My name is Tsacaloff, and the dead man is Nicolas Galatis of the island of Ithaca.'

"Tsacaloff told me about the Hetairia and its progress. I learned the names of its most distinguished members. 'The killed Nicolas Galatis,' he continued, 'also belonged to the Hetairia, but he was a man of vile disposition. He wanted to squander the money of the Hetairia, and threatened, if they did not give him what he asked, to betray them all to the Turks. He started one day to go to Chaled Effendi and confess everything, but by divine Providence he was met by another man from Ithaca and prevented. The labors and sacrifices of so many people through so many years would be brought to naught if we permitted this man to live. Our tears show that we are not assassins. We have done what Brutus did to his own son. But since unluckily you have been a witness of this scene, you must either become a member of the Hetairia, or, if you do not desire to do so, you must keep this execution secret, at least one month, until we are far from Argolis!'

"Since that time I have been a member of the Hetairia, and I swore that for at least one month I would not utter a word to any one concerning this affair. That is why up to the present I have said nothing to you. To-day I am absolved from my oath, and I have brought you here to tell you about it."

"Is your father a member of the Hetairia?" asked Thrasyboulos, raising his head, which, a prey to conflicting emotions, he leaned upon his arms.

"No," said Andronike. "However, he has some knowledge of it, because in its progress it has affected all the Greeks. I think Barthakas has advised him to remain faithful to the Turks so as not to lose his property."

"I suspected as much. It is best to say nothing to him," said Thrasyboulos. "Otherwise family dissensions would begin. But, Andronike, here you are a woman taking part in this grand undertaking, and do you wish me, a young and healthy man, whose arm can do something, to remain a stranger to it until the last moment? How should I then ever be worthy of your love? I now well understand why the patriarch so earnestly desires me to come to Constantinople."

"If you knew in what gloomy thoughts I am living, Thrasyboulos, you would pity me. I foresee a violent storm, in which we shall either be protected or be flung far apart. And now, when you say that you must leave for Constantinople, I feel myself still more unhappy. My mind is full of the idea that in that city either you will forget me or be plunged into mad dangers. Nevertheless I see that, if I hinder your departure, I become an obstacle to your career. Go, Thrasyboulos. As for myself, know that I shall love you devotedly as long as I live and breathe."

Tears poured down the cheeks of Andronike as she spoke.

"And I shall worship you to the end of my life, my darling, my soul, my Andronike," cried Thrasyboulos. "Listen, dearest! I will not leave Arcadia unless the patriarch and my father decide upon our marriage or at least our betrothal."

"If your uncle does not approve of our union, then, that I may find rest, I will throw myself from that top of Mount Typaios from which in ancient times so many women hurled themselves to death."

"Andronike, let us banish these gloomy ideas. You love me; I love you. Our firm and mutual resolution cannot be overcome by any one who would undertake to separate us. Give me your hand. Raise your eyes to yonder cataract, pouring headlong from that lofty rock, to the Styx before us, in whose ice-cold water our ancient Olympian gods were wont to take their fearful oaths. Let whichever of us two shall betray or forget the other fall speechless and lifeless!"

"Amen," said Andronike reverently, as if she were in a holy place. "Let whoever shall forget the other fall speechless. Let us exchange rings, Thrasyboulos. As long as one of us keeps the other's ring, he is bound by this oath. I was different before I knew you. I was happy, happy as one of my lambs, and yet I did not know it. I thought that something was wanting. I thought that in my heart there was an empty place which some one must fill. I met you. You entered that empty place, and at once I found myself as it were strangely transformed. To-day I am like the flower called 'Aphrodite's Looking-glass.' When it sees the sun it opens and flourishes, but when the sun is hidden it closes and fades. But I will not hinder your voyage, Thrasyboulos. Do you see those hyacinths, symbols of our first impressions? Do you see that acacia flower, symbol of our blameless love?" She pointed to the flowers which in wild luxuriance bloomed on the splendid crag. "Those flowers are to me the spices which the phoenix, feeling a presentiment of its approaching death, gathers upon the mountain-top to die upon them."

"Andronike, my own beautiful Andronike, who has taught you to talk thus of presentiments? Our separation is hard, but nothing is yet decided, nor has the last minute come. Do you not hear me, my beloved?" and in his agony for the first time he pressed his trembling lips to the glowing cheek of the shepherdess.

The mountain girl, whose hand no other mortal had up to that time pressed, whose heart had always seemed like iron, was now like the glowing metal which softens only in the fire.

Suddenly a groan, followed by a slight rustling in the leaves, startled Thrasyboulos.

"Our dogs must have scented game in those thick

shrubs," he said, leaping to his feet. "See how they wag their tails."

The dogs of Andronike had thrust their heads into the dense mass of fir-trees at the entrance of the forest. They had scented Barthakas, whose sight and hearing nothing escaped; but they recognized him and did not bark. As soon as he realized that the attention of his rival was directed upon the thicket, he plunged farther into the woods.

One month after this oath the patriarch approved their betrothal. Then, a month later, Thrasyboulos, in the deepest grief, set out for Constantinople. There he became a member of the Hetairia, followed a course of studies, and a year later witnessed the frightful death of his uncle.

CHAPTER VIII

BARTHAKAS

BARTHAKAS was from an ignoble Samian family. He had studied a little at Smyrna, and then on a Greek wheat-ship had sailed to Liverpool to make his fortune. Being unsuccessful, he had left England on the same vessel. While sailing round the coast of Messenia, he was shipwrecked. Afterward, wandering over the Peloponnesus, he met the demogeront, who employed him as a teacher.

The little French, Italian, and German which he had studied, and the still less English which he had picked up at Liverpool, gave him such reputation in the neighborhood that when English or French travellers arrived they were always directed to him.

The demogeront and the other chiefs of the Peloponnesus, the majority of whom could not write their own language, considered him a man of the profoundest learning. Inasmuch as he related his marvellous adventures with unblushing falsehood, all who heard him thought he equalled the old man of the sea in wisdom.

Whatever he read he said he had seen. What he related he told with so much confidence as to persuade himself that he had seen it. Steamers did not exist. The Pelo-

ponnesus had little communication with the world. Who in that state of general ignorance was able to expose the shameless charlatan, as he declared that at Manchester he had watched a machine into which, if one threw his shirt, it was at once converted into paper, was printed with the writings of whatever author one wished, and then fell from the other side of the machine a bound, gilt-edged book? In short, at the house of the demogeront Barthakas enjoyed a comfortable income. Not only was he liberally paid, but he received generous sums from travellers and magistrates, for whom he wrote out various details or reports to the local authorities.

Andronike alone was lacking to his happiness. This prize might perhaps have been his, had not fate reversed the position of affairs. The father of Andronike desired to unite her to this graceless, deformed, but learned man. Seeing, however, her manifest antipathy, he put off their union, thinking that daily intercourse would accustom her to him.

The teacher, loving her madly, and studying her romantic and upright disposition, in the absence of a rival made slow but gradual progress. He was persuaded that his pretended mildness and submission to all her wishes and his silent and pensive ways would overcome her repugnance.

The first jealous moments of an unloved lover, when he sees another suddenly coming to rob him of what after a long-continued struggle he hoped to win, are moments of frenzy and madness. Into what a fiery furnace is his breast not converted? His mind is full of suspicion. Every moment he becomes in intention guilty and criminal. While a prey to harrowing anxiety, he forms vivid pictures of the delights which at that very moment he fancies the loved one and his rival are enjoying. If the jealous person be virtuous, noble, and experienced, perhaps he tries to conquer his affection and to control his sufferings. If, however, he has a foul heart and believes he can attain the longed-for object by falsehood and hypocrisy, then he is capable of doing everything to prevent the happiness of his rival or to take revenge on her whom he has so desperately loved.

Unhappily the miserable teacher belonged to the second class. Physiognomists always attribute to deformed and

distorted creations of nature an enlarged benevolence or malevolence. Barthakas possessed the latter.

We resume our story at the time when with his own ears he learned about the Hetairia, and heard the oath sworn opposite the Styx, and saw the exchange of rings by the lovers.

He returned to the tower in a state of mental and bodily fever, and for days did not once leave his chamber. Sickness again seized him when the formal betrothal took place, nor did his convalescence begin until Thrasyboulos was far from Arcadia.

On the third of March, 1821, the following conversation took place after dinner between the demogeront and the teacher.

"Tell me, my wise man, you who have journeyed all over the world," said the father of Andronike, with an anxious face, "do you think that Russia will aid the insurrection? Is there any hope of our being freed from the Turks?"

"Hatch your eggs, my lord," answered Barthakas, lighting a small pipe. "We will confess each other like father and son. Let us see if we can save your neck."

"My neck!"

"Yes, my lord. Learn from my mouth that not only your goods and mine, but that your head and mine and that of the good Andronike, will to-morrow morning not be in their places."

"What do you say?" said the demogeront, springing up in panic.

"Sit down; sit down; be patient. I have not begun my story yet. You could not commit a greater folly, sir, than betrothing your daughter to the nephew of the patriarch."

"Why?"

"Because on account of this relationship they will kill us all to-morrow."

"No joking, teacher; but in truth I never saw your face so full of fear."

"I told you yesterday about the Hetairia. I told you that the patriarch is a member of it. Things are growing black. You know the Turks. They don't take words or deeds into account. How many heads of prominent people have they cut off at Constantinople! The big ships are swamped in such a tempest; how then shall we sail our

little boats? The Turk, as soon as the pasha relaxes the reins a little, goes and lodges wherever he finds barley for his horse and gold for himself. Have you not received to-day an invitation to go to Tripolitsa, my lord?"

"Yes," said the demogeront, in astonishment. "How did you know it?"

"We do not learn letters to eat straw," the teacher said soberly. "Hear about the Turks of Tripolitsa. They have pretended ignorance of the preparations of the Greeks. Yet to-day they have imprisoned the archbishops of Christianopolis, Androusa, Corinth, Lacedæmon, Nauplia, Olene, and Demetzana, and also all the demogeronts who met at the capital of Peloponnesus in order to verify their accounts. As this is not enough, they have summoned Petro Bey to Tripolitsa. He pretended to be sick, and sent his son Anastasios as hostage."

"It is true," said the demogeront, becoming pallid. "You are a magician, teacher. All that you tell me I know. Therefore I shall not go to Tripolitsa."

Concealing a laugh, the teacher drew a packet of letters from his breast and added: "Listen to this sentence, which the Eparch of Calavryta writes me: 'Tell our friend, the demogeront Athanasiades, not to go to Tripolitsa, because as soon as he arrives there the Turks will cut off his head as a kinsman of the patriarch.'"

The demogeront began to go over the packet of letters. All were forgeries prepared beforehand by the foul-minded teacher. In them he learned of various executions, which had taken place in Constantinople before the death of the patriarch. In order to cast his rope more securely around the father of Andronike, Barthakas had forged a statement that they likewise intended to imprison the patriarch and Thrasyboulos, although at that time the Sublime Porte had taken no decision and showed no suspicion against them.

"Then we are lost," said the demogeront. "In this letter I read that to-morrow the Ottomans will come to seize us. Tell me, my wise Barthakas, tell me, my only friend, how can you and I and my beloved children be saved?"

"What human being, my lord, can give counsel at such a time? When a pack of wolves has once scented the flock, then neither shepherd nor dogs nor shepherd's crook is of use."

"Then no hope is left," said the demogeront, with quivering cheeks. "No hope is left!"

"I am racking my head for an idea, my lord. 'If one has no candle, let him light what oil he has.' I would give all my learning and my philosophy and my talents for one small idea of safety," said the teacher, with a groan. "But to my confusion and my shame as a Christian I realize that I myself brought that hunter, that Thrasyboulos into the tower. All our misfortunes to-day spring from him."

"How is it your fault, my good man? That came from my bad luck. The world is so made that 'God caresses a man with one hand and beats him with the other.' I am not thinking about money, but about our lives, about our heads."

"Wait, my lord. The Panaghia loves you. I have an idea! It is the only one that can save us."

"That can save us! Tell it quickly, you mine of learning."

"It is somewhat hard for a father, but it is a choice of evils. If you can act like a Roman, that is, with the sternness which I have told you the Romans possessed, why, then, we are saved."

"Come to the point, I beg."

"Sing hallelujah! Four things must be done this night with the utmost speed. First, you must send a letter to the pasha of Tripolitsa, stating that on account of your health and age you resign the office of demogeront."

"Excellent."

"Second, send him a very valuable present, which will both express your fidelity and aid your resignation."

"Admirable."

"Third and most important, before daybreak you must marry Andronike to the first man you find, to show that all connection with the patriarch has been broken off. Fourth, after having in this way lulled the suspicions of the Turks, you must in a few days get your property together, get rid of your real estate, and then we will go to Patras and sail from there to Marseilles."

"Solomon could not have given better advice," cried the terrified demogeront; and beside himself with excitement, he embraced the teacher, whose head hardly reached his girdle. "It is all easy except the affair of Andronike."

"That is the most difficult, the hardest of all. If, however, she is a good girl, she must sacrifice her personal pleasure for the happiness of her father and brother. Very likely the patriarch and her betrothed have been already beheaded. If they are still alive, it is certain that they have been deprived of their possessions and rank, and have no longer any position. Therefore this connection amounts, my lord, to nothing. It is just the same as if you had promised your daughter to the nephew of a common priest."

"You are right," said the demogeront. "Shall I tell you the truth? I always had the intention, until this relative of the patriarch appeared, to give you my daughter. In bestowing her upon a wise and virtuous man like you, I know that, whatever may happen, my daughter will not go hungry. You are the only person to whom to-night I can marry Andronike."

The small eyes of the teacher opened to their fullest extent. He stepped backward, and placing his hand upon his heart, like those toy soldiers of lead which children play with, he said, "I marry Andronike! Never!"

"You do not wish to make me your father?"

"But what other than you have I in the world?"

"Then why do you refuse?"

"In any other circumstance the proposition would fill me with joy. But to-night, when I myself propose the disappointment of your daughter's anticipated marriage! For me myself to become her bridegroom! By Saint George! Things are so turning upside down that I not only encounter a great temptation but may also lose my self-respect."

"Put the blame on me, my friend. If you hesitate, you will make me believe that you love neither me nor Andronike."

"Do not speak to me thus," said the wretch, with false tears, embracing the demogeront. "You know whether I love you or not. And Andronike! Andronike! She is the rose which I have nurtured, watered, cared for, and passionately loved. I thought her almost mine. Suddenly I saw that, instead of adorning my own life, she preferred to adorn that of a prince. I did not complain or become jealous or angry. She was fitter for a crown than for my poor self. But now, when all things are changed and the

crown destroyed, what joy, what honor, that she should come again to me! If I seem to you still hesitating, there is one other cause. Andronike herself. She has not a particle of love for me."

"That is nothing. 'Time converts the sea-plant into coral,'" said the demogeront. "I will send at once for the priest of the nearest church."

"My lord, may you be blessed with a long life! Before you send, think over the matter a little more. Let us call your son and tell him what we are discussing. If he agrees, then we three will throw ourselves at the feet of Andronike and entreat her to save us by this marriage."

The son of the demogeront was called in, and the infamous Barthakas pictured the danger in still livelier colors.

Father, brother, and bridegroom agreed that, either by persuasion or force, the marriage should take place before dawn.

CHAPTER IX

THE SCOURGED BRIDEGROOM

It was nearly midnight. Andronike in dejection had gone to her chamber early. That very day she had received a letter from Thrasyboulos, describing the entrance of Alexander Ypsilantis into Wallachia and the insurrection of the Wallachians. He also gave her an alarming picture of the condition of things at Constantinople.

The danger which her lover incurred at the Turkish capital gave her far more anxiety than her own. That evening, therefore, while Barthakas was entangling the terrified demogeront in his cunning net, she in her chamber was writing a full and pathetic letter to Thrasyboulos, wherein she likewise described affairs in the Peloponnesus.

The tower in which she lived had been rebuilt from unsightly ruins about ten years previously. It stood at the entrance of an extended plain, under a steep hill which protected it from the cold north wind. A wall had been prolonged to enclose the garden, in which grew majestic trees. This garden was cut from east to west by a brook,

half hidden by thick green grass and reeds, dry during part of summer but full of water in winter and spring. It flowed under arches beneath the eastern and western wall, and thence issued into the valley.

The tower formed a three-storied building, crowded with a strange medley of Persian carpets, Venetian mirrors, and Byzantine and Oriental furniture. The chamber of Andronike was used also as a reception-room, as at that time were most of the rooms in Greek and Turkish houses. A spacious cupboard inside the wall, shut off by a door, contained the mattresses and pillows which at night were placed upon the floor and formed the bed. The walls were hung with skins and costly weapons.

Andronike had unfastened her black hair, and was preparing to undress, when her father, brother, and tutor suddenly and unceremoniously burst in, and cast themselves at her feet, crying, "Save our lives!"

"What is the matter?" she exclaimed in astonishment.

"The Turks are going to hang all of us to-morrow!"

"Who says so? But get up, I beg you."

"Official letters announce it, and you are the cause. Your connection with the patriarch has ruined us. To-morrow the tower will be full of Turks!"

"The mountains belong to us, my father! Let us get all our precious things together and hide them in the ground. Let us take a few necessary things, and on the mountains, where there are so many *armatoli*, let us wait with our guns on our shoulders for the hour of safety. Get up! get up! Teacher, what does this position mean?" she cried with indignation. "At least tell me what you are crying about!" The miserable Barthakas had covered his face with his hands and pretended to weep.

"Ask me, my child," interrupted her father. "You are a fool to say that we will run like *klepts* to the woods. Can I, an old man, endure that sort of life? Besides, I should leave property, worth thousands of florins, in the hands of the Turks. They would confiscate it, declaring me a traitor to the sultan. No! That is not the way to save us!"

"Then what way is there? Speak! Rise, my father! By the *Panaghia*, if you do not rise, I will throw myself out of the window," she added, stepping toward one of the windows.

"You must break off your engagement to Thrasyboulos," said her father, getting up.

"The Turks must know that all relations with the patriarch have ceased," added her brother.

Andronike remained a few moments lost in consternation. Then, after a profound silence, she said, "Very well. Announce to-morrow in the church that my engagement to the nephew of the patriarch has been broken. Thrasyboulos and I do not need an engagement to each other to remain faithful."

"Mere words will make no impression upon the Turks. To save our lives, and not for the sake of our property, you must this day not only break off your engagement to the nephew of the patriarch but marry some one else."

"Are you crazy, my father!" Then, with an insane laugh, she cried, "I to give up my longed-for Thrasyboulos!"

"I am not sure, dearest one, that Thrasyboulos is still alive," said the teacher, with pretended grief. "Both he and the patriarch have been thrown into prison."

"What are you saying! Thrasyboulos in prison!" murmured the daughter of the demogeront. "A letter came to me to-day from Thrasyboulos, telling me all that has happened at Constantinople. Here it is. It is only seven days old."

The teacher recoiled at the unexpected sight of the letter. Nevertheless he said, with presence of mind, "Would that my own were counterfeit! The imprisonment of the patriarch and Thrasyboulos has lain heavy on my heart all day."

"Whether Thrasyboulos is in prison or not, my daughter, you must forget him. I do not speak as a father," said the demogeront, raising his voice with affected sternness, "but as a magistrate, impelled by my duty and by the oath which I gave my master the sultan. You must marry your wise and virtuous tutor. We have sent for the priest to perform the ceremony."

Barthakas, through whom ran a thrill of alarm at these pompous words of the demogeront, raised his clasped hands to continue the scene, when Andronike cried with anger and contempt: "Am I to marry this Thersites, this Zaccheus? I understand everything now. It is all an intrigue of this scoundrel. Father, brother, don't you

understand ? No one else has seen through this ourang-outang so well as my Thrasyboulos. From the first moment he saw you he knew that your soul was as crooked as your body."

"Stop your shameless insolence," cried the demogeront, with fury. "Don't be angry with her, my friend," he added, turning to the teacher. "Love has made her blind, and she does not know what she says."

"Do you think, my lord, that I shall be angry if this angel abuses me ? By all the saints, I never saw my pupil so beautiful as now." Then turning to the incensed Andronike, whose hair streamed over her shoulders and breast, he continued with a smile: "Young lady, my calmness at your insults shows that, if you plunged a sword into my body, I should not feel angry with you. I know that in body and face I resemble Thersites and Zaccheus. I know it because, thank God, we have mirrors enough in the tower. But that does not mean that my body does not contain a soul which loves you madly, a soul which has some virtue and which is stung at contempt. It is true that I brought you up, and that my sympathy, or rather my blameless love, increased as I saw you grow. But heaven is my witness that I rejoiced at your betrothal with Thrasyboulos. When I saw that you were to wed that handsome and clever nephew of the patriarch, I stifled my suffering like the philosopher I am, and rejoiced at your fair destiny. I did not imagine that I had any claim to you. To-day, when suddenly the master chose me to be your husband, I refused."

"It is true. At first the wise man was unwilling to consent," interrupted her father. "I compelled him, because to-night this marriage must take place. It is the only means of our escaping death. Is this the way, my daughter, you love him who gave you life ? Can you not make this small sacrifice to prolong my days ? Think what ruin you are causing," continued the agitated father.

Andronike, perplexed by the hypocrisy of Barthakas and the hopeless bearing of her father, remained silent and overwhelmed. The teacher inferred that she had begun to give way, and he began again more warmly: —

"Your father's plan for our safety does not contemplate our remaining in Arcadia. This district is the centre of Peloponnesus, and must become the centre of war. We

will go to Europe. There, young lady, you will understand what the poor Zaccheus, the husband whom you will choose, is worth. There men respect talents and learning, and care little for size. There you will see yourself surrounded by princes and grandees, for I may boast my intimate relations with the principal personages of Europe. Your beauty and your wit will make you the Aspasia of Paris. They will more than admire you."

"Keep quiet, you accursed wretch! You are a worse serpent than the one which deceived Eve. My father, if this scene continues, I shall go mad. If I never saw Thrasyboulos again, and if this fellow were the only man in the world, I would rather hang myself than marry him."

"You shall not have your wish," cried the demogeront. "Since kindness has no effect, force shall make you realize our position. Call the priest," he added to his son. "Come close to me, teacher. You shall see whether I will have you married or not."

"My father! my father! Has the craft of this wretch made you so drunk that you have not a particle of compassion?" cried Andronike, as her brother went out to call the priest.

"What your father does, my darling Andronike, he does for your good and for the good of us all. Marry me, my beloved one, for form's sake merely, so the Turks may hear your connection with the nephew of the patriarch is broken and you shall never live with me as my wife. We will convert our property into money and will flee from the Peloponnesus. If I cannot win your heart in three months, I promise you that then we will be divorced, and that you shall marry Thrasyboulos if he is alive."

"Oh, you vile creature!" cried Andronike, in frenzy. Like lightning she sprang to the wall at the very moment that the priest and her brother were entering, and took down a gun with one hand and a whip with the other. Springing back as quickly, she struck Barthakas a fearful blow in the face, so that he fell writhing to the ground, uttering a piercing shriek.

Turning to the others, she said, "Since you assert that I am the cause of all your misfortune, I will this minute put an end to my life and with this weapon deliver you."

"Stop! stop!" father, brother, and priest cried together.

"Stop, my daughter," said the priest, approaching her. "I cannot marry you. I should commit a sacrilegious act, gentlemen, if I married her by force. Therefore I bid you good-night. As your confessor, I warn you to leave this young woman in peace, for your own souls will be punished forever if you force her to suicide."

Gradually her father and brother by solemn promises succeeded in calming her. The teacher got up and upbraided Andronike. Then he took all he had of value and fled at once from the tower, declaring that he would not remain another moment in that house, which on the morrow was to be the prey of the lawless Ottomans. But his real reason for departure was his fear of the consequences when his duplicity should be discovered. At the same time he swore a deadly revenge upon her who had so insolently spurned him.

CHAPTER X

THE ESCAPE

THAT same night the father, brother, and daughter, terrified by the teacher's threats, concealed their most valuable treasures in a safe place at a little distance from the tower. They also sent rich presents to the Pasha of Tripolitsa and a letter containing the resignation of the demogeront.

When the day dawned, Andronike minutely questioned her father upon the events of the past night, and unravelled the plot of her teacher.

Ten days passed, and the inhabitants of the tower became wholly reassured. The news from Constantinople proved Barthakas a liar, and a very friendly reply arrived from the Pasha of Tripolitsa.

On the fourteenth of March Andronike started for a walk in the valley, when suddenly a mob of Albanian Laliots appeared at the outer doors of the tower. At their head was Barthakas, dressed like a Turk.

The unmanly teacher of Andronike had fled to this thievish but warlike people, had become a Mussulman, had inflamed their greed with accounts of the riches in the

tower, and had been able to put himself at the head of about two hundred men. With them he came to carry off the daughter of the demogeront.

The two dogs of Andronike were at once shot down. The frightened demogeront unfortunately happened to be in the garden. He was hurrying to the door of the tower when, at the command of Barthakas, the bullet of one of the Albanians stretched him dead. The brother of Andronike, who was not far from his father, and the servants, tried to defend themselves, but met the same fate.

Andronike witnessed the sudden death of her father and brother. At first she tried to hide, but then remembered that Barthakas was acquainted with every secret place in the building. Meanwhile all the Laliots had entered the garden and were advancing toward the tower. Seizing a sword and pistol, she ran to escape by the small door at the rear of the tower. The treacherous tutor, who had taken every precaution, was watching there with three Albanians.

"Coward!" cried Andronike, as soon as she saw him, and discharged her pistol at him. The ball wounded the thigh of an Albanian at his side. The three others fell upon her with fury. Barthakas called out, "Take her alive, but do not hurt her. Her ransom is two thousand florins." Though the daughter of the demogeront was brave, the contest could not last long. She was disarmed, and held so tightly that she could not move.

"Kill me, wretch!" cried the unfortunate girl. "On me alone you might have satisfied your revenge. What harm had my father and brother done you?"

"It is useless to complain," replied Barthakas, with indifference. "You caused all the trouble. I wanted to marry you and then all of us escape together. Control yourself! You will in time find in me husband, father, brother, everything you have lost now."

"O God, why does not the earth open and swallow him up?" she cried again in anguish. "You who had on your lips God, religion, duty!"

Barthakas gave a nervous laugh and shrugged his shoulders. Then he turned to the men who held her, and, saying, "Follow," led the way to the garden gate.

The horses of Aboukir Bey — such was the name Barthakas had received on his conversion to Islam — were waiting outside the garden, and his plan would infallibly

have succeeded had not divine Providence turned its wrath upon him.

The crowd of wild Albanians came out of the tower just as Andronike was captured. After careful search, not having found the riches which Barthakas had promised, they vented their anger on him.

"What lies have you told me, you dog! How much time have we thrown away!" cried their infuriated chief, cutting off their retreat. "Not ten piastres have we found; not enough to pay for our powder." Then casting a glance at the closely guarded Andronike, he shouted: "Why! That is the daughter of the demogeront. I will take her myself!" Aiming his long gun at the teacher, he said, "Let that woman go;" and he added to the Albanians who still held her, "Let her alone."

Barthakas saw himself by the same stroke of fortune thrust not only outside his paradise but on the edge of a frightful abyss.

A desperate plan flashed like lightning through the brain of Andronike. "Captain," she cried boldly and with presence of mind to the robber-chief, "I would a thousand times rather become your wife than that of this scoundrel. My father took him a beggar into our house. He made him rich; but since I would not marry him, he ran away and brought you to kill his benefactors. My father was afraid something would happen, so a few days ago he hid his treasures in the ground. I will show you where they are and become your wife if you will rescue me from the hands of this devil."

"You want me for your husband," said the Laliot chief, in his coarse voice, "and you want the life of this fellow. Get down," he said, approaching Barthakas and drawing his scimeter, "and I will knock your head off with my sword."

The cowardly Barthakas was convulsed with terror. The gigantic Albanian gave the teacher a vigorous blow with his fist to make him kneel down; but the latter thought himself struck by the fatal sword and fell insensible to the earth, rousing the derision of the ferocious spectators.

"Do not kill him, captain, until I show you the treasures of my father," said Andronike. "Follow me," she added. Taking the lead, she brought them to the opposite

end of the garden, not far from the brook which intersected the grounds of the tower, where, being commanded by the hill on the north, the walls were thick and very high. This part of the ground was covered with heaps of rubbish and refuse, which had been thrown there from time to time.

"Under there," she said boldly, "are hidden one hundred thousand florins and many precious stones. They are buried deep. They are in boxes, and I will bring you the keys, which we hid behind that tree;" and she pointed to a majestic sycamore near the banks of the brook.

The robbers began to dig with their hands, weapons, and any tool they could find. They burrowed like dogs at the mouth of a rabbit-hole. No suspicion that Andronike would try to escape passed through their minds, as on that side there was no gate and the walls were very high and inaccessible without ladders.

The young woman approached the sycamore with the courage of despair. She passed behind, and noticed that the thick trunk of the tree concealed her from the eyes of the crowd. Noiselessly she glided like an eel into the water of the brook, which during that month was very deep. It was rapid, and covered, as we have said, with grass and reeds. It fell with the noise of a tiny cataract into the valley on passing from under the pointed arch. Since at that period the flood had hidden the arch, it resembled a marshy bed of floating weeds. Diving to the bottom and holding her breath almost to suffocation, she passed the arch and issued outside the wall and the garden. Then she fell with a splash into the river Erymanthus. Her fall caused a frightful dizziness like a blow on the face. Soon the memory of Thrasyboulos and of all that had happened recalled her strength, and she climbed out from the river. Quickly she removed the greater part of her drenched clothing, pressed the water from her shoes, and hurried to reach the foot of the Rugged Mountain.

She argued, first, that the Albanians would not at once suspect that she had passed outside the walls; therefore they would seek her inside, and hence allow her time to escape; second, perhaps they would think that in her despair she had drowned herself; third, if they did discover that she had fled, it would be impossible for them to climb the high walls without ladders and pursue. If they went out by the garden and principal gate and so

reached the opposite side of the river, they would be obliged to traverse a considerable distance before arriving at the bridge; finally, should the Albanians follow her example and enter the stream to give chase, their heavy clothing would impede them, and besides their guns would become wet and useless.

CHAPTER XI

THE HERMIT OF SAINT ELIAS

ANDRONIKE ran with all her might for a long distance, without once turning her head to see if she were pursued. Not till reaching the foot of the mountain opposite did she stop to take breath; then she looked back and saw the tower enveloped with smoke and flames.

She could see no one coming after her. Little by little her fear subsided, but the recollection of her father's and brother's tragic death became still more vivid. The realization of her affliction crowded upon her with full force. At the sense of her loneliness a cry burst from her, which echoed in the solitude: "I am left an orphan! In the whole world I have only Thrasyboulos. Help us, O God, to meet again!"

At the sound of her voice a great eagle flew up with flapping wings. It alighted on a bald and solitary rock close by. Never had morbid terror so filled her heart as at that moment. Her nervous system was all unstrung, and at the slightest noise she was ready to believe herself again in the hands of the Albanians.

As soon as the bird flew away, she recalled how often she had wandered over the mountains. But then she had arms and suitable clothing, with her two fierce dogs as protectors; now, half-naked, defenceless, without food, she was at the mercy of the wild beasts.

The lofty pine-clad tops of Menalos, the centre of the mountain system of Arcadia, Laconia, and Argolis, were already obscured in the thick shades of night. She hurriedly climbed the hill near the village of Lycoursi, at the top of which then rose and still rises to-day the little chapel of Saint Elias.

It was then inhabited by a very aged and infirm hermit, whom she knew and to whom in other days she had often brought food and clothing. She knocked at the cell of the monk.

"Who is there?" asked the old man, coming with a candle to the door.

"An unhappy woman who entreats the compassion of Saint Elias."

The old man opened the door, but, seeing the unveiled face of Andronike, he imagined that the devil had assumed a mortal form to trouble him; so he cried, "Get behind me, Satan," and spat on his breast.

"Do you not recognize me, father? I am the daughter of the demogeront Athanasiades. It is not the devil of the Bible who has reduced me to this condition. It is a human devil worse than Satan. He led the Turks to the tower, and they killed my father and my brother."

The old man recognized the shepherd girl, who had often visited him with Thrasyboulos. Placing the candle on the table, he went for a wrap, which he threw upon the shoulders of the girl, as she sat crouching on the ground. Then he brought her something to eat, and with intense sympathy listened to her tale.

"The fog is thickest, my daughter, just before light comes," said the old man, shaking his snowy head. "Just so it is with Greece. Slavery and fanaticism have become so dense that we must expect the light of liberty to drive them away. A courier passed by here to-night for Patras. He carries the news that the priests and demogeronts have been imprisoned at Tripolitsa. Alexander Ypsilantis has crossed the Pruth and has raised an insurrection in Moldo-Wallachia. In all the districts of the Peloponnesus nothing is heard but the word 'Hetairia.' This will be the third attempt to break the chains of slavery. Yet I fear that, before I die, I shall witness more tragic scenes than those of 1769 and 1791."

"Do you remember the insurrection of 1769?" asked Andronike. "Can you tell me where the Turks slaughtered most, — in Constantinople or in the Morea?"

"In which did they not? Constantinople suffered most, for it was nearer the padishah. But, my daughter, why are you so anxious about that?"

"Father, my betrothed, my noble Thrasyboulos, that

young man who came with me so often to your cell, the only person left me on earth, is now at Constantinople. He is a nephew of the patriarch Gregory. Do you think it probable that he and the patriarch will be maltreated?"

"Perhaps the Lord will for once have compassion on the Greeks," said the old man, after a slight hesitation. "Perhaps he will blind the barbarians, and Christians may succeed in escaping from their clutches."

"Oh, father, I feel a presentiment that now I am going to lose the only one I have in this world," said Andronike.

"Your woful state makes you have this presentiment. What the Lord has foreordained for your lover, he has written in heaven and not in your heart or mine. Countless such presentiments I have myself had in my long life of ninety-three years, but none has ever been realized. Take heart and hope and pray to God, and he will have compassion on you."

"Was the insurrection of 1769 very bloody, father? Were there then as many murders as have already begun in all the cities of Greece?"

"You ask me a question, my daughter, which to answer clearly will compel me to tell you how this beard of mine first became white. But you and your betrothed are young, and my joy at the prospect of this insurrection is immense, so I am going to give some details whereby you may have an idea of your country and of the foes with whom you have to fight to-day."

The old man lit a coarse candle, sat down opposite Andronike, and began as follows: "The history of Greece since it was subjugated by the Ottomans, although written by many Europeans, is a chaos into which the mind finds it impossible to enter. The outer world is only superficially acquainted with the misdeeds of the Ottoman government. But we, who have learned the truth from our fathers' lips, know more about the outrages and crimes of our conquerors.

"It is possible, my daughter, that you have run across my name in some corner of history. I am called Papazoglou, and I was born in Thessaly at Larissa. I served a number of years in the Russian artillery with that noble and brave general of Catherine II, Gregory Orloff, with whom also I became intimate.

"Realizing his influence over Catherine, whom he had

assisted in dethroning Peter III, — an influence which made her build palaces in his honor and strike medals with the device, ‘Such sons Russia brings forth,’ — I entreated him to persuade his mighty sovereign to assist the Greeks in breaking their chains. My prayer was heard. In 1766 I was ordered by Russia to go to the Peloponnesus with various presents for the churches.

“Alexis and Theodore Orloff, brothers of Gregory, cruised round the maritime cities of Italy to open communication with the Greek merchants who resided there.

“When Sultan Moustapha III declared war against Russia at the instigation of France in behalf of the Poles, Catherine was able openly to send assistance to the insurrection of Greece. We came and captured Mistra. There we set up a provisional Greek government. But since Russia sent insufficient forces, hordes of Albanians poured into the Peloponnesus, defeated the Greeks, and put them to death.

“Patras and Tripolitsa saw the bloodiest scenes. The latter became the graveyard of about three thousand persons.

“Alexis Orloff besieged Corone, but he was incapable, and being totally unsuccessful withdrew to Navarino.

“This crest of Saint Elias then became our refuge. From this little chapel we resisted the attack of about three hundred Turkish soldiers, and we repulsed them twice. The third time they advanced as far as this point and pressed us harder and harder. Christ was with us. We drove them as far as the precipice, which rises in that direction, and tumbled them down the rocks.

“Then I left the hill and hurried to Navarino to embark on the Russian fleet, but on the way I was made prisoner and carried to Constantinople. Nobody recognized me. According to common report I had fallen in battle, though some persons said that I was safe on the Russian ships. Had the Turks known who I was, they would have flayed me alive.

“Meanwhile the Ottoman government, to revenge itself on me, wreaked its fury on Larissa, my birthplace. Unfortunately the demon of discord had divided the citizens into two parties, that of Demakis and that of Triccaios. As each made complaints against the other to the governor of the city, one day he ordered each leader to bring as many

of his followers as he could to the court, so that he might make an examination and find out who was in the wrong. More than three thousand men assembled in the great courtyard of the palace of justice, some shouting for Demakis and some for Triccaios. The bloodthirsty governor had followed the maxim of Alaric, that where the grass is thickest, it is easiest to cut. Firearms and the sword began their work at once on the innocent citizens. All who escaped from the court were butchered in the streets. So many were slaughtered that the river Peneus was red with blood."

The old man could not keep back his tears. He trembled with impotent rage as he narrated the massacre of March 9, 1770. Finally he added, —

"After my escape from prison I went to Tenedos and thence to Peloponnesus. I hoped to return to Russia, but circumstances kept me always in Greece."

"How many years, father, have you been an inmate of this chapel?"

"As many as a babe needs to become a man, or a priest to forget his life in the world. I came to this chapel thirty years ago."

"Go on, go on, my father. Your words for a moment carry me away from myself."

"After the failure of the insurrection of 1769 the yoke became even heavier. The Ottomans were afraid that the Greeks would a second time shake their chains, and they drew the fetters tighter. They imposed severer taxes, robbed more mercilessly, and compelled us like African slaves to satisfy their desires. Life in the plains was unendurable, and our young men took themselves to the mountains. Thus the famous klepts of Greece were developed, and to them is due the present effort after liberty. Organized in bands, they enabled the inhabitants of the cities to enjoy some tranquillity. Finally the klepts adopted a more flattering name. Each leader was a 'capitanos,' each soldier a 'pallikari,' and they were all called 'armatoli.' Each Greek mountain became the habitation of these wild and restless warriors, who, following the customs of their ancestors, checked the outrages of the Turks, and boasted that they never paid them tribute.

"The patriotic songs of Rhexas were then beginning to reach Ossa and Olympus. Not only did the klepts sing

his words, but his tales, his dramas, his songs, expressed in the dialect of the common people, have had a vast share in the uprising of our day.

"When I was about sixty years of age, I resolved to abandon a worldly life, from which up to that time I had never gained anything but disappointment and chagrin. So I came here to Saint Elias, to the spot where first I had fought for freedom, and I became a hermit in hope of pardon for my sins. I have buried with these hands all the monks who were here before me, and last February I completed the thirtieth year of my sojourn here. All my life, my daughter, up to yesterday appeared to me as an ill-remembered dream. Yet, as soon as the cry of liberty again fell upon my ear, imagination, memory, all my bodily powers, were restored. Let me live to see the resurrection of my Greece and then let me die. My death will be sweeter than that of the aged Diagoros, who died of joy at the Olympian games on seeing the victory of his sons.

"I have given you my personal history to-night only for two reasons: first, because my joy at seeing the dream of my life realized in the present insurrection is more than I can bear and I must speak and tell my story or I shall die. Second, I have told you these things to show you that, if God ordains your betrothed to live, death cannot touch him. How many times I myself escaped death! If He has appointed him to die, the evil is not great. There is another kingdom, which is not far from this, which is eternal, and in which all men shall meet. Show yourself like an ancient Greek maiden, ready to sacrifice father, brother, husband, every one whom you love, for your country."

"You have poured balm on my wounds, my confessor," said Andronike, breathing more freely. "So may it be! Let Greece be delivered, even if we all die!" Soon the stricken girl withdrew to a corner of the chapel, seeking to forget her sorrows in sleep.

CHAPTER XII

THE SIXTH OF APRIL, 1821

ANDRONIKE's place of refuge was not safe. The summit of Saint Elias was a natural fortress, and so advantageous a position was sure to be contended for by Greeks and Turks as soon as the war began. So, following the advice of the hermit, on the next day she departed. Just before she bade him good-by, a courier passed, carrying to Patras the news of the destruction of the tower and the death of the demogeront. He also stated that the Laliots had gone to Demetzana.

Barthakas, after the escape of Andronike, led the Laliots to that city, apparently believing that Andronike had taken refuge with the kindred of Thrasyboulos.

The next night she reached the spot where the valuables of the demogeront were buried, and from which she expected to obtain money, arms, and clothing, and then to set out for Patras. Thence by sea, if possible, she would start to Constantinople to her lover. She found the treasures safe in their place of concealment, though nothing was left of the tower except the main walls. She took out a suit of man's clothing, embroidered in gold, put it on, and continued her journey.

The effendi or gentleman, into whom the maiden had been thus transformed, deserves special description.

The jacket was of purple velvet, embroidered with flowers and bosses in gold thread. All the minor articles, belt, leggings, garters, were of the same material. From her waist hung the snowy fustanella with its countless folds. On her head was a high fez, drooping over the right ear, with a deep-blue tassel fastened with a golden buckle. A brace of pistols, a yataghan, and a dirk, all mounted in gold and silver, were attached to the belt. On the shoulder was carried a long gun, inlaid with silver.

If Andronike had found a less striking costume among the treasures of her father, she would have preferred it, but only their most precious things had been concealed. But many other armed gentlemen of the day dressed with the same magnificence. In fact, all had certain resemblance

to the heroes of the Iliad, the moderns being more arrogant and always pretending that they had taken their gilded and splendid arms as booty from the pashas and beys whom they had slain.

The height of Andronike, unusual for a woman, was no more than ordinary, after her transformation into a young man. Her figure would have delighted any painter as his model. No longer showing timidity, she now set out on her journey like a bold warrior, inspired by faith and love.

Near daybreak she entered the little village of Thoa, built on the ruins of Pallantion, from which tradition asserts Evandros removed his dwelling-place to the Tiber. This obscure hamlet occupies the spot where the so-called mother of Rome once stood.

The villagers surrounded the richly dressed effendi. Greece was then in such a condition that every one had to be cautious in what he said and did. As yet nobody knew who were real patriots and who were Ottoman spies. A man's life was sometimes endangered by a chance word. Andronike, like everybody else, had to conform to circumstances, and often let the truth slumber.

"Where do you come from, my dainty gilded gentleman?" she was asked by a tall, elderly, sun-burned Peloponnesian, armed to the teeth, who strode toward her through the crowd.

"From where they speak your language and believe in your religion," she answered boldly.

"Bravo, my pallikari! Kindly tell me your name."

"Andronikos."

"Andronikos, — that is a Christian name. You belong to us then. Where are you going?"

"Where the air bears the birds, and good fortune the heroes," she replied, complacently touching her pistols.

"Bravo, my fine gentleman, bravo! I see you are brave. But you are wrong to travel over wild places all alone and wearing such costly things."

"I am not alone. I have some brave fellows at a little distance. I came here on purpose to get ten pallikaris. They say that in your village the men know how to shoot. I will give twenty piastres and bread to whoever will follow me to Patras."

"Take me," many of the bystanders shouted.

"Wait a little, gentlemen. Effendi, before you hire any of our pallikaris, tell us whether you fight for the Greeks or the Turks."

"That is my own affair. If any one does not like the place where I take him, let him point his gun at me," she said, stroking her upper lip with her left hand as a man does his moustache.

"Ah, effendi, you have pluck," said the old armatolos, admiringly. "You are a captain who has smelt powder. I have grown old myself fighting on the tops of the mountains. I have been an armatolos for forty years, but if you like, I will go with you."

"I will tell you how I shall choose my pallikaris," said Andronike. "I shall put up a mark eighty paces distant. Whoever shoots better than I is my man."

"The mark! The mark!" cried the armed men, and they set up a splinter of white marble.

Andronike, like a confidant hussar, shifted her talagani to the left, and pressed firmly the concave butt of her gun against her right shoulder. Then she pulled the trigger.

"Panaghia!" they all shouted. "He has hit it in the middle."

The old armatolos came next to the shot of Andronike, though the others were not far behind.

"We must be your servants, effendi," said the armatolos. "You can hit a hair with a ball. You must have been planting balls all the years of your life," he added.

Andronike chose ten pallikaris to accompany her to Patras. By her confident air she inspired obedience and respect. She placed the old armatolos, named Lampros, at the head of the troop. After they had breakfasted they began their march.

In a few days they reached the Ladon, the river in which Hercules captured the Arcadian stag. On April second they climbed the lofty and glittering mountains of Erymanthus, where Hercules slew the Erymanthian boar. One branch of the Erymanthus bounds on the east the Cyllenian mountains, where Hermes was born, and another branch on the west the mountains of Olenos and Pholoe.

This mythology-haunted mountain range forms the definite boundary of Arcadia, Elis, and Achaia.

There they encamped that night. Whoever knew well the ancient world could not gaze from that splendid out-

look without emotion. All Grecian history seemed spread out below. In front was Elis with Olympia, and the river Alphæus under its modern name of Roufias. Not far away was the robber tower of Lala, whose inhabitants had brought such ruin on her family. On the other side was Achaia, the last torch-bearer of Greece, the country of Aratos and Philopœmen. There was the plain where the Roman Mummius buried Greece for twenty centuries.

Three couriers passed by, one after the other. The first covered the route from Patras to Tripolitsa, which was then the capital of the Morea. The second was going from Tripolitsa to Patras, and the third from Calavryta to the same city. The first brought news that the Turks, scenting the insurrection of the Greeks, had begun to plunder the houses of Patras. The second, that the general Colocotronis and Mavromichalis, Prince of Mana, with his brother Kyriacoulis and his son Elias and many other leaders, at the head of an army of about five thousand men, were marching to surprise the Turks of Calamata. The third, that the Greeks had already fallen upon the Turks at Calamata and beaten them.

Andronike did not know which road to take. Patras was already the scene of war. She could not return, for behind her the conflagration was even fiercer. She continued therefore toward Patras, for two-thirds of its twenty thousand inhabitants were Christians.

On the sixth of April, Annunciation Sunday, the day appointed by the Philike Etairia as the birthday of the Greek revolution, while descending the mountains, she came upon Germanos, Archbishop of Patras, the generals Lontos and Zaïmis, and a great multitude of Greeks, who were raising the flag of liberty.

The spectacle was awe-inspiring and dramatic.

The bishop was not aged, hoary-headed, and infirm like the patriarch Gregory and the archbishops at Constantinople, but a robust man with broad, square shoulders, thick dark beard and moustache, fiery eyes and warlike countenance, lit by the fire of freedom. He stood, wearing his episcopal robes with the gold cross on his breast, one hand extended toward heaven and the other toward the standard of the cross. He was not only a priest but also a mighty orator in the midst of the Achaians, who were bidding farewell to their wives, embracing their chil-

dren, and madly trampling the horse-tails of the barbarians under their feet.

On that same soil of Achaia, where centuries before unhappy Greece was enslaved, this priestly general on a day which the tiny kingdom of Greece annually commemorates, preached thus to his people: —

“Greeks! the yoke of slavery has become unendurable. Rise and demand your rights! All the Christian powers will recognize the justice of your cause. Not only will they remove obstacles from your way, but will themselves assist you, remembering what your ancestors have done for humanity. Greeks! appear not inferior to your fathers!”

“Liberty or death!” shouted they all. They clashed their arms, and with tears embraced their standard.

In the narrow streets of Patras they came into collision with the Turks. They defeated them, and drove them to the citadel. The archbishop Germanos and his generals now began the regular siege.

CHAPTER XIII

THE MEETING

ON this same sixth of April Petro Bey, Prince of Mana, his son Elias, his brother Kyriacoulis, and three volunteer leaders attacked Calamata in Messenia and forced the Turks to surrender. On the banks of the river Pamisos they chanted their first Te Deum to the Most High for a victory in the field.

In a few days Navarino, Methone, and Corone were attacked by the Messenians. The fortress of Monemvasia was besieged by land by Constantine Mavromichalis, and by sea by that famous amazon, Lascarina Vouvoulina. Nauplia was invested by Zacharias, and the Acrocorinthos by the brothers Notaras. The captains Georgios, Tzongas, Valtinos, and Macrys slew the Turks in Acarnania and Ætolia, destroyed their mosques, and raised the flag of freedom. The inhabitants of Attica beat the Turks at Marathon, where once Miltiades had conquered the Persians and shut up their enemies in the Acropolis.

The glorious Diakos, formerly a deacon, but compelled by Ali Pasha to become an *armatolos*, was rousing Bœotia; Odysseus and Gouras were moving Phocis, Locris, and Doris; Alexander Ypsilantis, the Servians and Bulgarians; Emmanuel Pappas, Cassandra; and Markos Botsaris, the Suliots.

The islands of the Ægean Sea, Spezzia, Hydra, Psara, Eubœa, and Samos, took up arms. Ali Pasha, the hyena of Epirus, verifying the proverb that the wolf loves a hurricane, himself made war on the sultan.

The mighty empire of Turkey saw its existence hanging on a hair. The sultan realized that his life was menaced even upon his own throne by the still more dangerous forces of the janissaries.

Andronike joined the troops which were besieging the citadel of Patras. All hope of reaching Constantinople either by sea or by land was taken away. Besides the general enthusiasm, the frequent successes of the Greeks, the persuasion that this laurel-bringing struggle would not long continue, that Greece would be recognized as an independent state, and that from every quarter men would take up their abode in it, caused her to wait for directions from Thrasyboulos, to whom from the heights of Erymanthus she had written her misfortunes in detail.

Meanwhile the news reached Patras that the warlike Laliots four thousand strong had marched to assist the Turks in Tripolitsa, but had been attacked in the defiles and terribly defeated. These terrible Albanians, the scourge of the Peloponnesus, the very people who had destroyed the tower of Andronike, in great numbers sought to flee after their defeat to the citadel of Patras.

Let us conduct our reader to the tents of the besiegers.

It was evening. The archbishop Germanos and his officers were discussing the mine which they had begun to dig whereby they hoped to enter the citadel. Suddenly piercing cries were heard at the outposts. One of the guards brought word that they had captured a small deformed Ottoman, who was stealthily creeping from one of the gates of the citadel, and that he begged them not to hurt him, claiming to be a Christian.

"Bring him here and we will examine him," said General Lontos.

Shortly afterwards the wretched Barthakas, covered with

ragged and emaciated by the famine of the siege, was brought in by stalwart pallikaris. At once all burst into laughter at his appearance.

Andronike started violently, and sought a pretext to go out before she should be recognized by her tutor.

"Are you a Turk or a Christian?" one of the bystanders asked.

"For God's sake, do not kill me," said Barthakas, trembling, for he supposed that armed company to be a court martial.

"Do not be afraid," replied Lontos. "The Greeks kill only on the field of battle. In their tents they act the part of hosts. If you were a Greek, you would know this."

"I do know it and I am a Greek, my lord, but from fear and confusion often the tongue does not know what it says. My name is Barthakas. I was the professor of the children of the demogeront Athanasiades, and on my way to Patras was captured by the Laliots. I had either to die or become a Turk. I have lived in Europe many years. I am master of five languages, and I have a good deal of learning. Mithridates became Mithridates the Great only because he knew many languages. I saw my country getting ready, and I said to myself, 'Greece has many pallikaris, but only a few learned men. If I let the Turks kill me, the fatherland will lose one valuable arm. If I become a Turk as to the body, still keeping Christ in my soul, I will at the very first opportunity profess him again with my lips.' So I was named Aboukir Bey. That is my history."

The name of Barthakas was more widely known in the Peloponnesus than that of the demogeront. At once therefore the tutor was heartily welcomed, and treated with both affection and respect. All the domestic and foreign correspondence of the officers was intrusted to him. Far from suspecting his crimes, some began to tell him about the destruction of the tower and the murder of the demogeront and his children.

"Alas! alas! Nothing more terrible ever happened. If you knew how persevering and beautiful my pupil Andronike was, your grief would be as great as mine." Turning his head as if her figure were alive before him, his little eyes encountered the great, flaming orbs of the splendidly dressed and handsome captain, under whose form his pupil was disguised. The face of Andronike affected him like the head of Medusa.

She was half crazy with indignation and anxiety, and yet at the same time was compelled to listen without being able to utter a word in reply.

Barthakas came to himself, recognizing the advantages of his position. His clipped feathers at once expanded into wings of imagination. All that evening he entertained the company with myths and anecdotes and travels. He boasted of the dukes, princes, and sovereigns whom he knew, and promised those brave and hardy but simple and ignorant men to solicit the European potentates to come to their aid.

Andronike saw herself on the deck of a sinking ship. If she confessed that she was a woman, neither her courage nor virtue could protect her in the midst of that turbulent host. Without reflecting further, as soon as the company broke up and Barthakas withdrew to the place assigned him, she presented herself before him.

"Do you recognize me?" she asked, surveying him from head to foot with contempt.

"I recognize you exceedingly well, young lady," he replied, looking toward the entrance of the room.

"You caused the death of my father and brother, and in spite of that I can forgive you, for I stopped the sword of the Laliot leader. He wanted to cut your head off, do you remember? The manner in which you pretended ignorance of those frightful events of which you were the cause, makes me realize that you hesitate at nothing. My evil fortune has brought you again before me. If you betray who I am, you place me in a dreadful position. I came therefore to say that I am disguised in these clothes until I receive word from Thrasyboulos telling me where to go. If you keep silent, I will pass over everything. I will even forgive you and I will pay you well. If you betray me, there is one death for me and two for you. I have written everything to Thrasyboulos, and he and I will pursue you to the tomb. You understand my character well enough. You know whether I am capable of doing what I say or not."

"Let us talk soberly and calmly, my darling," said the teacher, with an assumption of indifference. "Leave violence and threats aside in the presence of one who is no longer your teacher but a military officer, in control of an army. You saw very well that this evening I was practically appointed director and correspondent in matters pertaining to the army. Whatever I did to your father and

brother was not done from wickedness. The lash which you gave me in the face and of which you see that I still bear the mark, instead of extinguishing my love, made it blaze higher. I fled intoxicated and maddened at the failure of our marriage, and in my frenzy I led the Laliots to the tower. When the maniac and the drunkard are condemned for what they do, it will be time to condemn the man who is mad with love. I have shed tears of repentance, Andronike. When I saw you escape so cleverly from the hands of the Albanians, my admiration became delirium. 'There,' I said, 'is a woman who has not her equal in the world.' If you knew how much my love has grown since then! In all the dangers of battle and siege to which the Laliots bore me, you were the only dream, the only desire I had."

"Surely the wretch is a madman possessed by the devil! Sir, I tell you face to face, that just as I did not love you before, so now I loathe you. My coming here is simply to say that if you reveal who I am, you will suffer for it. Remember that I kept silent about your crime simply because I am disguised under these clothes."

Biting his lips till they bled, Barthakas replied: "If you know, young lady, how to keep your secret, I also know how to keep mine. Yet I must add that, in spite of all the threats which you have no right to make inasmuch as I am no longer your teacher and now occupy so high a place, — in spite of all your threats, I say, I shall, only because of my love and jealousy, not disclose who you are. But, without becoming enraged, do you give me permission to ask you a single question?"

"What is it?"

"Suppose that by bad luck at the end of this conflict, from which it is uncertain who will come out alive and who will be dead, — suppose, I say, that by horrible and lamented fortune Thrasyboulos is slain and your heart is free, may I then at least hope for his place?"

"No! never!" cried Andronike, passionately. "Washing the Arab may make him white, but never will you persuade me to marry you. The years when we were living together in the same house ought to have shown you that. I could never endure you. You knew it. And now, a hundred times more when your hands have been dipped in the blood of my father and brother."

"Young lady, enough of insults!" cried Barthakas, rising

angrily. "In fact, I am insane to care for a romantic and fanciful girl like you. You want to imitate what you have read; instead you become ridiculous and impudent beyond endurance. Showing kindness and courtesy to clowns is like trying to sweeten the ocean with honey. I wish to remain alone in my room. If necessary, I will call my men. Reflect, young lady, reflect on your situation;" and he approached the door.

"It is my situation truly, you monster, which prevents my giving you another lesson like what you had in the tower. Yet the same fortune which brought you again to my presence will some day suddenly bring you before my Thrasymboulos. He is the rock on which your accursed head shall be dashed to pieces. Zaccheus!" she added, and quitted the room of Barthakas.

All that night Andronike could not sleep, realizing with whom she had to deal. She did not doubt that in a few days he would bring greater troubles upon her. After mature reflection, with her accustomed quickness of decision, she called her pallikaris together and set out for Vostitza, where she hired a boat and crossed to the Gulf of Amphissa. From there she wrote a letter giving full details to Germanos, Archbishop of Patras. She told him what Barthakas had done, and stated the reasons which forced her to abandon the siege of the citadel. She urged him carefully to watch the man to whom they had intrusted their correspondence.

CHAPTER XIV

DIAKOS AND ODYSSEUS

LET us enter ancient Lamia, where Demosthenes roused the Lamian war, — the land where in still earlier days Achilles, the son of Peleus, ruled. The plains in front of the city are as extended and as marshy as when Xerxes pitched his tents there.

In the meadows, called the plains of Zeitouni, fifteen hundred Greeks were encamped, not far from Alamana on the Sperchian Bridge. They had come to defend once more the neighboring pass of Thermopylæ.

Seven thousand Turkish foot and eight hundred horse, commanded by Omer Brione, were on the march to disperse them. The sun of early spring was melting the snow on the mountains; exquisite tints bordered the horizon. The soldiers, dispersed in groups, were cleaning their arms and indulging in gymnastic exercises.

Among their leaders were Esaias, Bishop of Amphissa, and above all Athanasios Diakos, one of the noblest heroes modern Greece has produced. He was about thirty-five, of a commanding figure, with a manly gait, a calm and penetrating look, and a pensive smile. His entire appearance revealed a resolute, intrepid heart under a modest and pleasing exterior.

It was he who first unfurled the flag of liberty in eastern Greece, attacking and defeating the Turks of Levadia, and in eight days rousing the whole province to rebellion. At first a monk, he grew dissatisfied with the monastic life, and became an *armatolos* on the mountains of Locris and Thessaly. Afterwards he was intimate with Odysseus, then an officer of Ali Pasha of Yanina.

The leaders of these fifteen hundred Greeks were sitting under a plane-tree, when clouds of dust appeared at a distance, and shortly afterward three horsemen were seen coming at the utmost speed. They were the general Odysseus, his *proto-pallikari* Gouras, and an unknown horseman.

"A day of mourning, brothers. My lips shrink from uttering the sad tidings," cried Odysseus.

"What is it?" asked Diakos.

"To-day at dawn a courier from Constantinople passed through our camp on his way to the Morea. The Turks have hanged the patriarch Gregory, the bishops of the Synod, and many other priests, and have also butchered about ten thousand innocent citizens."

"You Turks! You Turks!" cried Diakos, with frenzy. "You are brave only against the unarmed and harmless. To-morrow we shall meet you at Thermopylæ! At the graveyard of the Persians we shall meet you!"

Like an electric shock the news of the patriarch's death spread among the soldiers. They crowded round their chiefs for fuller information.

The Bishop of Amphissa spoke: "Pallikaris, do not mourn over the death of our patriarch and bishops. The Most High has called them to heaven that thence they may

direct our struggle. The whole world will hear the news with horror, and will send crusaders to our ranks. Show the civilized powers of Europe that the same blood, the same courage, the same ambition are in you. Show the world that love of liberty never has fled from our land, but has always dwelt among yonder peaks of Olympus and Ossa."

It is impossible to describe the emotion and excitement of the army.

After a little while Diakos took Odysseus aside: "Hurry back, my friend, to your troops. Your presence there is necessary. To-morrow we shall fight and die at Thermopylæ like the three hundred. I pray that you may live long, for the country needs your valor and skill. I pray God that the nation may at last enjoy liberty. When death closes your own eyelids, seek me in the region where the souls of those who have died for their fatherland meet each other."

"Nonsense, Diakos! Your hour has not yet come," said Odysseus. "You and I are *armatoli*, baptized in a shower of balls. Bullets do not touch us. Come and see me after the victory. You know that I am living in the Corycian Cave. The moisture dripping from the stalactites is refreshing!"

"Very well," said Diakos, with a smile. "As long as the Turks of Roumelia are in control, the caves and forests must be our habitations. My Odysseus, God grant us to subdue our foes, and then we will build houses and palaces in Athens opposite the Parthenon and the Pnyx!"

"Amen," the two friends repeated. Thrice they kissed each other on the mouth, and then separated.

CHAPTER XV

THE TERRIBLE TIDINGS

AFTER landing at the Gulf of Amphissa, Andronike started for the little village of Castri, which is situated on the ruins of the Delphic oracle. The next day she set out for Lamia. It was the most favorable place in Greece in which to wait for news of Thrasyboulos, being on the

overland route to Constantinople and near the Gulf of Malis, which is always covered with ships. Also she supposed things were more quiet there than in Peloponnesus.

Already she seemed to have left Barthakas far behind. "Gladly would I give all the treasures of my father," she thought, "if some pythia of Delphi could tell me when Thrasyboulos and I shall meet."

About sunset she reached the outposts of the Greeks at Thermopylæ. Proceeding at once to find Diakos and the other generals, she caught the notes of a patriotic song.

"Who is singing with such a rich voice?" the girl asked her guide.

"It is Diakos! the handsome pallikari! the brave Diakos!"

Andronike approached the tent. The chieftains were sitting on the grass.

"Welcome, young captain," said a captain, as she approached.

"I am glad to find the generals. Long live the captains," said Andronike, laying her right hand on her pistols and bowing.

"Are you also come to fight the Turks?" asked Diakos, who still held his flute in his hands. "You are very young, captain, and you are handsome too."

"I am not so young as you were, general, when you started from Olympus as a klept with your gun on your shoulder. You were only fifteen, I think."

"Sit down, captain. Were you an armatolos before April sixth?" asked the veteran Panourghias, observing her earnestly.

"The fields of the Morea know me a little."

"Are you from the Morea? From what part of it?"

"From Demetzana in Arcadia."

"From the country of our late patriarch?"

"Of the late patriarch! What do you mean?"

"What! Don't you know that the sultan has hanged the patriarch Gregory and all his clergy?"

"What do you mean?" exclaimed Andronike, springing in an instant to her feet. "Where did you get the news?"

"It is bitter news, captain, but true," said Diakos. "Unfortunately it is too true. Odysseus brought it." Then he related minutely all that had occurred in Constantinople.

Breathing heavily, she became deathly pale as she listened and tears gushed from her eyes. Her words were disconnected and incoherent.

"We ourselves wept for the patriarch and the bishops, captain," said an officer, trying to comfort her; "but you do not mourn merely like a Christian, but like one who has lost a brother."

"I have lost a brother, for my brother Thrasyboulos was at the patriarchate. We are nephews of the patriarch," she added, coming to herself and recalling her peculiar position.

"Are you the brother of Thrasyboulos?" exclaimed the Bishop Esaias. "I met him last year at Constantinople. He had a heart of gold. He was greatly beloved by the patriarch."

"Do you suppose, most reverend bishop, that they hanged him also?"

"In truth, my child, I do not know what to suppose. The courier tells us that they hanged patriarch, bishops, priests, and whomever they found at the patriarchate. Perhaps your brother escaped or was concealed."

Andronike kept on sobbing; the bystanders in vain sought to comfort her.

Diakos approached her and, taking her two hands in his, "Do not weep so, effendi," he said. "It is a shame to weep. If a Greek loses his father and mother for his country, he must thirst for revenge, but he must never weep. Stop, do not cry; you afflict my own soul."

"You are right. We must breathe vengeance against the tyrants," she cried. As if overcome with enthusiasm, she raised her hands from his.

He gazed on her extraordinary beauty calmly and cheerfully, feeling a strong sentiment of friendship for her. "Shall we become adopted brothers? I believe that when you smell powder you are like a lion!"

"Adopted brothers! Yes! why not? But not till after the battle, when we part. Before the battle we are all of us brothers by adoption, for we have all come with the same purpose of falling for our country."

"Thus let it be," replied Diakos, inclining his head on his breast. "After the battle! That is another question. One of us two may not survive."

Their conversation was interrupted by another courier

who passed by Thermopylæ to Peloponnesus. He announced that he had met a Turkish army in Thessaly not far from them, comprising about seven thousand foot and eight hundred horse. He brought further details concerning the patriarch and the martyred clergy.

Andronike questioned him closely. He could tell her nothing about her betrothed except that any nephew of the patriarch was probably a victim.

Leaving the tent of the commanders, she abandoned herself to the agony of her woman's heart. No one was left to her now in the wide world except distant relatives, whom she did not care for and who did not care for her. Therefore she preferred to fall on the enemy and to seek a glorious death rather than remain the prey of a lifelong sorrow. Worn out by bitter thoughts and the fatigue of the journey, she fell into a heavy slumber.

She was already sleeping, covered by a long-haired plush, when Lampros and her pallikaris sat down to dinner. A bit of roast goat, served on leaves, and a handful of rice composed their meal.

"Didn't I tell you, boys, not to find fault with the captain, though he did leave the siege at Patras rather suddenly? I told you he had a good reason. To-night the case is clear. He wanted to smell real powder. To-morrow we have to fight with nine thousand, and we are not ourselves fifteen hundred. Besides, they have eight hundred cavalry and we have not even a donkey."

"I am not afraid, Father Lampros," one of the soldiers said, "even if we fight a hundred thousand. Our captain is nephew of the patriarch, so now Christ and the Panaghia will look after us. They will see that not a ball comes anywhere near us." Then he told of the marvellous coolness Captain Andronikos had shown at the siege of the citadel, when his powder gave out and he was surrounded by enemies.

"For more than a month now," said Lampros, gravely tearing the meat from a bone, "I have been watching our captain. The more I see of him, the better I like him. Do you know he is nephew of the patriarch, and yet he never once mentioned his uncle? How anybody else would have strutted! Look at him now, and see how he sleeps like a saddled horse. He does not even put branches under his cloak, but throws himself down on a

rock. The death of his brother has been fearfully hard for him."

"Did you see the famous Diakos, Father Lampros?" interrupted another soldier. "What kind of a man is he? Tall and fierce-looking?"

"Neither, though he is taller than the captain. He is well-shaped and soft-spoken. If it were not for his reputation, no one would think him a hero."

"How do the other captains appear to you? You are a veteran from the Morea and are able to judge."

"May God brand me for a liar," said Lampros, frowning, "if I took my eyes off Diakos. The others are ordinary men; but he! How he sang from his heart, —

" 'Better one brief hour of freedom
Than fifty years of slavery! ' "

"Bravo, you old *armatolos*! May you live a thousand years! Bravo," cried the *pallikaris*, with enthusiasm. "God is granting liberty again. Think of our being a country by ourselves and sending consuls and ambassadors to Europe and having the flag of the cross! I say! How will that seem to the Turk?"

"It will seem to him," Lampros angrily interrupted, — "it will seem to him just as it seems to us to see him seated so many years in the place of our parents and building his mosques everywhere on our churches. We have abandoned the villages and the fields, and have gone to the mountains and rocks, so as not to be his slaves. We are not night-highwaymen, though the Franks call us so. We live by our sword, and our bullets sing to the faith of Christ and to freedom. Whatever enemy we meet, we fight him face to face."

"Bravo! bravo!" they cried. "Once more to the health of the captain and to Lampros and us!"

Then one of them poured some wine into a gourd and offered it to Lampros. Afterwards the rest in turn passed it from lip to lip.

With a brief "good-night" Lampros wrapped himself in his cloak and was quickly asleep. The rest followed his example.

CHAPTER XVI

THE MODERN BATTLE OF THERMOPYLÆ

At dawn Andronike awoke. Her eyes wandered around the still shadowy horizon of that glorious ground on which she had slept. Her imagination was still excited by the wild and feverish dreams of the night. Raising her hands and her mind toward the Maker of all, she offered her morning prayer.

Thermopylæ, that mountain mausoleum of Leonidas and the Three Hundred, within which the Immortals of Xerxes were shown to be nothing but men, is marked only by its sharp rocks and its sacred soil, in which the inquisitive European spade turns up here and there vestiges of antiquity. The pass is no longer narrow as formerly, but a plain formed by the alluvial deposit of several rivers. Almost every reminder of antiquity has disappeared.

The day had not far advanced, when the horizon was obscured with thick clouds of dust. It was the advancing Turkish army. "Thank heaven," said Andronike, "to-day my sufferings end. To-day I avenge my religion, my country, and my Thrasyboulos. If fortune has no other ill turn to give me, to-day in the eternal world I shall again meet my betrothed."

Divouniotis and Panourgias, with about eleven hundred men, had taken their position at the entrance of Thermopylæ. Diakos, the Bishop Esaias, his brother Priest Yannis, and Andronike with nearly five hundred remained at the Sperchian Bridge.

The bishop gave his benediction to the army, and pointing to the cross encouraged them with heroic words. Diakos reverently kissed the cross and the right hand of the bishop. Seeing the torrent of the barbarians rushing on tumultuously with fierce shouts of "Allah, Allah," he cried: "Only a coward is afraid of that tumult. At our first shot they will run."

"At least, if we do not conquer, Diakos, we will die gloriously like the Three Hundred," cried Andronike.

"You are indeed at my side, my noble friend. When you speak, my soul feels itself transported. Stay close

to me, brother. Stand close and see me slaughter the Turks."

"Here I am near you, Diakos. Here I shall fight."

"Let us not get separated," murmured Diakos, already levelling his gun at the approaching hordes.

"With such captains," said Lampros, "two hundred mountaineers from Olympus are enough for that rabble."

Listening to the words of Diakos, five of his soldiers became excited to madness. "Long live the fatherland!" they shouted. "Our bodies shall form a barrier on that bridge." The five rushed upon the narrow bridge to check the seven thousand Albanians of Omer Brione. Fighting desperately, they were quickly slain.

The two armies met in hand-to-hand encounter. The heavy cavalry of the Turks fell upon the confused and newly raised Greek infantry, which was destitute of cavalry and artillery, and turned it to flight.

Diakos fought like a lion. He saw his soldiers swept along by the onrush of the seven thousand Turks, and fleeing to the steep rocks where Panourgias and Divouniotis with their soldiers were also seeking refuge, and shouted: "Brothers, do not run! Do not run! The Three Hundred are watching you, from there! Listen! Their bones are moving at your cowardice."

His words were unheeded on the field of battle, already covered by many Greek and Turkish dead. Together still stood Diakos, Andronike, the Archbishop Esaias, his brother Priest Yannis, and about fifty soldiers.

"Ah," cried Lampros, foaming with rage, "so the cowards run away. But we will beat the Turks ourselves and alone." With a fearful blow he cut down and hurled from his horse a Turkish mounted soldier who was spurring against him.

The noise was infernal. Shouts, groans, clashing swords, the rattle of musketry mingled with the booming of cannon, while clouds of dust and smoke enveloped the combatants.

Andronike fought on like an amazon near Diakos, Esaias, and her pallikaris, when a ball gave the bishop his death-wound.

"I am slain, Diakos," the bishop cried with a moan. "But zeto! Long live the Nation!" he added and expired.

A second ball struck down his brother Priest Yannis.

"Diakos! Diakos!" shouted the Turks, and in a mass

they dashed toward the splendidly clad Andronike, whom they mistook for the famous leader.

"Yes, I am Diakos," she replied. Glowing, resolute, and hopeless, she mounted a rock to make her last stand against her impetuous assailants.

While she struggled with a powerful bey, who had nimbly ascended the rock to hurl her down, a horseman with his sword struck at her from behind. Lampros sprang violently upon him and cut off the hand of the Turk; but the blow, which would have laid open the head of Andronike, was not wholly prevented. The point of the sword smote her upon the temple. Her eyes closed; her face instantly turned white as if dead. Her ears no longer discerned the noise or the cries of the combatants. She dropped from the stone and rolled down upon the heaps of the slain, her lips faintly murmuring the name of Thrasyboulos.

The armatolos Lampros likewise fell, shockingly wounded by the pistol of the horseman whose hand he had cut off.

Before Andronike shouted, "I am Diakos," and thus drew upon herself the attack of the Turks, a ball had broken the right arm of Diakos even before the bishop fell. His gun burst, and he emptied his two pistols in the face of the enemy. Then he begged the bishop to kill him, that he might not fall into the hands of the enemy. The bishop shrank from such a deed, and while he was hesitating, he was himself slain. Diakos placed the body of the bishop as a rampart before him, and fought with his sword in his left hand, shouting to Omer Brione, "It is I who am Diakos. I myself am the proto-pallikari of Odysseus. Do you not recognize me, Omer Brione? Don't you remember what I did at Yanina? Know me now by the hate I have for you."

"It is his very self," angrily cried the pasha of the Sublime Porte. "Do not kill him, but take him alive."

All the Turks, who a moment before had surrounded the rock from which Andronike fell, now rushed desperately upon Diakos. The heroism of the renowned leader is to-day a household word in modern Greece. There is no need to describe his last fight. After his sword was broken and his hand so swollen that it clung to the hilt, he was taken alive and carried to Lamia, where the brutal Turkish satrap was preparing his punishment.

"Are you really that Diakos who captured Thebes and Levadia?" Omer Brione asked him.

"Don't you know me, then?" the armatolos answered.

"Have you reckoned up the number of Mussulmans whom you have slain year by year?"

"I have reckoned that, if each Greek did the same, very soon Mohammed would not have one of his religion on the face of the earth."

"Giaour, you foul dog!" cried Omer Brione, striking the hero a violent blow in his face.

"You strike me now because I am a prisoner. Courage, pasha! A real Albanian you are! Leave me free a moment with my sword and, wounded as I am, with my right arm broken, I will show you what a Greek is worth."

The pasha looked at him from head to foot with mingled anger and admiration. Then he said: "Diakos, become a Turk. The Padishah will make you a pasha just like me."

"I was for years a klept on the mountains so as not to see the Turks, and now, when we are fighting for our liberty, do you propose to me to become a Turk?" Diakos replied with contempt.

"Put the giaour on the spit," ordered the pasha.

"Do as you wish," said the martyr of freedom, shrugging his shoulders. "The more horrible the death you give me, so much the more immortal will you make my memory, and so much more terrible the vengeance which Odysseus will inflict upon you. Tremble, Brione, at the thought of my avenger."

While the Albanian pasha led the armatolos to the place where the spit and the fire were waiting, Diakos sang the song dear to the klepts of Ossa and Olympus, —

"This the hour Death chose to seize me,
While the flowers and fresh grass please me."

It was in truth early summer, and young Diakos was entering the summer-time of life. Diakos kept singing the songs of the klepts, and meanwhile gazed at the sky. The blue heavens above Thermopylæ arched over a landscape of marvellous beauty.

"Hold the stake on which I am going to stick you," said an Albanian soldier to Diakos, at the same time handing him a long slender piece of pine.

"I will not hold the barbarous instrument of your shameful torture," said Diakos, throwing it away. "Say, Albanians," he cried, "is there not one true pallikari among you who will shoot me with a pistol? Do you mean to take my life in this monstrous way?"

The Turks have always shown a fiendish ingenuity in their invention of punishments. Omer Brione and the Albanians completed the indescribable torture, of which we doubt if another example in the nineteenth century can be found in the history of any people save the Turks.

Diakos was impaled and slowly wasted to death, enduring his agony without a groan.

CHAPTER XVII

THE CORYCIAN CAVE

THERE is no soil more classic than that of Phocis, no landscape more entrancing than that of Parnassus.

This venerable and many-ridged mountain, the former haunt of Apollo and the Muses, snow-crowned the greater portion of the year, with marble peaks destitute of grass and plants, faces the entire Corinthian Gulf, which lies an unrolled lake at its feet. On the left it joins Helicon and is mirrored in Lake Copais. Far to the rear it discerns high-crested Olympus, the abode of Zeus and the deities of ancient polytheism.

To this venerable mountain, starred with caves, oak forests, and craggy precipices, where famous rivers with a confused murmur dash foaming from rock to rock, and to its peak Lycorea, reached by a thousand steps cut in the cliffs, we transport our reader.

Near by Lycorea is the Corycian Cave, once the dwelling-place of the Corycian nymph, within which many thousand Greeks found refuge in the time of Xerxes and to which the grievously wounded Andronike was conveyed a few days after the battle of Thermopylæ.

This cave, about seven miles northeast from Delphi, was then occupied by Odysseus, the friend of the tortured Diakos, by his soldiers, his beautiful wife Elene, his little son, and some of their kindred. Its situation rendered it

almost impregnable to attack from any direction. The ascent to it is abrupt and precipitous.

It was then commonly known in the neighborhood as the Black Hole. Around its narrow entrance a multitude of eagles flew and croaked clamorously. Before the revolution they were for years its undisturbed occupants, and seemed unable to forget that men had driven them thence. By a ladder one descended to the habitations which had been stolen from nature.

The cave is over two hundred feet long, and in the middle forty feet high. The outer light enables the visitor to discern the stalactites as well as the damp and uneven sides, the sometimes concave, sometimes projecting roof, and the floor with its sharp inclines. In the latter bubbles a transparent spring. Inside the cave there were a few houses and magazines stocked with food and munitions.

On advancing one reaches another great chasm in the rock, from which he enters another natural hall, a still darker cave about one hundred feet in length, lying at right angles with the one first approached.

Here a step cannot be taken without torches. As one advances, the moisture becomes more heavy, the darkness even more dense, and the general impression more appalling. One thinks in truth that he is at the gate of Pluto's kingdom, and will shortly penetrate the mysteries of the infernal realms. By the glaring torch of the guide, the roof and sides seem pouring out tints of opal, crystal, and alabaster. Columns curtained with neglected draperies, carvings in relief, likenesses of animals and of human heads, which nature has fashioned from the incessant drippings and the spaces between which she has colored with a sort of fadeless verdure, form its dewy and transparent furniture and ornaments.

When the death of Diakos became known, Odysseus hurried to Thermopylæ to meet Omer Brione, but the latter had already marched to Doris.

For many hours Andronike remained insensible, covered with blood and unnoticed among the dead. About midnight she began to come to herself. She raised her heavy head and, trembling, felt the awful quiet now prevailing on the plain, a few hours before given up to strife and the shouts of battle. The faint groans and moans of the wounded and the dying rendered the night still more

hideous. To increase the horror, she could hear the croakings of the carrion birds of Callidromus, already descending upon their hideous feast.

She could not understand how she had escaped death. That death, which the night before she had longed for, now appeared so horrible that she tried to rise and escape from the place before the Turks should return at daybreak to plunder the dead.

She was tormented by a burning thirst. Her strength was gone. She was but one half alive among the dead. Nevertheless she succeeded in dragging herself to the rocks of Callidromus. There she fell like a wounded fawn into a dry chasm, overcome with thirst and fever.

Odysseus and his soldiers found her by chance a day later and, after her strength was somewhat restored, removed her to the Corycian Cave.

A beautiful Ottoman woman, who had been baptized a Christian and was held as a prisoner, appeared like a white pearl in the midst of the sunburned soldiers. The sense of confidence which her face inspired made Andronike seek her acquaintance and conduct toward her as woman to woman. This aroused the jealousy of the rest, but excited toward Andronike a violent passion on the part of the young woman, whose name was Diamanto.

The same thing happened to Kyra R——, a kinswoman of Odysseus. She fell desperately in love with the masculine-attired Andronike, who now wherever she turned was followed by one of the two women.

At first their harmless conversation gave pleasure to the Arcadian. It recalled the ardent expressions of Thrasymboulos. It was a consolation, banishing for a moment from her memory the fate of her lover. But when she perceived that the two women loved her ardently and were jealous of each other, she found herself in a strange and difficult position.

The white-faced Diamanto was a timid and sensitive being, who blushed whenever she approached. Kyra R—— was tall, dark, with the blackest of eyes, eyebrows, and hair. Her manners were masculine rather than feminine. A Suliot by race, she was a woman who had seen the fires of war more than once, and was bold, restless, passionate, and often violent.

One morning Andronike was bathing her feet in the

spring, when Kyra R—— came to fill her water-pitcher. "What white and dainty feet you have, Captain Andronikos! Nature meant you for a woman and turned you into a boy by mistake."

Andronike was preparing to depart, when Kyra R—— touched her arm and said, "Why do you run away from me, captain? You know very well what my heart says about you, but my tongue cannot say just what I feel."

"I am not running away from you, lady, but I am afraid somebody will see us."

"If you are willing, say half a word and the general will marry us."

"How can you talk about marriage when you see the nation in such a war!"

"What difference does the war make? Through ten years one after another the Suliots fought with Ali Pasha, but were they not married! We followed the men to war, we sang the klept songs, we looked out for their needs, and when one was killed, we snatched his arms from his hand, shouted revenge, and took his place. Captain, would n't you like a wife who was herself a pallikari?"

"It seems to me strange," said Andronike, "that a woman should go to war. War is the only thing a man may boast about in her presence. If then she equals him in that, she at once becomes his superior," she added with increasing laughter.

"Are you laughing at me, captain? It seems to me that, instead of caring anything about me, you are laughing at me. Don't you like the Suliote women? You want a sort of pussy cat like Diamanto. If I thought she was the cause of your not caring anything for me, I would give her something she would n't forget soon," added the Suliote, becoming more and more enraged.

"By the Panaghia, I have not the slightest love for Diamanto," said Andronike. "I swear to you solemnly that I shall never marry her. Don't have any idea, then, of harming the innocent girl."

"Can I believe you?" she asked with a glad look in her black eyes.

"You can believe me."

"Don't you love her the least bit?"

"I have no love for her, but a friendly feeling, just as I have for everybody in the cave."

"And so then you will never make her your wife."

"Never."

"My mind is getting a little quiet. Listen to me, Captain Andronikos. I know about other things than war. If ever we lay down our arms and the country becomes quiet, I can do everything in the house and in the fields, and I will work like a slave. But give me one kiss."

"What are you talking about? They will see us."

"They won't see us. Don't be afraid. You are not afraid of a bullet and yet are so afraid of a little kiss! I will kiss you, whether or no!" Seizing the hand of Andronike, she kissed her with sudden fury on the eyes.

At once Andronike ran away laughing.

"You laugh at me," said the Suliot, "but I will kiss your lips yet."

Andronike had not taken many steps when she met the general Odysseus.

"Where have you been, captain? My wife and family have gone out a little ways to get some air. Why don't you go and join them?"

"With pleasure," she answered. Just then Diamanto came up and asked permission to go out.

"You swore to Kyra R—— that you did not care anything about me," she said with quivering lips, as soon as they were outside the cave.

"How! Did you hear our conversation?"

"All of it. And her impudent kiss! I was hiding behind some stalactites."

"I make the same oath to you, my beautiful Diamanto, which I did to Kyra R——. I do not love her, neither shall I ever marry her."

"Were you ever in love, captain?"

"Why do you ask?"

"Because if you were, you would know what it means."

Andronike stopped walking. With a tender glance she looked at the youthful Diamanto. Her heart, seared by the horrors of war, softened. Her womanly feelings awoke, and her eyes filled with tears.

"What! Are you weeping, captain? Did my question melt your rocky heart? Your melancholy and your silence are proofs that you are in love. If it is really true, I will not look you in the face again when I tell you how I feel."

"Stop!" said Andronike. Sitting down on a rock, she hid her face in her hands sobbing.

"If I had known that my words would pain you so much, I would never have spoken. You must be most unhappy, captain. I see it. Now I am crying too, not for myself, but for you."

"Diamanto, do not cry. My tears are only nervous. Do you not see how I am laughing?" and her lips contorted with a forced laugh.

"It is not from nervousness. In the bottom of your soul you have some trouble and it overmasters you. Do not hide it from me. I can tell just how you feel. Who knows but perhaps I can help you! I would help you with all my heart."

"You are an angel, my darling Diamanto, but he whom I loved is no longer in the world. Oh, my friend, I loved him and I loved him madly. Where are my golden days! The last ten months have made me old. I look like a woman of forty, and yet I am not twenty."

"Captain, you are crazy. Here you are comparing yourself with a woman, and yet, if you put on a woman's clothes, all the men would fall in love with you. Your face looks younger than mine. How long is it since you looked in a glass?"

"Since the day when I lost my father and brother I have not fully undressed, I have not laid aside my arms, I have not looked at a glass."

"When we go back to the cave, I will give you a little Venetian glass. As soon as you see your face, you will remember how handsome you are, and you will be persuaded that people are not wrong in falling in love with you when they see you."

Andronike tenderly regarded the young girl.

"So you have a little glass."

"I have had it ever since I came with Odysseus. It belonged to Chaïnitja, the sister of Ali Pasha."

"Which do you like best, the harem where you were before or being here?"

"Oh! The religion of Christ is a good deal better. I do not have to put a veil on my face. I am free as a bird here. Besides, the lady Elene and the general love me and want to get me a husband."

"Then you have not chosen any one yet?"

"No. Neither shall I ever choose. He whom I love has sworn never to marry me," she added, casting her eyes to the ground.

"You talk to me frankly, and you are innocent as a dove. Have you any friend in whom you confide?"

"How I wish I had! But, because I was a Turk, none of the women here understand that I am just the same as they are."

"I need you, my little Diamanto," said Andronike, throwing her arms around her lovingly. "Don't be frightened. Don't run away. I am a woman like you, but disguised in a man's clothes. Circumstances have compelled me to dress in this way."

Briefly she told her who she was and how she came there.

"As yet I cannot believe it. Leave me those kisses to quench the thirst of my heart. Never shall I forget the sweet dreams which I have had through you," said Diamanto.

Andronike kissed her with the same emotion. She needed a man's heart, but there was at least this woman to whom she might pour out the story of her troubles and who would give her comfort if not counsel.

"What a misfortune, Diamanto, that we cannot meet like this every day and talk! All in the cave have their eyes on us and suspect us. Cannot we meet at night?"

"It is very difficult, but for all that I will try and come to-night where you are."

"Try, I beseech you. I wish to consult you. I intend to confide to the wife of the general who I am, and to throw this disguise away."

"For God's sake, do not do it. You are a lost woman if you do anything like that. But see, they are coming. Without fail I will come to you to-night."

A few moments later they were joined by the rest of the party.

CHAPTER XVIII

DIAMANTO CARRETO

ODYSSEUS was the son of the famous Androutsos of Levadia, companion in arms of Lampros Katzonis, who was once admiral of Catherine II and prince of Mana, and subsequently a notorious pirate of the Mediterranean. The Porte captured Androutsos by stratagem, and condemned him to the galleys, where he died in 1797. He had made himself so formidable to the Turks that, when the general Aubert Dubayet sought to obtain his release, the capoudan pasha Koutchuk Houssein replied, "I would rather let you have three million piastres than that man."

Odysseus served under Ali Pasha of Yanina, and shared the dissolute life of his sons Mouktar and Velis. On the other hand, with Diakos and Stounaris he lived as an armatolos. He became a strange mixture of good and evil.

He was so fleet-footed that it was reported that he could keep up with an Arab steed. He was handsome and over six feet tall. His face was noble and expressive; his hair golden with a chestnut tinge, his moustache heavy and thick, his complexion fair but sunburned. His robust limbs indicated a wonderful combination of strength and suppleness. According to Captain Eupheïs, he had the most beautiful hand ever seen on a man.

Although illiterate, he felt the glorious name which he bore, and was inspired by the ambition not to appear inferior to the Homeric king of Ithaca. Yet unhappily his tyrannical and lawless character, resulting naturally from a long-continued intimacy with the Turks, his arbitrary will which he sought to impose on others as a law, his penetrating, suspicious, and too censorious judgment, and moreover his insensate avarice and passion for quarrelling, were sufficient to destroy the man. He was esteemed, by turns, the savior of Greece, the terror of the Mussulmans, who surnamed him Giaour Pasha, and at last the traitor to his country.

He had pleasing manners, spoke Italian a little and Albanian exceedingly well, dressed simply, but was too fond of hunting, horses, and dogs.

On her return to the Corycian Cave Andronike found the soldiers busy with their arms. The news that Omer Brione, elated by his victory at Thermopylae, was preparing to invade Bœotia and Peloponnesus, had determined Odysseus to march rapidly and defeat him.

Panourgias, Divouniotis, and others who had commanded at the battle of Thermopylae, agreed to join him near the Inn of Gravias.

It was almost night. The sunlight had faded from the cave before they sat down to their meal.

Kyra R—— appeared thoughtful. The excited expression of her face foretold something serious. For a long time she remained perfectly silent. Everybody else was talking of the coming battle.

Suddenly she said bluntly: "To-morrow at the fight I shall gain glory. I want to show Captain Andronikos just once what a Suliot woman is worth."

"Captain Andronikos knows the Suliot women well enough," Odysseus interrupted; "but in our wars to-day women cannot take part."

"Why not? How then has Lascarina Vouvoulina a fleet of her own with which at this moment she is blockading Monemvasia? Why is Manto able to be a captain? Why is Constanza Zacharis —"

"Do not be angry, lady. Vouvoulina and Manto have their own resources. Vouvoulina owns many merchant vessels which she has turned into war-ships."

"And am I not a pallikari? Have n't I been in the business ever since I was ten years old? Count up the wars I have been in, and see if I have not done more harm to the Turks than Manto and Vouvoulina." Then she commenced a long recital of the heroic deeds of the Suliot women.

"I know it," said Odysseus, smiling. "But then the Turks came to expel you from your fortresses and country, and you all were either to be killed or to conquer. Now, on the other hand, it is we who have taken up arms and are going to drive them out. Therefore the women must wait in their houses for us to bring them the victory."

"For shame, general! You darken my life. Think that in spite of everything I am a good patriot. Think how much wrong you do the country in opposing those who would die for it."

The persistence of Kyra R—— was such that at last

Odysseus was forced to yield, and said she might do as she wished.

All were ordered to arms, so each early withdrew to his couch.

"So, Captain Andronikos," said the Suliot, touching the Arcadian maiden lightly on the shoulder, "very soon we shall have a battle. I shall fight like a dragon at your side. Do you wish me to stay by you and to attack the enemy together?"

"Why not?" stammered Andronike, bowing. "Good-night."

An hour afterward not a sound was heard in the deep cave except the rippling of its springs and the heavy breathing of the soldiers. The dim light afforded by candles, fastened to the sides, gave to the stalactites the appearance of water shone upon by the full moon.

Andronike could not sleep, and restlessly thought of the morrow's battle. A secret fear made her long to escape it if possible.

The beds of the soldiers were in the outer cave, those of the women in the inner one, the entrance being shut off by a thick curtain.

Andronike's bed was inside a little hut at the corner of the first cave very near the curtain. The women's quarter in the second cavern was lighted by more numerous candles, and was guarded by Odysseus himself, whose hut was placed in the centre.

Kyra R—— tossed upon her pallet sleepless and unquiet. The young Diamanto, creeping lightly toward the curtain, succeeded in reaching it without being seen.

A moment later she was at the side of Andronike and was hidden under her broad cloak. At once she said, "Could you not pretend to be very sick and so not march with the army?"

"They would believe that I am a coward. It is better, I think, to confide my secret to the wife of the general."

"For the sake of the Panaghia, I pray you not to do it. My history will make you understand that by doing so you put yourself in peril. I am the daughter of the Ottoman lady Nekibé and of the Neapolitan Carreto, chief of artillery to Ali Pasha at Yanina. You must have heard about my parents. The tragical death of my mother made a great commotion through all Epirus."

Andronike shuddered, clasped Diamanto more closely to her breast, and whispered, "What! Are you the daughter of Nekibé?"

"Yes. In the bright days of the tyrant of Yanina, my father, while an artillery officer, met and devotedly loved the beautiful Nekibé, whom the Turks called a rose more beautiful than those of the paradise of Feristan. My unhappy self was the child of their affection. I was named Elmas; in Greek, Diamanto or Diamond. Only after seventeen years did the satrap discover their relations. Since he was very fond of my father on account of his long service, he urged him to become a Mussulman and marry Nekibé. But my father was faithful to the Christian religion, and so tried to escape with my mother, but failed.

"Then Tachir Abas, secret counsellor of the pasha, accused them to the cadî. My mother was condemned to be stoned to death, and my father to be burned alive.

"Three years ago, they tore the veil from the face of my mother, — a mark of the utmost religious disgrace among the Turks, — put on her a long white chemise and carried her barefooted outside of Yanina. They had a hole dug there shaped like a well; they put her inside, and filled it with earth up to her neck, so that only her head appeared above the ground.

"I am shuddering so that I can hardly go on. Andronike," added Diamanto, drenching the face of her friend with tears, "what do you think! After they had stoned her pitilessly for a long time and the poor woman still lived, a black Albanian was touched with compassion. He lifted a block of marble with his two hands, approached and hurled it upon her beautiful head."

"I well remember the event," whispered Andronike, with a convulsive shudder. "It made so much excitement in all Turkey. But how did your father escape?"

"While they were carrying him to the fire, he was rescued by a party of Albanians. As Ali Pasha needed him greatly, he disdained the fanatical outburst which my father's love for my mother had excited in Yanina and got him back. It was then generally unknown where he was, and so he was commonly considered dead. Last year, however, when the sultan's army besieged Yanina, my father reappeared in the world. Not only that, but he was commander at Yanina. Now he is the military engineer who so heroically defended the capital of Epirus."

“Did you ever know your parents, Diamanto?”

“My mother I saw only once, but without knowing what she was to me. My father I have never seen. I was but three months old when I was taken away and given as a present to Chaïnitja, the famous tigress of Gardion, the sister of Ali.

“Two tragical events threw me into her hands. One concerns her son, Elmas; the other, the beautiful but unhappy Euphrosyne.

“Chaïnitja was then the wife of the Pasha of Argyrocastro. Ali, who was seeking in every way to get control of that pashalik, instigated Souleïman, the brother of the pasha, to kill him treacherously. As a reward he promised him great wealth and his notorious sister, with whom he knew that he had unlawful relations. Souleïman, at the first interview with his brother, shot him dead with a pistol. At the discharge Chaïnitja appeared, and found her husband expiring in the arms of his brother. The fratricide then threw his cloak over her, thus signifying, according to Mussulman custom, that he took her for his wife.

“The fruit of this unnatural union was a boy to whom was given the same name as my own, Elmas. My name is the cause which brought me into the hands of Chaïnitja.

“During my infancy a certain Euphrosyne created much talk at Yanina. She was the niece of the archbishop Gabriel and the bride of a wealthy Greek merchant, who a few years after their marriage removed to Venice. Mouktar Pasha, the son of Ali, became enamoured of her and, forsaking his harem, day and night was found at her feet. The complaints of Mouktar’s wives made his father curious to see Euphrosyne. As soon as he saw her, he too fell desperately in love with the woman.

“Forthwith he ordered Mouktar that very day to leave Yanina and march against the rebel Georgim Pasha of Adrianople. Yet neither the promises nor the presents nor the threats of the brutal Ali could overcome the resistance of Euphrosyne. Only Mouktar she loved, and for him alone she lived. Finally Ali Pasha threw Euphrosyne and sixteen other Greek women into prison under the pretext that they were disgracing the city. Three nights later they were drowned in the lake of Yanina, but Euphrosyne died of terror before she was thrown into the waters.”

“What a monster Ali is!” said Andronike, with a groan.

“The death of these women caused such terror that nobody dared do anything for their helpless children. They wandered up and down the streets weeping and naked, and presenting a pitiable spectacle. I was then a baby. My mother, who brought me into the world with great suffering and was barely able to escape the suspicion of the harem, could not keep me concealed. Her affection would have been detected if the condition of the abandoned children had not saved her.

“Gabriel, then Archbishop of Yanina, and uncle, as I have said, of Euphrosyne, by entreaties and many presents obtained permission from Ali to collect the wretched children from the streets. Ali promised that no harm should fall on any one who befriended them.

“My mother improved the opportunity and showed me at once to the women of the harem, saying I was one of those children, and that she had picked me up in the street.

“Elmas, the son of Chaïnitja was the idol of his savage mother. She developed in his soul all those vices which she saw had raised her brother to the dignity of vizir.

“The Court of Saint Petersburg was then making complaints to the Sublime Porte against Ali Pasha for his oppression of the Ionian Islands and of the inhabitants of Vouthrotos, then under Russian protection. To satisfy these complaints the sultan took away from Ali Pasha the district of Thessaly and gave it to his nephew, Elmas Pasha, the son of Chaïnitja.

“That woman, being no less unscrupulous than her brother, at once conceived the idea of raising her son to his uncle's place. Unable to control her feelings, she was detected by the clever Ali and received the reward of her wickedness. Her brother did not however disclose the slightest suspicion; on the other hand he sent splendid presents to his nephew, and among them a very rich pelisse. He furthermore announced that he was coming to Trikkala to congratulate him on his appointment.

“The proud mother on the day of investiture adorned Elmas Pasha with the pelisse. It had belonged to a girl who had died shortly before of small-pox. Elmas Pasha imbibed into his system the poison of the disease and succumbed within a week. It is impossible to describe the madness of his mother. She came to Yanina and tried to

kill his physician. The vizir was very sympathetic, and sent her back to her palace.

"Some days before she left Yanina she heard my name Elmas. She inquired who I was, and asked for me from my mother. My mother did not dare refuse, and so she carried me to her palace. I do not remember my mother or those days. My first recollections begin when Chaïnitja lost her second and only surviving son, Atan Bey.

"Her grief at this second bereavement was even keener than before. In her one saw how the lioness and tigress love their young. She burned all her ornaments and gold-embroidered garments, pounded her costly furniture and her diamonds with hammers, broke the mirrors and everything else she could in the palace, and for many days rolled on the floor moaning.

"Only once was my mother able to come to her palace, but how could I know she was my mother! She petted me, kissed me, and hugged me in her arms. I liked her so much that when she was returning to Yanina, I begged her to come soon and see us again.

"My father was an intimate friend of Odysseus. Therefore he told him all about his affairs, and confided to him his plan of carrying off my mother and me and of escaping to Venice. Me he did not know at all, for he had never seen me. It was next to impossible to enter the harem of Chaïnitja. The wife of Odysseus promised her assistance. In fact, she visited the sister of the vizir, tried to find out my inclinations, and, learning that I was discontented, favored my escape.

"The day she left, I met her in the valley of Dryopolis, and went with her to the Ionian Islands, where we found the general. At once he hastened to announce my arrival to my father, but it was too late. His relations with my mother had already become public in Yanina, and the rumor soon spread that both had been killed. Then I remained with Odysseus and was most kindly treated. While in the Ionian Islands I was sent to school and learned a little.

"Only a short while ago it came out that my father was alive. Where the satrap had hidden him nobody knows. The position which he now holds is high. The vizir does his utmost to please him. He has written to Odysseus and asked information about me. He promises him four hundred thousand piastres if he sends me to Yanina.

"The general and his wife do not wish to be separated from me, because they have a strong affection for me; but on the other hand they love money and cannot decide to lose so large a sum.

"A week ago I overheard the following conversation between them. 'Carreto,' said the general, 'does not know Diamanto, because he has never seen her. Let us find another girl of just about the same age, and send her instead, so we can keep the money of the pasha.' 'But will she not confess,' said his wife, 'that she never was in the palace of Chaïnitja?' 'We will give her a lesson first and then we will send her.' 'Find somebody who does n't know how to read,' said Kyra R——. 'Cut her tongue out so she can't talk, and the thing is settled. Chaïnitja died of apoplexy a few days ago; so there is no fear of the thing being found out.'

"Do you comprehend my position, Andronike? I do not say or imagine that the general would do anything of the kind. Nevertheless I must add that in our present position it is better to wear a man's clothes than a woman's."

"I thank you, dear, and I understand," said Andronike, kissing her.

CHAPTER XIX

THE INN OF GRAVIAS

HARDLY had the golden beams of morning begun to invade the thick darkness of the cavern, when the warlike bugle sounded the reveille. Within fifteen minutes all had gathered round their general Odysseus, who, twirling his long moustache, examined with his piercing eyes the ranks of his followers and at the same time gave a smile or a word of encouragement to each.

Kyra R—— stood near him, armed to the teeth with every sort of offensive weapon. Her arrogant air seemed to indicate that she was disputing his place with the lieutenant of Odysseus, Yannis Gouras, a man celebrated for his valor.

Before the full rays of the sun had saluted Parnassus, all were far from the cave.

The Inn of Gravias is situated on the crooked highway which passes from Amphissa to Dadi, the ancient Drymæa. Panourghias and Divouniotis were there, with about thirteen hundred soldiers. Not far from the Inn flows the classic Cephissus, the river whose praises Homer and Pindar have sung, and in whose transparent waters the contestants for the prize of music at the Pythian games were wont to baptize their flutes.

The other chiefs were in favor of holding the bridge, but Odysseus proposed that one party should shut themselves up in the Inn and the others draw up on the left and right of the highway, thus cutting off the passage of the Mussulmans.

The Inn was a court, surrounded by brick walls, in the middle of which rose a flat-roofed house.

The daring proposition of Odysseus found no approval. No soldier wished to shut himself up in an unprotected enclosure, from which very likely no one would come out alive.

"Are you afraid?" shouted the son of Androutsos, in stentorian tones. "Are there not a hundred pallikaris here ready to die together inside this Inn? Who is ready to try it?" He drew from his breast a white handkerchief, embroidered by Diamanto, and threw it into the air.

Taking up this handkerchief signified determination to follow Odysseus. Whoever did so must then unfold his own handkerchief in his left hand as in forming the spiral dance of the Greeks.

Commanders, officers, soldiers, all hesitated.

"General, here am I," cried Andronike, on fire with enthusiasm. "Here I am," she repeated, and, seizing the handkerchief, she unfolded her own in her other hand.

"And here am I too," shouted Kyra R——, seizing that of Andronike and holding out her own to Yannis Gouras. In a moment one hundred handkerchiefs floated in the air. One hundred picked pallikaris in a continuous line, dancing and singing a patriotic song, dashed through the low door of the Inn.

Forthwith they closed all the doors so that no one could go out. They opened loopholes in the walls, and along the roof built parapets of brick behind which they were to fight. The rest of the army fortified themselves on the right and left of the highway.

"I will fire first," said Odysseus, "but let nobody call me by name. When the Albanians approach, then shout, 'There is Odysseus! Here comes Odysseus!' In that way we shall frighten them, while, if anybody here calls me by name, all their bullets will be aimed at me."

Soon afterwards Omer Brione with the Albano-Turkish army appeared. Before coming within gunshot they halted to pray. The astrologers according to custom sacrificed sheep and oxen, and set up a green flag, around which the khodjas loudly and many times intoned a chapter from the Koran. Meanwhile criers passed through the ranks inflaming them with the war-cry, "Ya Ghazi, Ya Schaït," — Victory or a Martyr's Reward!

Finally, with the shout "Allah! Allah!" the Turks rushed upon Panourgias and Divouniotis. They, unable to withstand the multitude, turned their backs and fled in confusion.

The torrent of the Mussulmans was now directed against the Inn. At their head rode an aged dervish holding a handful of dust. As soon as he came within gunshot, he threw the dust into the air, shouting, "Thus let the giaours be scattered."

"Dervish, where are you going," called out Odysseus.

"Why are you hiding there, you giaours, you sneaking giaours! Now let us see whether your three-headed God will rescue you from our hands."

Odysseus shook his long hair like a mane. He saw that the Greeks outside had left them alone. "The Most High help us, brothers," he cried, "against the infidels who so insult his name." He shouted once more, "Dervish, ask your Mohammed if he can save you from my ball. See here!" and he fired. The fanatical dervish rolled in the dust. Then the rest began to fire. The Turks, on the death of their holy man, dashed with blasphemous cries in a wild onslaught against the Inn. Beating and pushing upon it with their swords and fists and shoulders, they tried to break down its walls. The slaughter was frightful. Twice they made an assault and twice they left piles of dead.

"Captain Andronikos," said Odysseus, who stood on the roof of the Inn, directing the fire of his soldiers, "do you see those four cavaliers? He in the middle with the red mantle is Omer Brione. If you bring him down, I make you my proto-pallikari."

"My ball will not go so far. If they only come a little nearer, I will aim at him, general."

At the third attack two Mussulmans succeeded in climbing the walls of the enclosure and planted their crescent flag. Yannis Gouras stretched the first one dead inside the Inn. The other, fighting with Kyra R——, was about to spring upon her, when the intrepid woman dealt him a fearful blow and rolled him down outside the enclosure.

The third attack was still going on when Andronike hit the aide-de-camp of Omer Brione. Thinking their commander slain, the Turks began to retreat in confusion. Almost insane with rage at the cowardice of his soldiers, Omer Brione, reviling and cursing them, ordered another assault. This last was the most destructive of all, and again were they forced to retire. They could not stand the fire of Odysseus; and, moreover, the Turks think it unlucky to fight after sunset.

If Panourgias and Divouniotis had then come up with a few soldiers, Odysseus would have been able to complete his success; but those commanders were no more to be seen, and his ammunition was already exhausted.

That night he and his pallikaris discussed how they could evacuate the Inn. The Turks were beyond gunshot, buried in sleep.

"Brothers," said Andronike, "we have fought like true pallikaris; yet if we stay here till morning, not one of us will survive. Our powder is finished, and Omer Brione has without doubt sent for cannon. Our swords are our only refuge. Let us go out and pass through the midst of the sleeping Turks."

"Yes," said the warlike Odysseus. Kneeling with his comrades, he implored divine aid. Then he drew his yataghan and removed some bricks, opening a new door opposite the other. "Wait," he said, "till we see if they are not on the watch at the other side."

Taking a soldier's cloak, he threw it outside through the hole he had cut, making it look as if a soldier were leaping down. Then he threw out a second, and afterward a third. On seeing that the Turks did not fire, and hence judging that they were nowhere near, he ordered his pallikaris to leave the house. Odysseus was the last to spring from the wall. Running with tireless energy from one end of the

line to the other, he put new life into his soldiers, who plodded on, hidden in the tall reeds.

"Let every one make two or three torches of the reeds," said Odysseus to his men. "That will make the Turks run."

The enemy, suddenly awakened from sleep, thought that a host of Greeks and not the soldiers from the Inn were upon them. They could not imagine that it was only those few. Panic-stricken in the darkness, they turned their weapons against each other, and then fled far to the north.

At dawn, two hours later, Odysseus, pale, and smeared with blood, reached a village. Counting over his band, he found that two were wounded and two missing. The latter were Athanasios Castanis and Athanasios Zacharis. Surely they who met so glorious a death are worthy of mention here.

Coal-black from powder smoke, the survivors fell on their knees and thanked the Holy Trinity for their marvellous deliverance.

Then Odysseus directed Andronike to return to the Corycian Cave and give his wife the details of the victory.

She set out at once, and reported all that had been done. Then, taking with her Diamanto, she hurried to Galaxidi. There she obtained a few letters of recommendation, hired a small vessel, and sailed away to Scio.

CHAPTER XX

VASILEIOS CARAVIAS

WARMLY as Thrasyboulos loved Andronike, his mind at first seemed paralyzed by the tragical events at Constantinople, and he was unable to properly estimate the dangers which his betrothed might be undergoing in the Peloponnese. After he had left Odessa and begun his journey to Alexander Ypsilantis, he thought of her with feverish anxiety. He could receive no letters from her, for postal communication with the Peloponnesus, always difficult, had now entirely ceased.

Everything at the camp of the insurgents was discouraging. The commander by his incapacity had thrown away

every chance of success. Officers and soldiers were alike insolent and insubordinate, a scourge to the regions through which they passed. An exception to the general demoralization was the Sacred Legion, a band of four hundred young men, members of the finest Greek families and almost all educated in Europe.

They were encamped opposite the little Wallachian town of Dragatzana, which was held by the Turks. On the evening of June seventh several captains of the Legion were seated near Thrasyboulos, while the rain fell in torrents outside the tent, and were listening attentively as he told them about the massacres at Constantinople.

Demetrios Soutsos, a tall and handsome man, seemed especially interested in the story. "How did you fall into such straits, Thrasyboulos?" he remarked, as the former ceased speaking. "Are your father and mother alive? Your face shows what you have passed through."

"How have I fallen into such straits! When a branch is broken off from the trunk, the torrent may carry it anywhere. You ask if I have parents. I hope so, but again who knows! In a moment now one loses all he has."

"You are right. We are sure of nothing to-day except revenge and patriotism."

"Mention patriotism only, captain. If the barbarians will leave us free, our Gospel will not ask for revenge."

"In fact," added Spiridon Dracoulis, "we are in a different position from most of the Greeks who have risen against the Turks. We have lived in Europe and we have seen how the Greek is despised there as a slave. What does the word Greece now mean to Europeans! We alone, gentlemen, must regenerate the fatherland; otherwise, let us cease to breathe."

"Yours are noble words, my friend. I have two younger brothers, who are studying at Paris," said Demetrios Soutsos, calmly. "Yesterday I wrote them the following letter. See how fully I sympathize with your ideas. My brothers are poets and, if we die, be assured they will throw some few laurels and roses on our graves."

"MY VERY DEAR BROTHERS, — From all parts of our ancient monarchy about three hundred of us have come together, yesterday the disciples of the gymnasium and to-day disciples of liberty. Has Providence foreordained that the boundary line of the future Greek nation should be written in our blood!

“Would that we might descend as conquerors to the Bosphorus and re-erect the throne of the last Palaiologos, who was endowed with all the virtues of his ancestors, and who in the purple of his tomb consecrated all their dust!

“But if it is determined that we die upon this soil, write this epitaph upon our grave, —

‘Here lie the three hundred of the new Sparta,
Indifferent whether their names are remembered or forgotten.’

“My brothers, my feet are blood-stained from marching for days without shoes. I sleep in the woods and swamps, I live on dry fruits and can rarely obtain bread, but these hardships of a soldier’s life give me pleasure. From my boyhood I have dreamed of the emancipation of our people. It is sweet to live with free men and with Greek brothers. Farewell. Will you ever see me again? Shall I ever see you, and where? God knows!

“Your brother,

“DEMETRIOS SOUTSOS.

“DRAGATZANA, June 6, 1821.”

“A most pathetic letter. Bravo, captain!” said Thrasyboulos. “Your brothers will shed tears of enthusiasm. They will read it to their French fellow students. This bit of paper, written from the field of battle, will echo in Paris.”

“Truly an expressive letter!” said the poet Spiridon Dracoulis. “If one could collect all these letters which fly to-day from city to city and mountain to mountain in Turkey, they would form a book with which the sultan might reform his people more quickly than with European costumes. Listen to this fragment of a letter which a few days ago I rescued from the flames. You remember that our people captured a courier on the route from Constantinople to Bucharest. You know they stripped him and burnt all the papers he was carrying. See how pathetically this letter is expressed. I am sorry that I could not save the whole letter. It is written by a woman, a certain Andronike, from the mountains of Erymanthus in Achaia.”

Thrasyboulos, who had given only distracted attention to the captain’s remarks, started at the name of the writer, lifted his head, and with breathless anxiety awaited the reading.

Spiridon Dracoulis began: —

“... and in spite of all this, dearest, I feel myself greater to-day in my misfortune than I was yesterday in my happiness.

Since I lost my father and my brother, Thrasyboulos, I think only of you and of the freedom of my country. My country! My darling Greece! Blessed dream of my imagination! I send thee a tender caress from these lofty mountains of Erymanthus. Hail, Elis, fatherland of Nestor, with thy sacred Olympia, glory of the orators and historians. More than one new Hercules is preparing to cleanse thee from Mussulman defilement. Achaia, Argolis, Attica, and thou, hidden by the myrtle-clad Taygetus, mother of Agesilaus, hail! Ye lands, fountains of wisdom and virtue, send your dewy breezes to the Seine and Thames. Remind the readers of Homer and Plato that the children of those writers have seized their arms and are struggling to break their chains. Who is there in the world who will not help us!

"Forgive my wandering, Thrasyboulos. You know that I love the land of my fathers as much as I do you yourself. My hardships, my sorrows, my family misfortunes, and my future, as long as my life lasts, are lit only by the hope of liberty and by my love for you. But when night covers the earth with darkness and hides from my eyes the fair horizon of Greece, when sleep lightly settles upon my eyelids, then I have only you distinctly before me. The tumults of my heart are appeased at your breath. My sheep feed around us again, and my dogs keep watch. The nightingale sings its elegies and the cricket chirps by the brooks, and again I am happy as when with you I roamed over the slopes of Menalus and the banks of the Ladon. But alas! Where are those days now! Keep well, Thrasyboulos. I shall lead my ten pallikaris to Patras. Circumstances will decide whether I come to Constantinople to find you or remain there. Keep well. Forgive, if you can, the wretched Barthakas, the cause of all my troubles. Forgive the scoundrel, for it belongs to the Lord alone to reward each one according to his deeds.

"ANDRONIKE.

"March 23, 1821."

Each line of this letter tore the heart of Thrasyboulos with anguish. At last he cried, "Andronike! Sir, I beg you, let me see the writing." He snatched the letter from the hands of Dracoulis. "It is her own writing, it is her own writing," he said with a broken voice. He pressed it to his lips, kneeled down, and covered it with tears and kisses.

"It is miraculous!" exclaimed Soutsos. "It is his own letter, and indeed it is written from the Peloponnesus to a Thrasyboulos."

"She has lost her father and brother! She writes from the mountains of Erymanthus! She wears a man's clothes! She is at the head of ten pallikaris! She intends to come

to Constantinople! . . . To forgive Barthakas! . . .” murmured Thrasyboulos, clutching the letter in his hands. “I almost wish the flames had consumed this letter rather than to have its dreadful sentences in my mind.”

“Courage, Thrasyboulos! Courage, my pallikari,” said Nicolas Ypsilantis. “The sufferings of the soul are more painful than those of the body, but in our condition we must support them both with the same manliness. Turn and look at Dragatzana opposite. Consider the Turks who are encamped there.”

“You are right, sir. All our sufferings come from them. It is they who have cut us off from our relatives and friends.”

Afterwards with much pathos he told the story of his relations with Andronike.

They were listening to him in silence, all absorbed in his description, when Vasileios Caravias, the former commander of the Sacred Legion and now chief of artillery, reeling with drunkenness, staggered into the tent.

“Thinking about something! Close to the Turks and not feeling well! Got a quart from Bogdania which makes a man feel as bold as if he had wings on his sides.”

The comrades looked scornfully at their former commander, whom they evidently despised, and remained silent.

“Who knows, Caravias,” said Nicolas Ypsilantis, with a smile full of irony, “but you may become a great man tomorrow?”

“Without doubt. I took only a quart, and you see where I am. Am I not the man who drove the Turks from Galatz, before ever your brother the prince crossed the Pruth? By Bacchus, if I had taken two quarts! I was terrible after I drank, and I was like —”

“Noah,” whispered Captain Soutsos.

“No,” replied Caravias, with the utmost gravity.

“David, then, who when he felt well danced before Joab.”

“I was not dancing. I was cutting off heads,” said Caravias, pompously.

“Marcellus, then. He used to take a little.”

“From what town was this Marcellus?” asked Caravias, with open-mouthed interest.

“From Rome.”

"What! You are making sport of me! Why do you compare me with the cardinals of Rome?"

"Marcellus was a famous general," said Nicolas Ypsilantis.

The soldiers of the Sacred Legion laughed at the dense ignorance of the commander.

"I do not like the comparison," said Caravias. "Don't you know any one else of those great people, who took a little?"

"Antony, Lucullus, Charlemagne, Julius Cæsar, Alexander the Great —"

"Ah! he is the man. I was like Alexander the Great. My name will sound as loud as the great Alexander's. Ah, my boys, why do you laugh? You are only children without beard and moustache, and came out of the nursery yesterday. No need for a man to be learned and to read little books to become a great general. Let him only have a mind and a brain. Laugh all you want," he added with increasing anger. Staggering again, he left the officers.

Meanwhile Thrasyboulos studied the fragment of the letter, trying anxiously to learn about his betrothed. "Accursed fortune! Accursed fate!" he repeated over and over again, and reviled his destiny. As he thought of the death of the patriarch and of the persecution of the Christians, all his early religious faith seemed overturned. Satan and evil were everywhere the masters. He began to doubt his own existence.

Unconsciously he fell asleep.

CHAPTER XXI

THE DREAM

SUDDENLY he found himself, naked, half-frozen, and famished, at the bottom of a dark deep well. His every groan was re-echoed from the shaking sides of the well, which threatened to fall upon his head.

All at once he heard a melodious voice. He lifted his eyes and saw a thin, hoary-headed priest standing at the edge of the well. There was something familiar about his figure, yet he was unable to determine who it was.

"Rise," said the old man, and at the same time he found himself in a scene of surpassing beauty. The sky was richly colored; magical trees bent overladen with luscious fruits; brooks rippled, and the notes of myriad birds answered the whispering of the leaves.

In the side of a mighty mountain, whose summit was crowned by silvery and golden clouds, shaded by forests and by an overhanging rock, opened the mouth of a deep cave. From this cave a sweet and balmy air was diffused over the paradise.

The whole scene combined in an expression of perfect bliss.

At a short distance from the priest, appeared a maiden of divine beauty, of queenly height, with shining eyes and a smile full of sweetness.

"Where am I?" cried Thrasyboulos.

She saw him, and her cheeks crimsoned.

"Lead the stranger by the hand," said the priest to the maiden.

Then she majestically approached and, taking his hand, directed his steps toward a time-worn temple near them.

"I see magnificent tombs," said Thrasyboulos, "overturned statues, prostrate columns, ruins of churches and cities, multitudes of shadows carrying breastplates, and I see a great pit filled with bones, and a broad lake red with clotted blood. On its bank rises a great cross."

"Descend," said the old man. At the same time two pearly drops fell from his hollow eyes. "Behold thy bridegroom, daughter of paradise," he said to the maiden. "Behold thy bride, child of the darksome pit," turning to Thrasyboulos. Then, clasping their two hands, "What God has joined together, let not man put asunder," he added.

The ecstasy of Thrasyboulos was at its height. He was about to throw himself into the arms of the maiden, when the old man interrupted, saying to her, "Ascend to the summit of the mountain."

Her face sank upon her breast, but obediently she began the journey.

"Follow," he said to Thrasyboulos, and led toward the cave.

Darkness and smoke hung inside the cave. The path was steep and difficult. Around them stood repulsive creatures and noxious reptiles crawled at their feet.

The cave, which sent forth such dewy breezes, was a place of heaviest punishment.

Tombs lay scattered over its vast floor.

At these tombs scantily clad men were seated, holding the cross and the Bible. Some were buried in its perusal. Others conversed, walking with slow steps. Most of them were bald, with high foreheads, on which age had already left its furrows.

Above their heads shone a radiant light which penetrated with its golden beams the otherwise unbroken gloom.

"Who are those men?" asked Thrasyboulos, with gasping voice and burdened breast.

The old man touched his brow lightly, and replied: "The thoughtful man, who soberly and sadly directs his gaze toward all, is the Apostle Andrew, the first archbishop of Byzantium. The man showing him deep wounds is the patriarch Polycarp, who met with martyrdom under the stoic emperor Marcus Aurelius. The five old men who stand erect and are conversing with one another are the five chief orators of the Church, Gregory the Theologian, Basil the Great, John Chrysostom, Eugenios Boulgaris, and Athanasius the Great, the eloquent vanquisher of Arius. Those reading on the marble tombs are Eusebius, Timotheus, Ignatius, Kyril, Nicephorus, Sophronius, and other patriarchs of the Great Church."

As the travellers passed through their midst, the young man was astonished at beholding all the fathers rise and make a deep reverence to his venerable guide.

They advanced still farther into the cave. The way became more rugged and steep. It climbed up narrow and short steps hewn in the cliffs. Had the human foot slipped on one of these, one would have fallen into an unknown abyss.

The darkness became still more palpable. The ghostly horrors multiplied, and the air grew more stifling and oppressive. The old man ascended with a firm step, without fatigue. In a strong voice he counted the steps and guided Thrasyboulos by the hand. The latter was deathly sick, his knees trembled, and he followed with gasping breath.

"Where are the years of your youth, that you are not able to follow me?" asked the old man. "We have climbed one thousand one hundred and forty steps." He wiped the cold perspiration which stood out on his forehead.

A dim light from some unknown source here relieved the darkness of the cave. Thrasyboulos then saw crowds of men, women, and children, attired in robes of rarest and costliest magnificence. Groans, piercing laments, and heart-rending shrieks ran along their ranks. It was a veritable place of mourning.

"Do you see yonder group of three pale women, who are always sad, and down whose cheeks the tears never cease flowing? That fair and slender woman with the small, evasive, but beautiful eyes, who wears an elegant tiara and a robe reaching to her feet, is the Empress Theodora, the wife of Justinian the Great. An actress, she ascended the throne. In order to satisfy her splendor and her love of glory, she oppressed and persecuted countless Christians.

"She with her hair in heavy plaits and adorned with precious pearls, with a laurel-crown upon her head, and the swanlike neck and masculine features, is the Empress Eudoxia. She was the consort of the feeble Arcadius, and herself the cruel and relentless persecutor of John Chrysostom.

"The one who stands by her side and tramples on a sickly boy is the hard-hearted Irene. The unnatural mother, after she had by every shameful means corrupted her own son, at last blinded him, slew him, and usurped his throne. The boy is her sightless son, Constantine VI.

"That is Andronikos," added the old man, pointing to a man who stood near a corpse, with his fingers clutching the long hair of the dead. "See how he gloats over the remains of his brother Manuel, whom he murdered on account of rivalry in love. It is that same incapable emperor who allowed the Turks to advance to Brousa and to plant their red flag at Nicomedia opposite Constantinople.

"The man near him, who is writing and wears a monkish dress, is the vile Cantacouzenos. Bosom friend and ally of the Turks, after he had married his daughter to their chieftain, Orchan, he repented and withdrew to Mount Athos, where he replaced his royal purple by the cowl. There he wrote bulky volumes against the religion of the Mussulmans, whom formerly he had so much loved and whom he had led to destroy the capital of his ancestors."

Thrasyboulos listened, and followed mechanically in painful silence.

"We are now at the most odious part of the cave," observed the priest.

For a long time they walked on up a narrow path, enclosed on either side by towering walls, full of sulphurous smoke, crowded with grisly forms which they brushed aside in order to proceed. The way mounted three hundred and sixty-eight steps. At each the plaintive echo of a bell was heard, pealing out horror upon horror.

Finally they reached a brighter spot, where the air was clearer and shone with rosy colors like the northern light.

Thrasyboulos felt as if reborn, but the old man was sad and utterly exhausted. Extreme pallor covered his face.

Before them rose two spacious gates.

At the foot of one sat a man, grievously wounded, of about fifty years, wearing a diadem upon his head, dressed in purple and grasping a sword. Near him lay seven headless bodies, on which were written the words "Righteous art thou, O Lord."

A savage and stern-looking man, with a thick hooked nose, and heavy moustache and beard, surrounded by guards, was stretched in front of a table loaded with wines and various viands. He was gazing with satisfaction at a silver platter offered him by a tall eunuch and containing the seven heads of the dismembered corpses.

The other gate, with square and circular columns of verd-antique, with sculptures of flowers and foliage, with statues of animals, cupids, winged steeds, and trophied men and women, was more lifelike than any work of Prometheus.

"We have reached our journey's end," said the old man. "This is the Golden Gate of Constantinople. Through it formerly Theodosius entered, drawn by elephants. Through it Belisarius carried in the spoils, which he had won from the Goths and Vandals. Through it the veteran Heraclios made a triumphal entry in a four-horse chariot, when returning a conqueror from Persia. How magnificent it is !

"The other is the Gate of Saint Romanos. The wounded monarch is Constantine XIII Palæologos, the last Greek sovereign of Constantinople. Do you mark how sublimely he falls under the battlements of his stormed capital? The seven bodies are those of the Duke Notaras and of his house, and it is their heads which are offered on a silver dish to the revelling Mohammed II, the conqueror of the city. How Christian was the death of the unhappy Notaras ! As

the executioner struck off the heads of his children, one after the other, as each fell, he exclaimed, 'Righteous art thou, O Lord.'

"That is your road, my son," said the old man, pointing to the Golden Gate. "Mine is that of Saint Romanos. I shall easily pass through mine, but you after many a month and no small labor and pain will enter yours." Thus having spoken, he vanished.

Thrasyboulos approached the Golden Gate, and his soul was transported with delight.

It seemed to him that he was then a man of past ages, inhabiting a world that had disappeared but which memory was restoring with vivid reality. Outside the Golden Gate Athens lay revealed in its ancient beauty, with perfect art as its inhabitant. He met Phidias, Scopas, Praxiteles, and Lysippus, those inspired sculptors who converted marble into flesh and blood. He listened to Pindar, who from a heart full of religious sentiment poured forth lofty poems. He listened to Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, as on the human stage with courage and genius they portrayed gods and titans and the throes of nature. He heard Aristophanes, fearlessly lashing and holding to popular scorn the Cleons and the unbridled mob of the democracy. He caught the oratory of Demosthenes, Antiphon, and Lysias. He saw the divine Plato and the wise Socrates, forerunners of the ethics of the gospel, preparing in their day the people of Greece for Christianity.

Enthusiastic, he was about to spring upon the glorious theatre, whose curtain rose before him, when a sharp cry pierced his ears like a lance. Trembling he turned and saw the priest, his fellow traveller, and twenty other aged men clad in priestly robes, dragged along by a savage and filthy mob.

Instantly he left the Golden Gate and hurried to that of Saint Romanos, where the crowd had gathered. Yet before he reached it, the priest and his companions had been strangled and were hanging from the golden-leaved and silver-fruited trees.

He fainted at the spectacle.

When at last he came to himself, he could not tell how long he had lain insensible. He was no longer in the cave. He stood on the mountain top with his guide and the other priests and the maiden of paradise.

The air of earth was dark and misty compared with what he now was breathing. Its sweetest odors were insipid beside the fragrance here. No light of sun or moon or stars shone upon the mountain. Yet imagination invested every object with the colors which would give the soul delight, and all became visible in æsthetic beauty. The trumpets of ten thousand angels poured upon the ear celestial melodies.

It was the mountain of virtue.

The old man approached Thrasyboulos. "Yesterday," he said, "while you were encamped in front of the enemy of the cross, many times you cursed your birth and destiny. Do you know me?" he added.

Thrasyboulos gazed at the priest, and by degrees he recognized the countenance of the martyred patriarch. He looked upon the maiden and she was Andronike. The others were the bishops and the clergy who met their tragic death with the patriarch Gregory.

"Whatever I have made visible to you, within or without the cave, is your destiny," said the prelate. "And your destiny, though so brilliant, you have cursed! The dark well out of which I drew you was but your poor and useless life. Its walls, shaking above your head, were the two-edged blade of the Ottoman, from which you have been ransomed and under which so many of your fellows have succumbed in silence.

"Your destiny united you with Andronike. With her you travelled over the glorious mountains of the past, the sacred ruins of its altars and temples, its secret groves and trampled cities.

"The lake of blood with its great cross and the pit of bones were fashioned from the hosts of Christians who in four centuries have been smitten by the sword of the Musulman. You beheld lake and pit because your destiny blessed you with learning and did not force you to die ignorant and brutish like unnumbered buried sons of Greece, who, born in the gloomy years of their servitude, did not know what the land was which they trod, nor who their ancestors were.

"You were separated from this maiden as soon as you were betrothed. After many dangers and afflictions she reached this mountain, which is the 'Mount of Virtue.'

"You followed me within the cave, whose mouth poured

forth such delicious breezes. Thus your destiny brought you to Constantinople to me. That strange city, where the Bosphorus sends down its refreshing winds, is a place of punishment. The darkness and black smoke were typical of the city's ignorance and barbarism. And yet even here are found the tombs of many church fathers, theologians, and patriarchs. Their shades saluted me as we passed, for they knew that I was to climb the scaffold as a martyr to religion and freedom.

"With me you mounted eleven hundred and forty steps with great labor and trembling knees and utter exhaustion, while I appeared more accustomed to the climbing. Those steps are each a year in the life of this illustrious See whose history I taught you. I remember with how much emotion you listened and how much pain you experienced. This history showed you that the corruption of emperors resulted in the corruption of the people and the loss of the empire of the great Constantine. Here your destiny showed you eye to eye that we suffer justly, because when we were mighty we did not know how to preserve our greatness but gave ourselves up to the Turks.

"I taught you next the story of three hundred and sixty-eight years under Turkish rule. The darkness of ignorance here appeared more opaque, fanaticism revelled in tortures, and the floor was strewn with its corpses, over which we trod in order to advance.

"Each year of this history rises an arch of agony before the Greek. As often as he passes through, like a mournful bell, it tolls in his ears that he is a slave.

"Then you saw, at the threshold of this history, in the dim light formed by the twilight of the Byzantine Empire and the mist of approaching Islam, the two pre-eminent gates of Constantinople, the Golden Gate and that of Saint Romanos.

"While an inmate of the patriarchate, your only occupation was the study of the sculptors, the poets, the dramatists, the orators and philosophers of famous Athens.

"Your enthusiasm became so excited that, when our holy struggle began, you fancied a single step would carry you back to the illustrious city. You thought that in a few seconds Greece, vitalized from her ashes, could spring with one bound to the epoch of Pericles. You did not heed my words, 'I shall easily pass through the Gate of Saint

Romanos, but you after many a month and no small pain and labor will enter the Golden Gate.'

"And verily! In an instant you saw me and all the priests meeting our fate at Constantinople like the Grand Duke Notaras. The spectacle awakened you, and removed you far from that triumphal portal which you counted on entering with a step. Thus did you quit Constantinople and begin the long, painful, and perilous path of the insurrection.

"Such is your destiny which you in your anguish cursed. To you it was dark and lowering, and yet it was as bright as the early morn before your birth. You thought your life-road was rough and uneven, and yet it was smooth and ennobling, for with instruction I had made it plain before you. I myself led you by the hand to the sacrament. Oh, man! To what everlasting punishment you exposed your soul when, after a careless glance at the inexplicable manifestations of the divine will, your faith tottered."

At the words of the sainted Gregory Thrasyboulos was overwhelmed with shame and confusion. He sought to clasp and kiss his feet; but the patriarch, the priests, and Andronike were already vanishing into the golden air.

Frenzied, he sprang to reach them. In his excitement he awoke and found himself convulsively grasping the sword which had been blessed for him in the bostandji prison.

The great stone which formed his pillow was wet with tears and perspiration. An awful thunderbolt struck that moment not far from the tent. All that night the rain fell in torrents. He rose suddenly, threw himself on his knees, and with sincere repentance offered a long and fervent prayer.

CHAPTER XXII

THE BATTLE OF DRAGATZANA

THE early morning brought tidings of two events to the Sacred Legion. These were the heartrending death of Diakos and the splendid resistance of Odysseus at the Inn of Gravias. How was Thrasyboulos to know that in both these battles his betrothed had been a brave soldier?

Dragatzana, a village of Little Wallachia, is situated in the midst of a vine-covered valley, near the cities of Crajova and Rimnik. In this village were encamped eight hundred Turks under the command of Kara Pheiz, a formidable soldier, a chieftain of the mountains of Giustandil. Toward the south rises a hill surrounded by a deep swamp. This hill was held by a detachment of Greeks.

The Sacred Legion lay encamped on the bank of a small stream that flows southward from the village and not far from the crossing of the highways between Crajova and Rimnik.

Vasileios Caravias with five hundred horse protected its flanks.

Alexander Ypsilantis had reached Rimnik. His army comprised forty-five hundred foot and twenty-five hundred horse. From them he had detached the Sacred Legion and a few other troops to hold certain positions at Dragatzana until he could arrive and direct the battle.

Beside the eight hundred Turks in Dragatzana, two thousand had advanced from Widin and were devastating Little Wallachia, while they held the monasteries of Strezesti, Stanzesti, and Manuel.

Also eight thousand more had left Bucharest, and in two divisions were marching to oppose Prince Ypsilantis.

Constant rains had for many days made the roads impassable and prevented the junction of the troops. Therefore the different bodies of Greeks who had been sent to the environs of Dragatzana only arrived in detachments one after the other about dawn of the twenty-first of June.

The same day Ypsilantis quitted Rimnik with the vanguard, consisting of two thousand soldiers, and set out for Dragatzana.

Vasileios Caravias, after leaving the captains of the Sacred Legion, returned intoxicated to his tent, and fell fast asleep.

The night was dark, rain fell in torrents, and almost incessant lightning alternated with the peals of thunder. A little before dawn a terrific noise was heard. The opposite bank of the ravine, which was covered with tall trees, had been struck by the thunderbolt that had aroused Thrasyboulos. The crash also awoke the commander of artillery. He rubbed his eyes and called his aide, a tall Servian named Diamantis, who was fast asleep near him.

"What a vile night! Diamantis, I am afraid that the Turks are escaping from Dragatzana. I believe they will run away."

"They will not run away, general," said the Servian. "They are waiting for reinforcements. Besides, the roads are deep with mud and the rivers are freshets. At any rate, they cannot go far before we overtake them."

"Light a candle. I want to see if the rain has got through the boxes and wet our powder."

Diamantis lit a candle. Its faint light revealed a small tent dripping with water and two or three pack-saddles inside. On them boxes were fastened, containing all the ammunition of the four cannon which constituted the artillery, and which were outside and close to the tent. Also inside, peacefully munching in a basket which served as a manger, were the three mules that carried the ammunition.

"Ah! The rain has improved the powder," said Caravias. "Bring the light nearer."

The Servian approached slightly, though holding the candle at a distance from the powder.

"Put the light nearer, I tell you," said the commander of artillery, meanwhile opening the boxes to see if the powder was wet.

Diamantis knew his master was drunk, and put out the light.

"What are you doing, you blockhead!"

"The wind did it, general."

"It was your fault. Light it again."

The Servian remained immovable in the darkness.

"What are you doing, you fool? Hurry up! Have n't you lit it yet?"

"I can't find my tinder-box."

"Take mine, then."

Very reluctantly the servant lit the candle.

"Oh, glory! The dampness has not hurt the powder," said Caravias, taking a cartridge from the box and holding it near the candle.

"For God's sake, general, do not hold the cartridge so near the light. I am not afraid for my life, but for yours, my master."

"What is the matter, you scoundrel! Don't you know wet powder does n't take fire? If you say so, I will put the whole candle in the middle and it won't take fire."

"I believe you, general, I believe you!"

"Look here," said Caravias, and, taking the candle from the hands of the Servian, he put it inside the box.

The servant watched him. Well acquainted with the mulish obstinacy of his master, he crossed his arms and silently waited during the horrible moments while he was examining the contents of the box.

"Now let us go and look after the cannon," said Caravias, leading the way from the tent.

These four wretched six-pounders were on rotten carriages and drenched with water.

"Don't be anxious. They are only wet. Cold and rain do not do any harm. Put fire inside, and then see how they will grow red and growl! Now, Diamantis, bring me something good to eat, and get some wine too;" and he gave minute details of what he wanted.

About dawn two hours later Vasileios Caravias and three under-officers were sitting round the table and getting drunk over the meal which the Servian Diamantis had provided.

"See here," said Caravias, "those little princes, those Ypsilantis, are well enough for Phanar, but not for war. They don't understand the Turks. No need of all this preparation. Go straight ahead, and, if there are only ten of you, a thousand of them will run. Stand to your feet, I say, boys, and get rid of those fellows of the Sacred Legion. Yesterday they were at school, and to-day they have begun to be your officers. Come with me and let us take Dragatzana. We are five hundred, and there are eight hundred Turks. Just the right proportion."

"Don't let us disobey the orders of the commander, Captain Caravias," said one. "To-day he is expected. He will direct the battle himself. He is a good general. He showed it on the plains of Dresden, where he lost an arm."

"Many thanks! He may be a good general, my dear, where they fight in regular fashion, but he does not know how to handle pallikaris. Here, where it is all done with gun and sword, there is a better general. Come, let us cross the bridge and rush on the village like the wolves we are." Caravias rose as he spoke.

"General, to-day is Tuesday. You know what a day Tuesday is to the Christians," said Diamantis.

"What business is it of yours, you animal! Tuesday

and Wednesday are all one for fighting. Our ancestor Alexander the Macedonian went into powder knowing what he was about. What kind of a man was he! Alexander was a man with eyes and ears and brains, just like us, and he knew how to take advantage of an opportunity."

They had not decided whether to follow him or not, when the news of the battles at Thermopylæ and Gravias reached their quarters.

"That's the talk," added Caravias. "We'll take the village quick. If you won't follow, I will go alone. Diamantis, saddle my horse."

The servant obeyed the command of his master, who on horseback at the head of his five hundred soldiers crossed the little bridge over the ravine and advanced toward Dragatzana.

On the way he met the brave general Georgaki Olympios, who was posting detachments in the strong places on the outskirts of the village.

"Where are you going, general?" he asked.

"Where Alexander the Macedonian went, — right ahead."

"For God's sake, don't attack the Turks until Alexander Ypsilantis comes. He is expected every minute."

"I am Alexander," proudly replied the drunken Caravias. "I am Ypsilantis. That's why I am sitting on my Arab steed. Good-by, Captain Georgaki, good-by."

"Only one word more, Captain Vasileios. Wait! To-day is Tuesday, an unlucky day for Christians."

Caravias muttered something indistinctly, and drove his broad, sharp stirrup into the flanks of his horse. He reeled as it bounded forward. His five hundred soldiers followed, dragging the four miserable guns.

In addition to the Turks shut up in Dragatzana, there were many others at the monastery of Serpanesti three quarters of an hour distant. Against this monastery Caravias directed his march.

As the enemy in the village saw the advance of Caravias, they were in terror, thinking that the entire Greek army was rushing to battle. At first they set the houses of the village on fire, and expected to flee to the Mussulmans shut up in the other monasteries. However they soon saw that the cannon of Caravias did no harm, and that the other Greeks did not come to his assistance. Meanwhile all the Turks arrived who had been previously stationed in the other

monasteries, and in one overwhelming mass they rushed sword in hand against him.

The contemptible, drunken artillery officer then awoke to the danger. An under officer who was stationed close by ran to inform the Sacred Legion.

Nicolas Ypsilantis, a very young man, was moved with compassion. Without reflection he got together the Sacred Legion, which at that moment was scattered among the cherry-trees, and hurried to the rescue.

It was then about eleven o'clock. The incessant rain completely concealed the sun. The fields, the vineyards, and the roads were a mass of mud. By the time the soldiers of the Sacred Legion reached the battlefield, they were worn out and disheartened, and in vain tried to form a square. Moreover, it was the first time they had been exposed to an enemy's fire. The whole fury of the Turkish horse fell upon them, for the accursed Caravias and his soldiers had already fled. Soon the Greeks, separated from one another, were engaged in unequal hand-to-hand combats.

Thrasyboulos fought with a gigantic Turkish Albanian, but neither of them was able to gain any advantage. At last his antagonist said: "Let us make a truce. You are a real pallikari, you Greek, and I do not wish to kill you."

"There can be no truce between a Greek and a Turk," replied Thrasyboulos; and he redoubled his blows.

Ten times they crossed their swords with a clang. Ten times, in their different languages, they shrieked oaths of rage. Ten times their horses crashed their steaming flanks against each other, and with excitement like that of their riders neighed and tossed their heads.

The weighty turban of the Albanian had fallen off. His shaven head with its little tuft of hair upon the top glistened in the air, while the long chestnut hair of Thrasyboulos floated over his shoulders.

They came to closer quarters. Each clutched at the other, and Thrasyboulos grasped his adversary by the throat.

"Now look out, giaour!" gasped the half-suffocated Albanian, letting his sword fall to the ground and endeavoring to draw his yataghan from his girdle.

Quick as thought, Thrasyboulos also dropped his sword.

Drawing his left foot from the stirrup, he leaped upon the horse of the Albanian from behind. He wound his arms around the body of his terrible foe, and held the hand which was seeking the yataghan. Meanwhile he buried his teeth in his naked throat and tore at him like a tiger.

The Mussulman drove his sharp stirrups into the sides of his horse, vainly trying to make the animal rear and throw them both to the ground. As the pain became unendurable, he let go the hilt of his yataghan and raised his hand to his neck.

The Greek seized the advantage, himself snatched the yataghan, and planted its point on the breast of his antagonist.

"Take me prisoner, Christian. Do not kill me," cried the Albanian, ceasing from all resistance.

"Wait!" said Thrasyboulos. Then he disarmed the Albanian and bound him with his long girdle. On dismounting he kept the bridle and the ends of the girdle in his hands. Then the Albanian likewise dismounted, astonishing his conqueror by his enormous size.

"A blood covenant. You have given me my life. Don't take me with you, for some of your people will kill me."

"Do not be afraid. I promise you your life. I want to exchange you for one of our people."

The Albanian followed in silence toward the farther part of the field, where the tumult was louder and the smoke more dense.

Suddenly four Turkish horsemen rode upon them. Thrasyboulos stopped, made the sign of the cross, and drew the pistols which he had again charged a little while before.

"Hold!" cried the Albanian, stepping in front as a protection. "Let nobody trouble him;" and he told them how he owed him his life. The Turks allowed Thrasyboulos to pass unharmed.

"A blood covenant," said he to the Albanian; and then, embracing his prisoner according to custom, he set him at liberty.

The cowardly Caravias and his soldiers having taken to flight, the Sacred Legion was left to withstand alone the shock of the Ottomans.

Children of unhappy parents, those immortal youths

for four consecutive hours fought on with Greek valor. One hundred and fifty died gloriously, their four captains were slain, their standard-bearer Xenophon was captured and beheaded before their eyes, and thirty of their number taken prisoners; but the remainder closed up in a slender phalanx and withdrew from the field, still obstinately exchanging blows with the barbarians. "Greeks do not surrender easily," were the words which their broken voice made immortal in the plains beyond the Danube.

The general Georgaki Olympios appeared at a distance. The Turks saw that the number of the Greeks was increasing, so, carrying off their prisoners, one flag, and two cannon, and leaving five hundred of their own dead, about sunset they returned to the village, astonished at their victory.

The great Alexander, the drunkard Caravias, disguised in the clothes of a peasant, escaped to Austrian territory. Never did he again appear on the theatre of the Greek insurrection.

CHAPTER XXIII

CHRISTIAN OR MUSSULMAN

"THIS matter must be examined carefully. If you really did lead the Laliots to the tower of Athanasiades, and if you are the cause of the death of the demogeront, I will hang you once for all to the highest fig-tree of Patras. A Greek who in this crisis of the nation's life changes his religion and betrays his benefactor, because he is unable to satisfy an amorous passion, is capable of doing something worse if possible. It is better to get rid of you now than to have you commit a greater crime."

So spoke General Lontos to the outlawed Barthakas in the presence of the other generals of Patras. He held in his hand the letter of Andronike, in which she informed him who she was and stated the reasons for her departure from Patras.

Barthakas remained silent as if struck by lightning, and stared at the ground.

"You do not answer, you dwarf. Was Andronike a man or a woman?" asked one of the captains.

"I never went in swimming with him to know," he replied.

"How does it happen that you do not know what this letter says?"

"I know nothing about it."

"But you have yourself acknowledged that you were a teacher in the tower."

"Am I denying it now?"

"Was not Andronikos, then, the daughter of the demogeront? He looked much like a woman."

"No, sir! No, never! It is a slander to compare that bow-legged and insipid coxcomb with Andronike, who was butchered before my eyes. If you had only seen my pupil! Everybody knew how beautiful she was."

"But how in the world," said Lontos, whose convictions began to waver at his determined manner, "can this letter give such definite details?"

"How! From the day I came here, what else have I talked about except the tower and Andronike?"

"But what does he gain by writing this letter, and why does he flee?"

"Do not examine the 'why,' general. There is disorder and confusion to-day everywhere. How many strange things you see during a war, and do you always ask why? Who knows but it was a crazy woman? That Andronikos must have been a woman, for his face and voice had something feminine, and his chest was rounded like a woman's. Who knows if that woman did not have money, and she must have had, for she wore much gold. Perhaps she heard that the Spartan women before her went to war, and wanted to imitate them, and so hired ten pallikaris and came. Then, when she found that firearms are not like the ancient weapons, she fled, and, to give a reason for her flight, concocted the fable of this letter. Such things happen to one whom nature has treated unfairly. She saw that I am dwarfish and bent and club-footed, so she said, 'I will put the blame on that hunchback. The generals will threaten him and he will half die from fear. Then the generals will laugh, and perhaps they will lock him up, but they will not hurt him, for the generals are honorable and just, and they will not decide to cut off a man's head for no other cause than a bit of paper.' But whatever the facts, little by little the truth will appear. You will recog-

nize my worth and my services, and you will esteem me. There, gentlemen, I have laid bare my whole soul. If there is one among all you upright men who can say that he sees any fraud in this, then hang me at once."

Seeing that all the bystanders kept silent and appeared half persuaded, he changed his tone and raised his hands in appeal. "Can any one believe," he said, "that I, who have lived so long near the kings and princes of England, France, and Germany; that I, who have had so large a share in preparing for the great undertaking of the insurrection; that I, who have already written to the great people in Europe, and begged from them soldiers and financial aid—and you will see, gentlemen, that many will come, ready to shed their blood on our soil—that I, I say, only for the sake of a girl, would change my religion and do such things?"

"Nevertheless, sir, you were with the Laliots in the citadel. How does that happen?"

"I told you that the Laliots came to the tower, butchered everybody, but took me prisoner. That romantic counterfeit Andronikos fabricated all this letter exactly from my unlucky story."

"I myself remember," said one of the soldiers, "that on the very night when we captured you, Andronikos came to your tent, and that there you had a violent quarrel. With my own ears I heard you say, 'Reflect on your situation. I will call my men.' Captain Andronikos replied, 'It is my situation truly, you monster, which prevents my giving you another lesson.' I heard no more of your conversation, for you went away from the door and Captain Andronikos came out in a rage."

Barthakas was in no way perplexed, though the soldier's words fell on him like a hammer.

"What do you say to that?" asked Lontos.

"It is true. Captain Andronikos did come to my tent, but there was no quarrel nor misunderstanding. He came for me to translate a letter which he was going to send to London to Lord Box. Captain Andronikos knew him, as also I had known him. I had broken bread with him a hundred times in 1817, when he was travelling in Greece. I remember that we talked loud, though it was late."

The commanders were impressed by the name of Lord Box, a name which had often fallen on the Greek ear.

Unable to discover any signs of guilt on the face of Barthakas, they gazed at each other.

"I judge it my duty to keep you under arrest for the present. The truth must be discovered. The only means I have is to send men inside the besieged citadel, who can question the Laliots and find out if you did lead them to the tower. If you are innocent, your rank shall be restored. If you are guilty, a council of war shall decide your punishment."

At a sign from the general, Barthakas was led away to the guardhouse.

The wretched tutor passed all that night in fear and utter despair. He did not imagine that General Lontos would succeed in obtaining information from the Laliots themselves.

When morning came, Barthakas was again led before the General of Achaia and another large assembly of soldiers.

"All is true, if I am to believe Hamid, chief of the Laliots. His story entirely agrees with the letter of Andronike. You are the most frightful monster which nature ever brought forth. At three o'clock this afternoon the council of war will judge you. I advise you to tell the whole truth. That alone can mitigate your punishment."

"The truth," said Barthakas, curling his lip with a savage smile, and crossing his hands on his breast. "*Veritas aliquanto, jus moritur nunquam*," he added.

"Talk Greek, so we may understand you."

"Nothing — only the Latins say that truth sometimes, but justice never, dies. Still, while it is sleeping, many people lose their heads, and after it wakes up, no one is able to replace them."

"That dwarf is a bag of wind," said one of the soldiers near. "His languages stick out all over him."

"Listen now! See how he speaks twenty-five different languages!" said another.

Their whispers did not escape the ears of Barthakas. He began to come to himself and to feel encouraged.

"General, will you give me permission to tell you a fable?" he asked.

"Tell it," said Lontos.

"A stag was once pursued by hunters. In order to escape, he ran into a cave where he found several lions. Torn in pieces by their claws, he exclaimed, 'I escaped

death at the hands of men to undergo a more cruel one from the lions.' ”

“You mean that you escaped from the Turks and fell into the hands of the Greeks?”

“I mean it, and it is so. For the Turks captured me and did not put me to death. I escaped to you. Intrigues and false accusations on the part of some, because they see I am a learned man and shall get on in the world and shall accomplish something, are likely to destroy me. What is a court-martial worth, made up of ten or fifteen men who know nothing of law and cannot sign their own names? What is the decision of men worth who obtain their principal information from the testimony of Turks? Any one with brains could understand that the Turks have testified against me so as to take revenge for my escape from them. General, do whatever you like. I am a philosopher and I make no account of my life. I know what the life of the body is, and what the immortality of the soul means. But do you yourself reflect that you are dipping your hands in innocent blood. Nevertheless, though you send me before a thousand court-martials, I am firmly resolved to close my mouth and not open it, whatever they ask.”

“The confidence with which you speak is the confidence of an innocent man,” said Lontos, “but the testimony, the letter, and appearances are very heavy against you. You yourself must desire to be tried, so that your innocence may be proved and that your reputation and honor, now impeached, may be vindicated.”

“A hare was once accused, general,” said Barthakas, laughing savagely, “of breaking into a henhouse and strangling and devouring many fowls. His friends advised him to present himself to the court of the eagles, so that he might be cleared. What do you think the hare replied? ‘In the eyes of the wise I am innocent, for they well know that hares do not eat fowls. In the eyes of the foolish it is better for me to pass as guilty than to enter the court of the eagles, who themselves feed upon hares.’ ”

“You are a bundle of proverbs, Barthakas,” said Lontos. “Whatever you lack in body, you make up in brains.”

“Your praise delights me, general, for it applies to your own self a little.”

In fact General Lontos was barely of medium height.

“But what am I to do with you? Either you must be

proved innocent or else it will be impossible to quiet the suspicions of everybody here."

"Invite Hamid and two or three Laliots to come to my presence under a flag of truce. I will ask them certain questions and then you will see. But what am I saying! This plan is impossible. You might promise the riches of Croesus to Hamid, and he would not come out from the citadel. The best course is to send me and three or four of your most eminent men to the citadel to talk with them face to face. If they persist that I led them to the tower of the demogeront, then hang me. Besides, my peculiar position will help you to observe the condition of the besieged."

Lontos considered a little, and then ordered that the proposition of Barthakas should be carried into effect.

The latter was almost delirious with joy. He cared only to save his life, and welcomed any means whatsoever of saving it, no matter how shameful.

The next day, accompanied by four Greek captains, he entered the citadel.

The chiefs of the Laliots and the leaders of the Turks were sitting cross-legged smoking. A great multitude of men, women, and children, thin and pallid from hunger, at once crowded round, thinking the Greeks had come to treat for peace.

The teacher advanced in front of the rest. In the manner in which the humblest Mussulman pays obeisance to his superior, he inclined his body, three times raised his palm from his breast to his forehead, and each separate time uttered a distinct "Peace be unto you."

The Greeks, on the other hand, made a simple salute and sat down without invitation.

"My lord, Hamid," began Barthakas, still standing, "did you know the daughter of the demogeront Athanasiades?"

"Yes," said he, giving him a look of hate.

"Do you remember her well?"

"I remember her as well as I do you, you dwarf; you persuaded me to try to take her."

"Do you hear, Barthakas?"

"I, my lord, I led you! I!" the teacher asked in confusion.

"Bah! The dwarf pretends he does n't remember. Bah!"

"I swear I do not remember anything. Let me say only two words in your ear. Before I speak out loud to them, I want to tell you something in secret."

The chief of the Laliots looked at him with disdain.

"Two words in your ear, two words," added Barthakas, taking Hamid by the hand.

"Don't you understand what I have done?" he said to him in a low tone in Turkish. "Don't you understand that I left the citadel to spy out the plans of the giaours? In one or two days the citadel will fall and not a soul will escape. The besiegers have dug a trench and have filled it with an immense quantity of powder to blow you all up. If you don't believe me, send and ask Mr Philip Green, who is a good friend of yours. And now I will tell these giaours that I am a follower of Mohammed, and that I did it to escape from their claws, and that, in spite of themselves, they brought me here. Do not waste time. Send them off, so that I may tell you everything."

Leaving the astonished Albanian and turning to the Greeks, he said: "I thank you, gentlemen, for your escort in returning me to the arms of my Mussulman brothers and fellow believers. In exchange for the life which you have kindly granted me, the chief here will liberate a Greek prisoner, and then we shall be quits. As for me I shall not leave the castle again, for I am a Mussulman on both my father's and my mother's side. My mind and heart are for the Koran and Islam. So do not lose time, but return to your chiefs and make them for once understand how the knife of one little Mussulman cuts. Say to them that, if through their quarrels and dissensions they were unable to keep one prisoner, they will find it pretty hard to take this citadel. I advise them therefore to renounce their designs, because now we know all their plans and will put them all to the sword as soon as those reinforcements arrive from Roumelia which we expect daily."

In order to excite still more the fanaticism of the Turks in his behalf, the infamous Barthakas shouted loudly the Mussulman creed, "There is no God but God, and Mohammed is the prophet of God."

At first the poor Greeks were amazed and then frenzied with rage. All the Turks drew their swords to defend Barthakas if necessary.

For almost an hour the Turks and Greeks angrily

disputed. The latter demanded Barthakas; the former refused to give him up, maintaining that their religion bade them defend the life of every believer.

At last the Greeks, seeing that they were helpless, departed with indignation.

Let not the conduct of Barthakas appear impossible or even strange. It is rather a marvel that the Greek, so long a slave of a corrupt and degenerate empire, preserved his religion and his nationality, and at many different periods endeavored to break his chains. It is not strange that some wretched creatures like Barthakas proved themselves apt pupils in the school of tyranny. However that may be, by means of this perfidy and the aid given the Mussulmans by the British consul, Philip Green, the mine failed and the citadel was not captured.

BOOK II

CHAPTER I

ALI PASHA OF YANINA

THE thread of our narrative takes us to Yanina, the capital of Epirus.

Kyra R—— hurried there after the battle of Gravias, hoping to find the fleeing Andronike and Diamanto. Revenge and love inflamed the Suliot. She imagined that the supposed Andronikos had taken advantage of the secret she confided to him concerning Diamanto. She thought that when Andronikos learned how Ali Pasha had offered Odysseus an immense sum of money for the daughter of Carreto, he had deceived Diamanto, and that together they had hastened to the city which Carreto was so bravely defending against the assaults of the sultan's armies.

Yanina, which lies in the middle of the ancient valley of Elepolis, not far from Pindus on the lake of the same name, is as destitute of architectural beauty as are Turkish cities in general. Its streets are narrow and steep, and its bazars gloomy, but its Turkish and Jewish cemeteries are attractive with foliage and shade, and the costume of the inhabitants is picturesque and warlike.

The mosque of Kalo Pasha, adorned with columns and marbles from the temple of Pluto whose ruins may still be seen near the lake, is the only edifice worthy of attention.

An extended peninsula, or rather island, inasmuch as it is cut off from the mainland by a wide ditch, stretches toward the lake two arms on which rise magnificently two mosques and the palace of the vizir.

This palace is strengthened by outworks and high walls. Here is also included the famous fortress of Litharitza, the pasha's formidable place of retreat.

In the centre of the palace was the tower of Kiz Koulé, fortified by cannon and thick walls. This tower was called

"the last refuge," because under it was a cave, a gigantic work of nature, in which were stored two thousand kegs of powder, an immense quantity of provisions, and the treasures of the master. Another subterranean retreat had been excavated, communicating with the first. In it were kept the harem and the beautiful Vasilike.

Nothing more romantic could be conceived than this asylum of the aged lion. In order to penetrate its recesses one must pass through three doors, the secret of which was known only to him. It was furnished with luxury. Above in the mosque of the tower a body-guard of fifty men was constantly under arms, ready at a word to die for him.

Near the powder-magazine Phechim Tzamaïs watched night and day, holding in his hand a lighted torch. He was a young man of handsome figure, but as fierce and determined as the tyrant. He needed only a sign to plunge the fatal torch into the explosive mass.

At the moment when the reader is conducted into this retreat, Ali Pasha is sitting on a tiger-skin upon a low divan. At his side reclines Vasilike, resembling a daughter rather than a wife. Opposite him stands Carreto, and a little farther off Kyra R——.

Ali Pasha was already an old man of over eighty. His once golden hair, his heavy eyebrows, his thick moustache, and long beard that reached the girdle, all snowy white, shadowed one of those classic heads which the gazer would suppose belonged to some revered Old Testament character rather than to a scourge of humanity.

His eyes, small, deep blue, and buried in their sockets, shot out fire whenever incensed by anger, but were as mild as those of a stag when half closed by hypocrisy or by a gentle mood. His countenance showed nothing of typical Mussulman gravity, but every feature was the expression of the restless and energetic soul which ruled the man. Streams of natural eloquence often flowed from those lips of his on which a pleasing smile usually hovered, but a smile none the less satanic, and which aided in deceiving any man on whom he lavished the epithets "my dear sir," "my brother," "my son," "my child." He was a little over five feet tall, and had a robust, well-knit frame.

A mixture of ignorance and intelligence, of falsehood and sincerity, of distrust, daring, and caution, of intemperance, superstition, avarice, fanaticism, and insatiable revenge,

above all, of studied hypocrisy and absolute secrecy, this man had rapidly risen from a humble origin in the village of Tepelen to the rank of viceroy of those countries over which in ancient times Alexander the Great and Pyrrhus of Epirus ruled with so much renown.

A sharp scimitar with a diamond-studded hilt glistened in his girdle. At his side hung a Damascus blade which Orkhan, the last scion of the Tartar dynasty, bestowed upon him, when with his brothers he found hospitality at Yanina. Farther to the left upon the divan lay his famous gun, a work of Versailles, well known through Epirus and an object of fear and song among all the Albanian tribes. This gun of Damascus steel, inlaid with gold stars, had once belonged to the emperor Napoleon who had sent it to Djezzar Pasha at Acre. After his death it passed to the hands of Sultan Selim III, who bestowed it upon the Kurd Yusuph Pasha, a former rice-merchant, three times promoted to the rank of grand vizir. Ali Pasha inherited it from him. To render it, he said, a gift worthy of a king, he surrounded it with silver leaves and adorned it with precious stones. An English telescope was his inseparable companion.

Vasilike, then about thirty years old, was a native of Pleshovitza, a small village of Chaonia.

The Sublime Porte in 1800 suspected that this village was the haunt of counterfeiters who were flooding Turkey with false money, and commanded Ali Pasha to be on the watch. Taking advantage of this order, one day he burned the village, carried off all possible plunder, and slew many of the inhabitants.

The father of Vasilike was the first victim. He was a Christian, and, according to one report, a priest.

His terror-stricken daughter, then only eleven years old, rushed from the blood-stained house, and crying for help threw herself into the arms of the first Turk whom she met.

"Sir," she sobbed, "my father is no longer alive. Protect us! We never harmed the vizir that he should kill us so, and my mother never did anything wrong. We are poor people and we are in your hands. Perhaps you yourself have a mother and children."

The sweet voice of Vasilike and the wonderful beauty of her form calmed the cruel being who listened. It was the pasha of Yanina himself.

He took the young girl in his arms, commanded the slaughter to cease, and carried her and her mother to Yanina.

An unheard-of thing, he never compelled her to change her religion though he made her the ruler of his harem. This is the famous woman who by her gentleness and virtue tamed and controlled the passions of the monster.

Of slight stature but perfect proportions, Vasilike was one of those women whom a European would call a Venus. Her complexion was pale and clear, her eyes black and dreamy, her eyebrows curved and constantly drooping over her eyelids. Her foot and hand were wonderfully dainty.

Kyra R—— was describing the battle of Gravias. She was telling all about Andronike and Diamanto.

Carreto wept, and begged permission to leave Yanina and try to find his daughter.

“No,” said Ali Pasha. “By the soul of my father, I need you, my lad. The sultan’s armies are already in another part of Yanina. As soon as they advance, we shall set fire to this row of barrels. Our death will be glorious, our end will be sweet. Is it not so, my nightingale, Vasilike?”

“Whatever the master wishes,” she answered, turning her glowing eyes toward the snow-white countenance of the tyrant.

Afterwards the pasha extended his hand to Carreto in sign of dismissal.

He kissed it, saluted to the ground, and went out with Kyra R——.

“You appear weary, my dear child,” Ali said, turning towards Pechim Tzamaïs. “Give me the torch; it is my turn to watch. Go to sleep.”

The faithful guardian kissed the hand to which he gave the ominous torch, and spread his cloak over the kegs. At once he fell into a deep sleep. For a long time a profound silence reigned in that fearful retreat.

The aged satrap mechanically toyed with the delicate face of Vasilike, with her hair and throat, and pressed her at times passionately to his breast. His eyes stared fixedly, sometimes at the powder, sometimes at the flaming torch, and showed that his mind was tormented by an endless succession of ideas.

Vasilike languidly reclined her head on the breast of the old man, and held her eyes half closed. Then she took his

hand and responded with a gentle pressure as often as the tyrant clasped her to his breast.

"A curse upon Abdullah Ebn Saad, the chief transgressor of the Koran, Vasilike!" said Ali Pasha, with a deep groan. "What is this world! I never have been happy! I longed for fortune, and it came with all its advantages. I longed for palaces, for a court, power, magnificence, pomp, banquets, and I have enjoyed them all. The rustic when he compares my state with the lowly cabin in which I was born, surely deems me thrice happy. I call the faithful Zeïd to witness, all the Albanians sing about me in their songs. And yet, if the world knew, my beautiful Vasilike, how I have bought all these successes! I have sinned. Oh, Zeïd, son of the Prophet, entreat pardon for me! I have slain so many of my kindred and friends, so many human beings! I am surrounded now by those whose parents I have sacrificed, daughter of Pleshovitza. My beloved Vasilike, you are the only comfort of my unhappy soul, and yet did I not slay your father?"

"Do not talk like that, my lord," said the woman, kissing the hand of the vizir.

"Vasilike, my beloved child! Glory to Allah, the end of Ali approaches. I realize it, for the voice which always disturbs my sleep troubles me no longer; even it respects these moments."

"You are talking strangely, my lord. Death is still far away. Chourshid Pasha knows that, if he makes a step toward Yanina, it will blow up into the sky."

"Yes, my daughter Vasilike. The angry shade of Eminé has ceased to demand revenge. The jealousy my unhappy spouse felt for you has ended, because she sees that I myself am approaching the tomb. Vasilike, the world is not directed by chance; the finger of God governs it. I see it clearly. I murdered Eminé, my virtuous Eminé! Her sons, Velis and Mouktar, have betrayed me; see in what a situation I am to-day. Vasilike, my star, tell me the truth, lay bare your soul to Ali. Are you willing to die with me, or do you wish to live longer? My own end is inevitable. Speak, my Vasilike; one word, and I will send you far from Epirus."

"I am ready to die with my lord."

"By my soul, your reply does not please me. It seems to me forced. You are in the flower of your youth, Vasilike.

Life must have charms for you. Do not think of me, who am eighty years old. I have lived my life. Speak, my girl! One word from you, and you are far from this powder."

The tyrant uttered these words calmly and gently. Taking her beautiful face in his two hands, he turned it toward his eyes, greedily seeking to read her soul through it.

Those were strange sentiments which his aged countenance expressed. A dull ache ran through all the members of the old man. Devouring jealousy made him fancy that his wealth and his queenly Vasilike were to pass into the possession of another. The nearer he drew to the grave, the more determined he became that this unhappy creature should die first.

Vasilike, though clever, was guileless and sincere, for she had known no other love than his, and by her blind obedience to his desires and by her sweetness had banished every murderous impulse of the tiger against herself. In this last conversation she turned her head and looked at him fixedly. Life indeed was sweet to her, for she was young; but at the same time she realized that she must withdraw to a monastery, and there pass her remaining days in prayer and penitence. Moreover she knew that in her present condition the least ruffling of the tyrant would hasten her death. She threw her arms around his neck and, covering his face with kisses, said: "I am ready, my lord, to follow your fate. Why should I wish for life when I lose you from the world? You know this, you understand it, you recognize it in all my feelings. Why then do you so torment me, and why do you show such distrust of your beloved Vasilike?"

"By the daughter of the Prophet, I believe you! I believe you, my child. Only you and Phechim are faithful to me." After these words he remained silent and gave himself up to reflection.

Soon a soldier announced that ambassadors from the vizir of Peloponnesus desired to hold a conference with him.

"Let them come at two o'clock to-morrow afternoon," Ali Pasha replied briefly.

CHAPTER II

THE ESCAPE OF CARRETO

"TRULY, Captain Carreto, you are foolish not to escape from Yanina," said Kyra R—— to the father of Diamanto, who was seated opposite her and seemed buried in thought.

"I shall stay here, lady, and die for him who granted me my life."

"Do you suppose he saved your life from mere love? You know about artillery. 'I am in a dangerous war,' he said to himself. 'If I save him, he will be useful to me.'"

"That is not so, lady. The vizir does love me, and offers two thousand florins to any one who will bring me my Diamanto."

"Now it is May, but there are no nightingales; do you understand, my Carreto? We Suliot women know his tricks. For fifteen years we fought him and made treaties with him, and he was always a miser and traitor. Do you know, Carreto, why he gives so much money for your girl? He is getting tired of his Vasilike. He has heard how pretty Diamanto is. 'Ah,' says he, 'I will exchange.'"

"What do you mean, Kyra?" said the artillery officer, springing to his feet with an angry flush.

"The truth, Kyrios Carreto, only the truth. Ah, Captain Carreto, if he had wanted to he could have saved your Nekibé with a word."

"Nekibé! Do not utter her name," cried the father of Diamanto.

"With one word he could have saved her, with a mere word! But you were a Christian and she was a Turk. So they pelted her with stones and took her sweet soul. Now he still needs you; but after the war is finished, he will throw you into the lake."

Carreto listened in silence.

"I have tried once, twice, three times to say good-by to you, Carreto; but now, before I go, I am going to ease my heart. I knew your chestnut-haired Diamanto. If you hurry and pursue the man who stole her, you will do well. If you stay here to please the pasha, you will lose your girl,

and when you are about to go before God, her mother will come and ask for her child. Your pay seems to sink your soul."

"But I never knew my daughter! Where can I find her?"

"Become a bird of the sea and a bird of the mountains, and hunt for her all over Roumelia. The Greeks will give whatever you need, and will pay you well to stay with them."

Carreto remained silent a long time. Then he said, "I will go. Do you know, lady, that Ali seems infatuated? If he would sacrifice a little of his wealth to make the Albanians fight for him, he might become sultan. His avarice blinds him."

"I am very glad you are coming with me. I am a woman and can leave by the gate of the fortress, but you must let yourself down by a rope toward the ditch. I will meet you there. Take all the money you have."

It was about midnight. There was no moon, and a light fog made it still darker. The artillery officer, armed with his pistols and sword, fastened a rope to a gun-carriage and, hearing Kyra R—— answer his faint call, began slowly to descend.

He was a heavy, large-framed man. Under his weight the rope parted when he was hardly more than half-way down and the unfortunate commander fell on a rock and broke his arm. Nor was this all. At the same moment one of his pistols went off and wounded him severely in the foot.

At the noise of the crash and the pistol-shot the patrol of the besieging army hurried to the spot and took him prisoner as well as Kyra R——, who was hastening to his assistance.

Being conducted before Chourshid Pasha, they stated the reasons of their flight, and disclosed the desperate designs of Ali Pasha. Immediately the besiegers removed to a greater distance from the wall.

CHAPTER III

THE PLACE OF SAFETY

THE dawn was already far advanced when the captain of the guard awoke the pasha to inform him of the escape of Carreto.

Exceedingly superstitious, he was greatly disturbed at the news. Besides he was still haunted by the dream from which at that minute he was roused, wherein his beautiful wife Eminé, leading her sons Velis and Mouktar by the hand, pointed to her shattered breast. Instantly he sprang from the bed. The stern-hearted tyrant, now overcome by timidity and infirmity, began to weep, to lament the days of his youth and to sorrow over his past life. Never did the desire of living burn more intensely in his soul. This man, who in battle and danger had so often mocked at death, now clung like a coward to Vasilike, seeking her protection and beseeching her for advice.

"Vasilike, Vasilike! Allah is the light of the heavens and the earth, and leads whomever he will toward the light. Death is here. I see it. Perhaps I shall not be able to meet it as calmly as I have given it to many. Everybody is betraying me. My soldiers are deserting me. Even Carreto has fled. He was a true Catholic; and do you too flee, you who are Orthodox. Let Phechim also flee. Leave the old Ali to die alone, for he is a rebel." And with his two hands he pushed the young woman away.

"Why do you distrust me, my lord? Come back to the arms of your beloved Vasilike. You know I never have loved any one except the rescuer of my life. I pray to our Panaghia only for you, my lord. When the critical hour is upon us, do you want us to be separated?"

Ali Pasha took her hand. Becoming more calm, he said, "Do you think, my Vasilike, dew of the garden of roses, that if with your whole soul you entreat the mother of your crucified prophet, she will be able to save us?"

"Do I think it! I am absolutely sure that if any unfortunate person will pray to our Lord Jesus Christ and his mother, he shall obtain their assistance."

"On your knees then, my Vasilike, bestower of happiness, and pray to them," said the pasha, stroking reverently his long white beard. "If they save us, the old Ali and all Epirus shall burn their Korans and become Christians. But, my darling child, I am afraid that no religion has power to change a man's kismet."

He soon ascended to the mosque of Kiz Koulé and prayed for a long time upon the grave of his wife Eminé. Next he approached his formidable guard of fifty Suliots.

Years before Ali Pasha had overthrown Suli. The heroic inhabitants, driven out of their own country, fled to the Ionian Islands. When the armies of the sultan began the siege of Yanina, the Suliots entreated permission to join them so as to take revenge on their implacable enemy, but Pascho Bey would not receive them. Then Ali, that he might be no longer exposed to their resentment, restored Suli to them and made a treaty with them and exchanged hostages. These hostages afterwards composed his body-guard. Among them was Konstantinos Botsaris, the brother of Markos. He was a young man of medium height, of pale complexion, and laconic in his speech.

The satrap approached and questioned him concerning the flight of Carreto.

"He has done well. He was no longer necessary," the Suliot answered.

"What are you saying, Botsaris? He was not necessary! Who, then, will take charge of our cannon?"

"Phechim Tzamaïs."

"I understand. You mean that nothing is left us except the Place of Safety."

Konstantinos Botsaris nodded assent.

From the intrepid daring of the Suliot the tyrant argued that his plan was not distasteful to them. Thespo and Samuel and many others in his time had sat upon chests of powder and blown themselves up rather than surrender. Therefore, not to seem himself less stalwart-hearted, he said, "Let us first see what the ambassadors of Chourshid Pasha propose."

The envoys soon entered. They were the caftanji, Hassan Pasha, and Omer Brione, the torturer of Diakos.

The pasha received them with great dignity. After the usual ceremonies he invited them to follow to his fearful Place of Safety.

The aged satrap, whose courage the broken sleep of the preceding night had weakened, now became another man. His face was crimson, his eyes fiery; the weakness of age vanished from his limbs. He darted his small eyes by turns from Botsaris to the envoys, seeking to find out their impressions. Then breaking the long silence, he said, "Here my treasures, which the Padishah desires, are reposing, as you see, on two thousand kegs of powder. What do you say, Phechim?"

The servant raised his hand from his heart to his forehead, and lifted the torch as a sign that he was ready to set fire.

"Hold!" cried Hassan Pasha, falling on his knees.

"Rise. Do not be afraid. It is not my custom to injure my visitors."

The envoys were pale as wax.

"It is not these kegs alone. The entire fortress, which you have carried, is burrowed under with mines. Learn, my lords, that you are sitting on powder and, since your purpose is to acquire these treasures, I grieve to inform you that you are in danger and are troubling yourselves for nothing. I swear by the centre of the two horizons that if I were younger, I would put myself at the head of the Greeks and with them I would march straight upon Constantinople. Brione, you know me. You used to call me 'the crocodile of the sea of battle.' Now I am an old man and unable to control those whom formerly I had under my command. I see before me only one of two things, either a glorious death or a pardon from my most illustrious sultan, expressed in a firman of his own hand. Then I will surrender to you these treasures and I will withdraw into some corner of Asia Minor, that I may pass there my few remaining days. What are Hassan Pasha or you, Omer Brione, or the majority of the officers of your army, but men whom I have formed and brought forward? And yet you are my most implacable enemies. If you compel me to set fire, the sacrifice will be worthy of my renown and of that end which I have dreamed of from my boyhood."

"Mighty satrap! Shining Star of Epirus!" said the crafty Omer Brione, "our magnificent sultan will grant you your life, and we will lay our earnest prayers at his feet for our former master."

"Bah!" said Ali Pasha to himself. Then he turned to Brione and continued haughtily: "You were my servant for many years, Omer Brione, and I remember with what hypocrisy and craft you always executed my commands. By the foul Anka, you betrayed me and fled! The Arabs often give hospitality to persons whom they plan to rob and to murder after they have gone and are a gunshot away. You lived in Egypt many years, my tiger, and doubtless learned thoroughly this custom of the Bedouins. I do not trust you, nor do I want anything from you. I ask only the pardon of my mighty master, the sultan. If he grants it, well; if not, do not approach me."

The torturer of Diakos at once recognized his former master. He remembered him well, and, humbly lowering his haughty forehead, remained silent.

"May the Prophet Mohammed, the ocean of light, enlighten that fountain of life, the Sultan Mahmoud, to grant me the amnesty," Ali continued. Turning to the caf-tanji, he said: "Take this watch. It keeps exact time with the one I am holding. Look! You know that I am a man of decision. I swear by the seven men who slept so long in the fearful cave of Mecca, and by their faithful dog Katmir which the Prophet honored with a place in the paradise of the faithful, that if in two hours the soldiers of Chourshid do not flee from the walls of my capital, I will put fire and I will bury you alive on the rocks, like Abracha Ebn al Sabach and his faithless followers. Let them send me no other embassy or reply, for I will not receive it, until the soldiers have departed."

The envoys saluted with trembling knees, and felt exceedingly relieved after they had passed outside of the den of the terrible pasha.

One hour later not a soldier of the sultan remained in Yanina.

Ali and his Suliots had compelled thirty thousand Turks to leave the city, pushing and jostling each other in their haste.

Every puff of smoke which rose from the city seemed to them an appalling sign.

CHAPTER IV

WHAT THE TEACHER IS, THE SCHOLAR IS

THE pasha threw a large part of his treasures into the lake, and then entered the chamber of Vasilike. She was at that moment praying before the picture of the Holy Virgin.

"What do you say, Vasilike? Will the mother of our prophet deliver us?" he asked.

"I am praying earnestly for your life, my lord. Have you seen the ambassadors and have you talked with them?"

"I have both seen them and talked with them. They were worthless cowards, and trembled at the sight of the powder. There was not one among them to say, 'Set fire and let us die for the glory of the sultan!'"

"What did they promise you?"

"To ask for my pardon from Constantinople."

"And do they hope to obtain it?"

"They hope so."

"Take good heed, my lord."

"Do not be troubled. I am the old lion yet."

"But, forgive me."

"Say on, Vasilike, my Roxelana."

"Do not go a step from your Phechim, and then the armies of all the world will not be able to come near you."

"I know it, my wise Vasilike," said the satrap.

After this brief conversation he fell into his usual restlessness. Soon he slept a little while, but again his sleep was full of dreams and fancies.

The next day he was more quiet. With Konstantinos Botsaris he climbed to the battlements of the fortress, and saw the distance to which the forces of Chourshid Pasha had withdrawn. Then he laughed for a long time nervously at the spectacle, and soon sent for Vasilike, that she might share the sweet and auspicious sight.

They sat in the window of a high tower, from which they could look out upon the widespread horizon.

That January was cold. Layers of snow covered the crests, the sides, and the valleys of Pindus. The extended

lake of Yanina was calm, but on account of the siege not a fishing boat or bark appeared on its surface.

Vasilike, wrapped in a costly garment which reached her feet, hid under it her charming figure. One could see only her fair, pale countenance and the black hair, gracefully covered by a cap of crimson and gold.

The pasha held his English glass and looked in every direction.

"What delicious air!" said the Christian, with a deep breath. "So many days in the cave! I had a great longing for the clear sky."

Ali made a sign to his servants to leave them.

"Look at Pindus and the Pelagian mountains, Vasilike. They are as white as my hair. There is not a branch nor a stone which has not heard my name. Where have the Albanians not sung it! They call me 'the lion of Epirus.' Ah, if I had only my youth! Then, by the fire-breathing horses of war, the cowardly servants of the sultan would not dare to approach Yanina. I would hurry to seek them."

"Every period of our life, my lord, has its sweet recollections; yet the present is the best, for we have no experience of the future, and the soul asks only rest and quiet."

"In fact I too wish for quiet, my daughter. If they let me, I will go and live in that little corner of Asia Minor where the bones of my ancestors rest. And yet, Vasilike, if I have still ten years to live, you have many more."

"Not so many. In ten years I shall be forty-two, — an age that is not pleasing to a woman."

"Always you will be beautiful; and then, the wife of Ali Pasha! who will not desire her hand?"

"If my evil fate deprives me of my master, I shall never turn to look at another man."

"Those are the words of the moment, Vasilike, phantom of happiness. One, two, three years more, my child, and you will forget me. That is the way of the world and of man's memory."

"I do not know what will happen, but my heart tells me at this moment that I shall never love another."

"This idea torments me more than all the armies of the sultan. I cannot grow used to it. That you should love another! That another should have you! It is better to see you dead at my feet."

Again jealousy began to agitate the breast of the tyrant.

"Am I not ready to die with you, my lord? Why are you always controlled by such black ideas? Why such distrust? Do you not know me?"

"I know you, but I know too what feeble creatures you women are. As soon as the man whom you love is no longer before you, imperceptibly you are weaned from him, and forget him, and begin another affection."

"All women are not like that," said the Christian, laughing. "There are exceptions. Your fancy always magnifies things."

"You are laughing! This conversation diverts you! I talk to you with pain in my soul, and on your countenance joy appears! I understand it! You do not wait for the hour when I am gone from the world in order to find pleasure. Truly! The rich wife of Ali Pasha! By the Prophet, before I descend to the tomb I will send you there first. I will send you," he cried, with a frenzied voice, and his hand sought his dagger.

"Kill me, pasha," the woman replied, without being in the least troubled at his frenzy, and turning her clear eyes to his, — "kill me. You will confer two blessings upon my heart, — the first, that you will not leave me to feel the affliction of your death, if, as you say, you depart before me; and the second, that I shall die content, because you will then be persuaded that I have died for you."

"If your words were true! I do not know what to believe! Either you really love me much or you are a consummate hypocrite."

Vasilike did not utter a word. She knew him thoroughly, and she knew that when the demon of rage and jealousy maddened him, he would sacrifice every one in his presence. She had learned that obedience to his wishes and commands was the only way to escape death or torture from the bloodthirsty tyrant.

"You do not answer," he said, embracing her.

Vasilike remained silent.

"Therefore you confess that you are a hypocrite!"

Again the Christian did not open her mouth. Such doubt of her character on the part of Ali Pasha made her determined to keep silent.

"Then you are a hypocrite! I will strangle you with my hands if you do not answer."

He pressed the throat of the young woman with so convulsive a clutch as almost to accomplish his threat. Again he left her for the moment, screaming, "Hypocrite! Giaour! You are deceiving me! You are cheating me! Is it not so, viper? Tell me the truth and I forgive you."

The young woman burst into a passion of tears and sobs; but the tyrant left her and withdrew to the farther window of the tower.

The beautiful Vasilike wept bitterly. In spite of all, in the depth of her soul, she devotedly loved the monster; for she had never known anybody else, and in his better moments he loaded her with gifts and kindnesses.

Yet there came hours in which, recalling the torments she endured at his hands, she revolted from him and longed for freedom, and prayed to the Holy Virgin to deliver her from his clutches and never to let her see another man.

Ali stood at the window, inflamed by jealousy, and not knowing for what reason he had treated his victim thus. His fancy continually pictured Vasilike, after his death, passing to the arms of another.

At that moment a gypsy, walking with bare feet over the snow, approached the outworks of the fortress and stretched a hand of entreaty toward him.

The vizir bade the half-naked fortune-teller come up and predict his fortune and that of Vasilike.

The old woman made a profound salutation, and, casting her eyes toward the weeping and dejected Vasilike, exclaimed: "How beautiful she is! Truly she is the queen of Paradise, and has alighted for a little while on the earth in order to gratify the vizir."

Ali was pleased and asked, "Can you tell me our future?"

"The prophet gave me knowledge of the future," answered the aged gypsy.

"Commence then and tell it, venerable sibyl. Whether good or bad, I will hear it. Do not hesitate."

"May the vizir live many years! We always tell the truth."

She then took his hand and began to examine the palm. At the same time she took from her breast various colored pebbles which she regarded fixedly. Muttering oaths and incoherent words, she gazed at the sky.

The face of the old woman at once took on a sober expression, and she seemed to hesitate.

The superstitious tyrant uneasily watched her movements.

The warm-hearted Vasilike forgot her experience of a short time before, and turned toward the vizir and the gypsy, apparently interested in the researches of the sibyl.

"Well, mother," said the vizir, impatiently.

"It is bad fortune, effendi."

"Tell it," said the old man, breathing as if oppressed.

"In a few days you will die."

"Truly, you wretched sorceress!" he said with a scornful laugh, though his face became as white as his beard.

"Is it possible that you believe her prophecies?" exclaimed Vasilike, angrily. "Go back to your work, mother. We have no need of your predictions."

"Let her finish, my Vasilike. She is 'the truth of the deserts,'" said Ali, doubtfully. "Continue, my good woman."

"They will betray you, effendi, and they will kill you," she added with obstinate conviction.

"They will kill me! And then," Ali Pasha cried with white lips rising to his feet, — "and then?"

"What comes after death I do not know, neither can I predict what will happen there above, my vizir," she added, pointing to heaven.

"By the night of Kadr, which is better than a thousand months, and in which the angels and Gabriel descend to decide human affairs, the old woman speaks the truth! Let us also learn the fate of my good Vasilike," said the pasha, gloomily.

The Christian wished to quit the room, but she saw the mood of the tyrant; so she placed her little ivory hand in the calloused and swarthy grasp of the old woman.

"Mashallah! Mashallah! You will live many years; but you will live as you lived before you came into the palace of the vizir."

"That is to say?" said Ali.

"Poor and obscure in the corner of a church."

"Vile prophetess! you are only a liar," cried the tyrant, struggling with anger to dispel his superstition. "So I shall die! Daughter of hell, I feel that I shall live twenty years longer. I will, you daughter of the accursed tribe of Amalek! So my Vasilike will be left poor! With her diamonds alone she can buy for slaves all the women of

Georgia and Circassia. Can you tell me your own fate, worthless sorceress?"

"My own fate is unchangeable, my lord. It is always to walk barefooted upon the snow and to disclose the destiny of others."

"I swear by the four bridges of hell, which are sharp as razors and on which the sinner cannot pass, that I will change it," shouted the tyrant.

"Come here," he called, clapping his hands.

His slaves entered.

"Hang this sorceress at once, so that she may learn not to tell lies."

The old woman uttered a shrill cry of anguish. Vasilike wished to intercede for her, but at the order of the vizir they dragged her away.

Soon the vizir and Vasilike returned to the Place of Safety.

His physician Loucas Baïas, brother of Athanasias Baïas, chief executioner of Yanina, came in and begged him to spare the old woman's life. The tyrant at first was disinclined, but afterwards he consented. The physician thanked him, saluted to the ground, and went out. Two hours had not passed, when again the physician approached the satrap, but this time disappointed and sad.

"My brother has hanged the unhappy old woman, most mighty vizir," he cried.

Ali laughed merrily.

"My lord, then you did not grant me her life!"

The tyrant bade him sit down upon the divan. With a loud and satanic laugh and a convulsive shrug of his shoulders, he said, "I thought that all who studied in my school became my good pupils, Loucas Baïas.

' And you know me and I know you,
And I know you and you know me,
And they know us and they know you,
And they know you and they know us.' "

The awful Ali in fact spoke truly. Only he who had spent some little time at his court would be able to appreciate the full force of this infernal song.

CHAPTER V

THE PREDICTION FULFILLED

Two days after the death of the unfortunate old woman the caftanji of Chourshid Pasha came to visit the satrap of Yanina, and at the same time to announce the pleasing news that his master had sent to Constantinople a petition entreating for his life.

The vizir received him magnificently, loaded him with gifts, and again prayed the beneficent prophet to enlighten the mind of the sultan so that he should grant him pardon.

"It would be well," said the caftanji, "for you to have a personal interview with my master Chourshid Pasha. He is your old friend, and when you see each other you will renew your ancient friendship. Then he will do everything for the protection of your Highness."

"I greatly desire this interview. I myself wish with all my heart to embrace my former friend Chourshid. Let him appoint the day and the hour and I will strew with gold and diamonds all the roads of Yanina over which he will pass."

"Your Highness understands that this interview cannot take place in Yanina."

"Why?"

"Because Yanina is everywhere undermined with powder."

"You are right. But you know, caftanji, that if the Padishah himself wanted to talk with Ali outside my Place of Safety, he never would persuade me to meet him."

"I know it," he murmured with chagrin, "and I see the impossibility of this interview. Yet how much I desired that you should talk once with my master. I have great respect and love for you, my lord, because in my youth you were such a worker of marvels. Who in the world does not speak with admiration of the lion of Epirus?"

The aged vizir was flattered, and kept on smoking his narghileh with a smile.

"Is it not possible that this interview take place on the little island of the lake? Leave the inflexible Phechim in the Place of Safety with his torch; then, if he sees a single soldier approaching the borders of the city, let him set fire. This interview is necessary, not only for mutual benefit, but

also for the unfortunate inhabitants of the city who have lived so long in uneasiness and fear."

Ali Pasha remained silent. By and by he said, "I will reflect, and to-morrow I will give you a reply."

After the caftanji departed Ali hastened to Vasilike. In the most critical moments of his life he trusted no one save her.

"No! For the sake of the Panaghia," she cried, "do not go out from the Place of Safety. They want to kill you! Do you not understand it?"

"So you wish to play the magician, my pet, Vasilike. What danger do you see in this interview on the island? What harm can they do? The armies are in the other direction."

"I do not see the danger, but my soul foretells danger."

"I believe you, my virtuous Vasilike. You women are strange and mysterious beings. Verily the soul of a good and beautiful woman is prophetic. I have proved this many times. Not so, however, are those like the old gypsy. I do not consent to the interview. Yet I will question Konstantinos Botsaris and the Suliots. You know they are the only faithful people who are still left me. The rest desert me daily."

Ali Pasha then asked for the Suliots, but for a long time none of them appeared. Finally Konstantinos Botsaris entered silent and fierce.

"Where are the others?"

"They do not obey me. They are fleeing."

"They are fleeing! We must set fire, then, to the Place of Safety."

"I and my companions agree with you. The only reason why they flee is that they have heard that you are treating with the Turkish commander about going to the island."

"On that account they wish to set fire?"

"One word from you and we will all be buried here," replied the laconic Suliot.

"I will think about it to-night, and to-morrow I will give you a reply."

What a night that was for the Nero of Albania! Crimes and remorse in no way troubled him, but only the uncertainty of his situation. On the one hand he inclined to follow the advice of Botsaris and set fire. On the other he remembered that Botsaris was a Christian, whose country he had de-

stroyed and the blood of whose brothers he had shed ; therefore he suspected him and tended to disregard his opinion. He knew that he was surrounded by traitors and murderers, so he desired this interview with Chourshid, thinking that he alone could assure him the few years which the brief remainder of life might allow.

The wild beast who was wont to inspire such fear and dread in the intrepid Albanians, was no longer the same being. The energy, the firmness and courage, which marked his youthful days, had changed to superstition, timidity, and doubt. His decision to die was not the decision of a Cato. His ambition to be buried in the flames of the powder was not the ambition of Empedocles throwing himself into the crater of *Ætna*. He was not a philosophic Brahmin to mount with a slow and decided step the funeral pyre he had prepared. He was shrinking and cowardly, and stretched his hands to grasp even the fag ends of life.

He rose and announced that he had determined to meet on the island his old friend Chourshid, who on the Koran had sworn to him friendship and faith.

In vain Vasilike endeavored to prevent him by her tears. In a few days with twelve Suliots he embarked on skiffs for the island. Vasilike also embarked with her diamonds and with boxes full of precious articles, that they might bestow presents on the representative of the sultan.

This act caused the Ottomans so much joy that their cannon from every direction saluted and congratulated Ali Pasha.

The island is almost in the middle of the lake, half-way between the well-known fountain of Cryoneri and the fortress of Litharitzza, on the other side of the palace. It contains a tiny village of about eighty small houses, inhabited mostly by Greeks, and also seven monasteries, of which that of the Saviour is the chief.

This monastery the tyrant some years before had converted into a prison, which became notorious, because there an unknown number of people were put to death that he might confiscate their possessions.

In a magnificent summer-house of the island, which had formerly been the pleasure-resort of his sons Velis and Mouktar, and was furnished with royal luxury, he purposed to receive the commander-in-chief, Chourshid Pasha.

Already he had waited for him two hours, very anxiously, when instead the caftanji came alone.

"Where is Chourshid?" Ali Pasha asked angrily, laying hold of his weapons.

"Do not be disturbed, my lord. There is no reason for being troubled. On the contrary, the news from Constantinople is highly satisfactory. Pascho Bey and Ismail Pliasos, your deadly enemies, have fallen and your pardon has been granted. It will be sent by the next post."

An expression of delight lit up the wrinkled face of the old man. His eyes glittered. "Is it true?" he murmured. "Where, then, is Chourshid vizir?"

"By the green flag of the Prophet, my master has one of his frequent attacks of gout. He entreats you to excuse him for one or two days. As soon as he is able to walk he will come to meet you. At the same time he requests you, if you like, to invite whomever of the pashas in his army it would give you pleasure to see. All desire to pay you their homage."

A consummate dissembler, the face of the caftanji did not alter. He had sworn to Chourshid that in this tragedy he would skilfully act the part assigned him.

"Caftanji, do you swear by the day promised the faithful faithful that there is no trap?" asked Ali.

"May I be stoned like Aschram, if I am deceiving you, my lord."

"Glory to the Prophet, the way of uprightness, I believe you;" and Ali extended to him his right hand.

The base envoy kissed it as hypocritically as he had sworn.

"I would like to see Tachir Abas, Omer Brione, Hassan Pasha, and the Silichdar. All these were once my under-officers," he remarked with a laugh. "Or rather they were my boys. I reared them all. In my school they studied. I gave them to the community and promoted them to the rank which they at present occupy."

On the following day all these officers came to visit Ali Pasha. At first their conversation was devoted to reminiscences, and then fell on the general subject of the Greek insurrection. Omer Brione arrogantly described the horrible death of Diakos.

"I am utterly unable to recall this Diakos," said Ali Pasha, "but his name made a great sensation."

"He was the proto-pallikari of Odysseus, and was very young when attached to your court."

"I do not remember him. Did he die bravely?"

"He endured his punishment without uttering a word, without showing suffering. If he had not been so brave, I would not have killed him. The reason why I roasted him alive was to make dangerous people flee from our midst!"

"Omer! The Greeks will not be slow to inherit the last rag of the sultan. Their freedom means our destruction. If I had realized that, placed at their head, I should be able to control them, I should not have hesitated. Omer Brione, don't exult too much at the cruel death you inflicted on the brave soldier. Remember that your defeat by a hundred men at the Inn of Gravias, when you had eight thousand, does not reflect great honor either upon you or your army."

These words fell on Omer Brione like a thunder-bolt. He crimsoned, bit his lips, and looked at the ground.

Tachir Abbas then began to praise Alexander Mavrocordatos, whose name was already filling Europe and whose personal acquaintance he had made at the conference of Vrachorion, when the hoplarchs and magistrates met at Misolonghi and intrusted the direction of affairs in western Greece to the Senate. At that time Ali Pasha wished to gain the Greeks to his side, and had himself sent to them three plenipotentiaries, of whom Tachir Abbas was one.

In this way eight days passed. The vizir of the sultan, Chourshid Pasha, under the pretext, now of indisposition, now of great suffering, daily put off his visit.

Finally Hassan Pasha, graceful and full of delight, came with his officers to announce that the pardon had arrived.

Ali Pasha was transported with joy, and cried: "So it has come at last! Peace be upon you! Now I believe, Hassan, you are sincere;" and he raised his hands toward heaven.

"It has arrived," Hassan Pasha repeated, "but my unerring master asks you, before you receive it, to order Phechim Tzamaïs to put out his torch."

Ali half rose upon the divan, and, shaking his head, repeated, "No! never!"

"Vizir, you must show by deeds that you deserve the pardon of the great Caliph of the two holy cities of Mecca and Medina, the shadow of God upon earth, the mighty sultan of sultans."

Ali fell into profound and anxious thought. He asked Hassan Pasha to withdraw, that he might once more confer with Botsaris.

The Suliot approached him gloomily.

"The pardon has arrived, Botsaris," said the satrap, with constraint. "But before they give it to me they want me to order Pechim to put out his torch."

Botsaris did not utter a word, but placed his hand on his pistols.

"What do you mean? Surely there is no trap! If there is, we will put fire at once."

"It is too late, vizir. All communication with the Place of Safety has been cut off. Nothing else is left us but to die, sword in hand."

The breast of the aged satrap was stifled for breath. His cheeks became almost scarlet, his eyes grew dim. He stroked his white beard and remained silent as death.

"It is horrible, but we will not die yet." He cried at once, "Botsaris, call Hassan Pasha."

The minister of the Sublime Porte again entered, and saluted like a humble servant.

"Hassan, the blessing of Ismaïl be upon me. I have decided to show this obedience to my thrice revered master the sultan," said Ali. "But I myself must return to Litharitza or Pechim will not put out his torch. He is to obey nothing but my own voice. Such were my commands."

Hassan was already prepared, and expected this answer.

"Mighty satrap, I swear to you upon our holy Koran, by Allah, by the Prophet, by his daughter Phatimah, by the finger of righteousness with which the angels write, that the pardon has come from the Padishah; but do not desire yourself to return to Litharitza, for then you would excite the suspicion of every one. The inhabitants and the army, since you came to the island, have become quiet. They would be excited again. I know that you have a secret signal, and if you give it to Pechim, at once he will put out the torch."

"No! no! I must return myself, Hassan."

"My lord! my lion-hearted vizir! I beg you. I adjure you, in the name of our Prophet, do not so thoughtlessly lose the pardon of our master. Besides, it is impossible for you to return, for all communication between the island and the dry land has been cut off."

"You traitorous fox! So it is a trap! It is treason;" and he put his hand to his pistol.

"I swear, by Allah of the east and the west, that there is neither trap nor treason," said Hassan Pasha, "and why should there be treason, my lord? Do you not remember the verse of the Koran, 'Do not slay the faithful, who asks for pardon'? Do you mistrust the word of our sultan, the sultan of the two continents, the sovereign of the two oceans, the sultan, the son of the sultan?"

Then ensued a hot altercation between the satrap and Hassan Pasha, in which, despite all his shrewdness and craft, the pasha of Yanina was beguiled. Hope, the uncertain refuge of every persecuted being, and the oaths of the sultan's officer changed his decision.

He drew his talisman from his breast and handed it to Hassan. "Show this to the guardian of my Place of Safety, and you will see him at once transformed into a harmless lamb."

In fact, as soon as Phechim saw the talisman, he kissed it with respect and put out the torch. Instantly the unhappy watchman was bathed in his own blood. Five sharp daggers of the servants of Chourshid Pasha were planted in his heart.

In a few hours the sultan's army were in full possession of the fortress and had raised their ensigns on its battlements. Discharges of artillery from every direction announced the victory.

The torch of Phechim was for the ferocious tyrant like the torch of Meleager. As long as it remained lighted fate could not cut off his days. Once extinguished, Nemesis began to place her hand on the head of the vile Albanian despot, who had trampled on so many victims to attain his exalted place.

It was noon, and the cold was piercing. The horizon was monotonous because white with snow, and the summer-house was perfectly quiet.

As soon as Ali had given up his talisman he told Vasilike. The girl of Pleschovitza did not utter a word, but her excited face and the mad way in which she seized and kissed his hand showed how the tidings affected her.

He understood, and clasped her in his arms in silence, though his lips did not dare to ask further what she thought. Then he went to his reception-room in great uneasiness and full of regret.

According to his custom, he sat down in the corner of the

divan opposite the door, both halves of which were left open, that he might be the first to discover who was coming and know what was occurring outside. So far not a bark appeared in sight.

His pulse beat violently, and his face constantly changed. He held the English glass in his hands, and turned it incessantly toward every quarter of the lake.

Perama, his summer palace on the north, brought to his mind the victims whom he was wont in other days to drown there by night. The monastery of Saint Nicolas, half hidden in the shade of a rose-tree forest, reminded him of Euphrosyne and the eleven other mothers whom he had slain under its walls. The frightful death, which was drawing ever nearer, sent its attendants to daunt him in the form of remorse and anxiety that was agony.

In the midst of his distress he saw barks approaching the island. He laid down his glass and began with long strides to pace the room.

"They are coming," he said to Botsaris, after an interval of silence.

The gloomy Suliot laid his hands upon his pistols as his only response.

"We shall use them, and I well understand it," said the satrap.

After that moment they exchanged not a word and made no sound.

It was five o'clock in the afternoon when Omer Brione, Hassan Pasha, the caftanji, and a crowd of officers and soldiers entered the summer-house.

"Stop!" Ali cried in a voice of thunder, addressing Hassan. "What are you bringing me?"

"The decision of my glorious and most high master. Do you recognize this golden firman?"

"I recognize it. Is it my pardon? Is it?"

"Glory to my enlightened sultan and to the unbending tree of his bliss, upon which ten thousand birds sing his praises. His decision demands your head, Ali, to adorn Orta Kapou, the gate of his seraglio."

"Traitor, perjurer, hypocrite, the head of Ali does not fall so easily!" Like lightning, with the agility of youth, he fired at Hassan Pasha.

The ball traversed the thigh of the sultan's officer, and stretched him grievously wounded upon the ground.

"Scoundrel, you are not safe yet," he thundered to the caftanji.

In truth the second bullet was more effective. It laid that officer dead upon the floor.

Konstantinos Botsaris had already slain two others, and at the head of the Suliots fought like a lion with his sword. The sultan's officers were disconcerted and began to flee from the summer-house.

"Botsaris, I am wounded," cried the pasha. "Help me, O God of the just!" and he moaned with pain.

A bullet had pierced his breast.

"Blood is pouring from me," he added, trying to reach Omer Brione.

The latter did not spare his ancient master. He stood still, waited, took aim like a true Bedouin, and his bullet went through the tyrant from one side to the other.

The voice of Ali was like the roar of a polar bear, and, rallying once more his fainting strength, he endeavored again to approach Omer Brione.

Meanwhile the soldiers outside the summer-house poured a shower of bullets against it. One of them with fatal effect struck the pasha on the os sacrum as he advanced toward his foe.

The satrap did not utter a word at this third wound. His mouth writhed, and his eyeballs rolled as in epilepsy. Letting his arms fall from his hands, he grasped the window-sash near the divan, and a moment after fell at full length.

"Hurry and kill Vasilike," he gasped to Botsaris. "Jesus of Nazareth, save her! Let her not fall into the hands of these ruffians."

His eyes half closed. His failing hands moved mechanically from one wound to the other, and his snowy beard was bedraggled with blood. One awful groan and he expired.

All resistance was vain. The army fell upon the summer-house. Konstantinos Botsaris with the surviving Suliots leaped from the window and fled to the Monastery of the Saviour, where they offered desperate resistance.

Only a few drops of blood still remained in the veins of the scourge of Epirus, when the crowd entered where he lay.

"The will of God has been done," the cadi proclaimed.

"Not yet has it been fully accomplished," replied the silichdar. "The viper is still alive." Seizing him by the

foot, he dragged him to the veranda of the summer-house. There he placed the neck of the tyrant against the edge of one of the steps, and after repeated blows cut off his head.

The same evening the head was washed, filled with spices, and sent in a golden dish to the commander-in-chief of the sultan.

The aged Chourshid rose up respectfully to receive it. He bowed low three times before it, reverently kissed the white beard, and prayed that he might himself have a like memorable end.

How unknown is one's destiny! How ill-fated are the servants of the Sublime Porte! Chourshid Pasha, the dreaded general, who had ruled the Mamlouks of Egypt, conquered the Servians, and subdued the Skepitari of Epirus, only a few months afterwards was condemned to death on accusation of having himself appropriated the treasures of Ali Pasha.

In November of the same year, before the arrival of the executioner, while near the walls of Larissa, Chourshid took poison with absolute apathy, and thus ended his days. At least he had the comfort of knowing that his head would not ornament, as did that of the Pasha of Yanina, the skull-embellished gate of the sultan.

CHAPTER VI

THE PRISONERS

VASILIKE, Kyra R——, Chryse, the wife, and Angelike, the sister, of Markos Botsaris, Konstantinos Botsaris, and the unfortunate artillery commander, Carreto, were brought under guard to the palace hall of the slain Ali, which was already occupied by the general-in-chief of the sultan.

Nobody spoke but Kyra R——. Regardless of her own situation, she continually scolded the unhappy Carreto for the flight of her lover.

"Let the poor man alone," said Konstantinos Botsaris harshly, breaking his long silence. "Since we were captured, you have done nothing but talk of Diamanto."

"It seems," remarked one of the Suliots, "that she was in love herself with Captain Andronikos, and, because he left her and went off with another woman, she is tormenting the father."

Kyra R—— was at first struck dumb. The soldier had touched her sensitive point. She turned upon him like a mad woman. "You impudent fellow, if you say another word, I will throw my shoe at your head."

All began to laugh, except Chryse and Vasilike, who seemed changed into marble.

"You laugh," shrieked Kyra R——. "I will teach you better;" and she hurled her heavy sandal at the man who had spoken.

Life on the mountains had taught them scant courtesy. The soldier threw his cap at her, and Kyra R——, seizing a stool, rushed upon him.

The guards then interfered and brought them before the chief of the prison. As the latter was unable to keep the peace, he appealed to the newly appointed caftanji of the vizir, whose predecessor had been slain by Ali Pasha. This officer was no other than Barthakas himself.

After the teacher's successful duplicity at Patras, he had been sent to Tripolitsa as steward and secretary of the harem of Chourshid Pasha. When after a long siege the city was captured by the Greeks, by a succession of tricks he contrived secretly to obtain possession of the great number of diamonds and precious stones belonging to the ladies of the harem. With his plunder he managed to embark for Trieste; but the vessel was obliged to put into the Bay of Arta, near which Chourshid Pasha was encamped.

On landing, Barthakas pretended to be a Turk, and went at once to Chourshid to give him news about his harem, still in captivity. He represented himself as having been their faithful guardian, and persuaded the vizir that the preservation of their lives and honor was due to his skilful intercession. He so insinuated himself into the good graces of the aged commander as to be appointed his caftanji.

As the names of Andronikos and Diamanto frequently recurred on the lips of Kyra R——, while stating her quarrel, his curiosity was aroused, and forthwith he commenced a minute examination.

Omer Brione and some other officers were present.

"Lady, the cause of your quarrel appears to be a certain Andronikos. Where did you meet him?" he asked.

"In the cave."

"What do you mean by the cave?"

"The palace of my relative, Odysseus."

"When did he come to the cave?"

"After the death of Diakos."

"Was he in the fight at Zeitouni?" asked Barthakas, moving uneasily on his seat.

"He had that good luck. Odysseus found him terribly wounded and lying in a pile of dead, and carried him to the cave. The wife of Odysseus and I cured him."

"Then he is alive? He recovered? Where did he go afterwards?"

"He went with us to Gravias."

"Were you yourself at Gravias?" asked, with surprise, Omer Brione, who was toying with his beads.

"Surely I was, and I knocked one of your soldiers down from the wall."

"Speak with more reserve," said Omer Brione, angrily. "Remember that, if then you escaped the gun, you are now sitting on the edge of the sword."

"Don't threaten, my Brione, and don't talk so loud, for the harem of your vizir are in the hands of my relatives. What you do to us they will do to them," said the Suliot, shrugging her shoulders and turning again to Barthakas.

Omer moved angrily. After he had twice walked across the room, he stopped and looked at her.

"What did Andronikos do at the battle of Gravias?" Barthakas asked.

"He fought like a man. His arms were like rocks, and his head was a fortress. His ball killed your silichtar, Omer Brione, and he aimed at you once, but you got out of the way."

Omer quivered with rage. The insolence of Kyra R—— was unendurable. He was furious that all the Christians were not in his power, so as to give them the death of Diakos.

"What sort of a man is this Andronikos?"

"He is a gentleman, handsome as a woman, but young and without a moustache."

"It is certainly my pupil," said Barthakas to himself, "and she is alive!" Rising, he paced the chamber with

long steps. "After the battle of Gravias, what became of him?" he asked.

"General Odysseus quickly sent him back to the cave to give his wife the news of the victory."

"Of what victory? There was no victory at all. Satan snatched you from my fingers," Brione interrupted with increased resentment.

"So it was not victory! Well! well! So it was not victory! Odysseus with a hundred *armatoli* drove you back with your eight thousand, and it was not a victory! We did not lose five *pallikaris*, dear mother, and we laid out fifteen hundred of your people. Ha! ha! ha!"

Then bending her head and body to the right, and carrying her hand to the left as if seeking her sword, Kyra R—— continued boasting: "After we left off fighting, we passed through the middle of your soldiers, and it was not a victory? Ask whomever you please, Brione. Don't get angry at the truth. Ask anybody you wish, if it was not a victory."

The bey became livid, and his mouth twitched; but Barthakas said with his infernal smile, "Do not quarrel with her, *effendi*. She is a woman."

"A woman! But I am as big as three of your size," cried Kyra R——.

"Let us go on. He returned to the cave," said Barthakas, resuming his gravity.

"Then he stole the daughter of the artillery officer. He bewitched her. Perhaps he married her. Now you know just as much as I do."

After the examination the *caftanji* dismissed Kyra R——, though, for her satisfaction, he inflicted a slight penalty on the soldier who had insulted her.

In a few days the prisoners and twenty thousand pistoles were exchanged for the harem of the vizir.

Carreto was not released. The wily Barthakas imagined that Andronike and Diamanto would try to find the artillery commander, and so he endeavored to retain him. Nevertheless Chourshid Pasha, after a few months, thought best to intrust him with the supervision of some Ottoman ships at Venice which the Sublime Porte sent there for repairs.

The unfortunate officer became almost blind, and died among the docks of that city without ever having known his daughter Diamanto.

They carried Vasilike to Constantinople. Her reputation of having rescued many from the claws of the tyrant saved her life. A house was assigned her near the patriarchate, in which she lived in seclusion for a considerable time, devoting herself to penitence and prayer. So poor was she that the patriarch had to solicit the charity of Christians at the capital in her behalf. After a few months the Sublime Porte permitted her to take from Yanina all her clothing, which, being embroidered with diamonds and pearls, afforded her a subsistence.

CHAPTER VII

THE PRISON OF MUNKACS

AFTER the defeat of Dragatzana Thrasyboulos tried to escape to Transylvania, but was arrested on the frontier by the Austrian patrol. He was seized, placed in a wagon, and forced to ride for many hours without knowing whither. At last they reached the Hungarian fortress of Munkacs.

It was about midnight when the jailer received him. In silence they traversed arched subterranean passages, ascended and descended stairways, opened and closed iron doors, and at last arrived at a low court, with doors on all sides, each admitting to a different cell. The jailer noisily opened one, and pushed Thrasyboulos inside.

Thrasyboulos cast his eyes round the cell, and saw a narrow room with a low ceiling and a thick iron pillar rising from the middle. A small bed without mattress, a cheap wooden table, and a chair were its only furniture.

After the jailer had departed, the nephew of the patriarch for a long time did not change his position, but stood still and peered into the utter darkness. At last he groped to his bed, and as the rattle of his chains echoed from the ceiling, he felt the cold perspiration start. From the clanking of chains on the right and left, both above and below his room, he inferred the prison had no lack of inmates.

All that night he did not close his eyes. When next morning about ten o'clock the jailer brought him a little

food, for which he was compelled to pay, the faint daylight enabled him to realize more fully the wretchedness of his abode.

"If the prisoner has no money to pay for his food, what happens then?" Thrasyboulos asked.

"The government pays, but they put him two stories lower down, and not in such an elegant room, with bed and tables. Sir, do not laugh! When you see the other cells, you will consider yours a palace."

Thrasyboulos for some minutes did not speak. Then he took a gold piece from his purse, and gave it to the jailer.

"What is this?"

"To drink my health."

"To drink your health! You have money like that with you!"

"I have a little left. I am rich and can get more money. If you will help me to write a letter, I will give you something better."

"I am very sorry, sir, that I cannot do any such thing. Nobody is allowed paper and pens. I was asked the same favor by Baron Schoenwairth, who is on the same floor in the cell next yours."

"Who is Baron Schoenwairth?"

"He seems to me to be a Russian."

"A Russian! Why is he shut up here?"

"For the same reason as yourself: he fought in Moldo-Wallachia."

"What does he look like?"

"Moderate height, forehead high and somewhat bald, and no right arm."

"Stop!" said Thrasyboulos, rubbing his forehead. "Is he alone in the prison?"

"Yes, he is alone; but his two brothers and three or four of their attendants are in other cells apart."

The statements of the jailer left no doubt that Baron Schoenwairth was Prince Alexander Ypsilantis himself.

The jailer was about to go when Thrasyboulos detained him with the question, "What is the last news from the Greek struggle?"

"What struggle do you mean? The rebellion? It was crushed some time ago, entirely put down. The Turks cut off the heads of all the Greeks, and the affair ended. At least our journals say so."

"Your journals! My friend, your press states matters just as your government wishes."

The jailer shut the door and withdrew.

That night he was exhausted by discouragement and did not wake until the jailer opened the door. "Good morning. I bring you good news," said he, as he entered.

"Is it true? What is it?"

"We have orders from Vienna to let you write and read, and you may take a walk two hours a day."

Thrasyboulos rubbed his eyes and thought he must be dreaming.

"There are three large rooms above, close to the guard. I have put Baron Schoenwairth there, with his brothers and attendants. I am going to put you there too, so you will all be together. You yourself have not suffered at all, because you have just arrived; but all the rest have spent two whole months in this dreary prison."

The same day he was transferred to the apartment where he found Prince Alexander Ypsilantis with his brothers and friends.

They were allowed to go about freely in the fortress, and sometimes to take a drive, attended by guards. Their detention would have been endurable but for the rude and insolent bearing of the officer in charge. The long winter nights of 1821 they spent talking about Greece, and going over its ancient history. Ypsilantis often narrated his military experiences. He told how he defeated the French at Polozk in 1812, and about the German expeditions and the battle of Dresden, where his arm and sword were carried off by a ball. The health of the prince sensibly suffered by confinement, and his face had a deathly look. One evening he was more indisposed than usual, and sat near the stove, gloomy and silent, surrounded by his companions, when the porter entered and handed him a bundle of letters. While reading one of them, he began to shed tears. It was from his brother, Demetrios, and announced his arrival at Hydra. When Alexander crossed the Pruth and raised the Greek Revolutionary flag, he sent his brother as his deputy by way of Trieste to the Peloponnesus.

"It is a strange coincidence," he said, "that my brother reached Hydra the very day of our defeat at Dragatzana. Oh, what comfort is poured upon my soul by the victories which he describes, and by the enthusiasm of his reception

at Hydra! No, gentlemen, the struggle is not ended, and the Austrians give us worthless information. We may trust the guidance of God and the devotion of the Greeks. Listen to what my brother writes: 'When we reached Trieste, the wives of our merchants there with their own fingers worked us a flag bearing the words Liberty or Death. While embroidering this flag they sang with tears of joy the song of Rhegas,—

O my children,
O my orphans,
Scattered here and there!
Insult-bearing,
Persecuted
By men everywhere.' ”

The prisoners rose and pressed their lips to the letter. When they realized that the Greek conflict had not ended, but was progressing victoriously, their joy became transport, and a new life appeared on their worn faces.

“A curse on that Caravias!” said Thrasyboulos. “The great Alexander has fled somewhere in Austria. Who knows in what prison he is rotting?”

“Cannot we escape?” said Nicolas Ypsilantis.

“Escape!” repeated his brother Alexander and all the rest together. “It is impossible, and not to be thought of, because the moment the first one of us disappears, all the rest will be more rigorously confined and watched.”

“If we spend our money well, I think the thing is possible,” said Thrasyboulos.

“It is a dangerous undertaking,” said another. “Besides, the prince is so feeble at present that a violent mental shock might kill him.”

Their conversation stopped at that point, and soon each one withdrew to his couch. Thrasyboulos was burning with the two fires of patriotism and love. He saw that the Greek struggle was but begun. From that moment he watched earnestly for some means whereby he might bid farewell to the thick walls of Munkacs.

CHAPTER VIII

THE FLIGHT

At first Thrasyboulos abandoned the idea of flight, realizing that, if he escaped from the fortress of Munkacs, Prince Ypsilantis would be more rigorously confined. But as time went on, the health of the prince showed no improvement, and Austria seemed fully determined to hold the fugitives until the last spark of the Greek struggle was extinguished. So his duty to his country and his love for Andronike compelled him to banish every other sentiment and flee if possible.

He drew a large part of his funds from Odessa, for the words of King Philip were always in his mind, "Every gate is opened by gold."

He began to pretend that he was suffering from gout, and bathed his face in wormwood tea, so as to give himself the sickly complexion of an invalid. Gradually he awoke the pity of his fellow-prisoners and of the commander of the guard, who permitted him to take long rides twice a week beyond the limits of the fortress.

At the beginning of the revolution many Greek vessels were on the Black Sea, and, being unable to return by way of the Bosphorus, they were brought by their sailors to Odessa and sold there. These sailors to the number of fifteen hundred obtained Russian passports from Count Lanzeron and went to Brody in Galicia, hoping from there to reach Trieste and thence embark for the Peloponnesus. These passports were not personal, but each included twenty individuals. It seems incredible when we say that during this present enlightened century those unfortunate Greeks travelled through the heart of civilized Europe and encountered hardships like those of the twelve tribes in the wilderness. Many looked toward Greece as their land of promise, but few among them ever again trod its soil. They endured every privation and insult upon the way, and often suffered from lack of food. At the town of Brody they divided into two companies.

One company, consisting of eleven hundred men, on foot and without shoes, wandered across Germany to

Hamburg, leaving dead comrades in every city through which they passed. At Hamburg no European ship would undertake to carry them to Greece, for they were paupers. They turned back again to Germany, ascended the Rhine to Switzerland, and thence passed to France, enduring new want, new hardships and suffering. Finally half their number reached Marseilles, after a journey of more than two years.

The other company of four hundred started for Vienna. They reached that city, and were there arbitrarily detained. Their poverty became so great that the Austrian capital would have become their graveyard, had not the nuncio of the pope and some wealthy citizens come to their relief and obtained their liberation. The majority took the direction of Ancona, and from there went to Leghorn, where they arrived at the same time as did the remnants of the other party at Marseilles. A few came back to Hungary and tried to cross Transylvania again and get to Bucharest.

Toward the beginning of May, 1822, Thrasyboulos, while taking a drive outside the fortress, stopped at a rustic café.

At that moment two swarthy men, with long and neglected hair and beard, ragged and covered with dust, stopped there also. They took their wallets from their shoulders and placed them on the stones.

"I am done up, Nicolas," said one of them, with that slow, prolonged pronounciation which characterizes the inhabitants of the islands Hydra and Spezzia.

"Ah, my poor fellow, we have been walking six steady hours."

"I want to see if these people can make out what we say to them. Eh, boy! look here," he cried to one of the waiters. "How much for that bread?"

The waiter did not understand the question, but he saw that it had to do with the bread to which the Greek pointed. So he laughed, and motioned with his fingers as if he understood.

Thrasyboulos was at first surprised as he heard them talk; then he addressed them in Greek.

To the unhappy islanders he appeared an angel of light in their darkness. They fell upon his neck and embraced him, and with curses began to describe the sufferings they

had endured. They belonged to the party of four hundred which had been detained in Vienna.

Seeing that their Russian passport was for twenty persons together, of whom some had died of hardship and others had remained in the cities through which they were passing, he lost no time in telling them who he was and how unjustly Austria had imprisoned him. He asked their assistance, and offered himself to defray the expenses of the journey. In a short time everything was agreed.

That evening about sunset, Thrasyboulos went down to the stable of the commander.

A groom was cleaning the horses. It was the same man who drove the carriage of Thrasyboulos whenever he went to ride. He was a small-bodied man of about fifty, with an honest face. He was talking to one of the horses with that German kindness and patience to which the noble nature of those animals always responds.

"He knows you wonderfully well," said Thrasyboulos.

"Certainly, sir. I brought him up, the little rascal!" he added, stroking him gently. The animal, while being caressed, playfully bit the hat of the groom.

"Carl, how old is this horse?"

"About five."

"And have you been five years in this fortress?"

"I! I have been here just twenty-eight years."

"Twenty-eight! . . . buried in these walls without seeing the best of the world!"

"I was twenty-two years in the prison and six outside."

"Is it possible?"

"And what a prison! Fifteen years I was chained in the deepest part of the dungeon, where there is always mud from the dampness."

"You must have committed some awful crime."

The groom looked in every direction to see if anybody heard, and quietly said, "Crime! My only crime was that I fought for liberty."

Thrasyboulos started at the last word of Carl.

"Yes, sir, liberty! I am a Hungarian. When I was a young man, nothing so hurt me as the subjection of my country. All Austria could not contain me. Therefore I fled to France, where after their revolution it was reported on all sides that liberty was to be found. I enrolled in the cavalry, and was attached to the army of

General Moreau on the Rhine, but I was made prisoner by the archduke Charles. My punishment was death, because I had fought against Austria. How my life was saved I do not myself know. They sent me here, where I passed just twenty-two years in this prison. Six years ago I was released. I hurried off to see my relatives. Where were they? In that space of time all had died. I was stranded in the world. I did not know what to do, for, when any one heard that I had been in prison twenty-two years, he would not take me in his service. So I came back here again of my own accord, and became the groom of the commander."

"What wages do you get?"

"Ten francs every three months and my food."

"Only so much!"

"Only so much! That is royal pay. There are other people here who do not get ten francs a year."

"If I were free, poor Carl, I would take you in my service, and I would pay you one hundred francs a month and your board, because, besides being a good man, you have an idea of liberty."

"The 'if' and the 'would,' sir, before people are married, fill the world with children."

"You do not believe words. Here are works, then;" and he handed the groom thirty francs in gold pieces.

"What are these things for?"

"Do they seem to you little? Here are just as many more," said Thrasyboulos.

"But, truly, sir! . . ."

"I have some more if those are not enough," added the nephew of the patriarch.

"Enough! Enough!"

"Listen, Carl! I am very rich. My only crime was that I also fought for liberty. If you can help me to escape from this prison, I promise you, as soon as we have once passed the frontiers of Austria, ten thousand francs straight to your hand and the wages I offered you, if you remain with me."

The groom was almost beside himself with astonishment. Every moment his face changed expression.

"Whatever depends on me, sir," he whispered; "I am not so blind but I can see the sun when it shines. Still, without a passport we can accomplish nothing. You cannot

get a passport here without identification and guarantee. If I myself had been able to get one, I would not have stayed in this vile Austria."

"I have a Russian passport for twenty men;" and he narrated the story of the wandering sailors.

They arranged the details of the flight as follows: The sailors' passport was to be stamped for Bucharest by the authorities as well as by the Ottoman consul. Each must select a name from those on the passport. Thrasyboulos was to pretend severe illness, to put his feet in hot water, and to insist on not being disturbed the next day until he himself called his chamber servant. At midnight he was to rise and to arrange some garments on the bed so as to look like a human body, and then to descend to the court, where Carl was to wait for him. At dawn both of them, dressed as grooms, were to ride the commander's horses out from the fortress on pretence of giving the animals water as usual.

This scheme succeeded admirably. As soon as they were once outside the thick walls of Munkacs, they put on the other clothes they had provided, got two more horses for their companions, and galloped away.

They travelled day and night, stopping only to change horses. When they arrived at the Carpathians, Thrasyboulos wrote a very courteous letter to the commander of the garrison, wherein he described the manner of their flight. He did this, so that officer might be convinced that the princes Ypsilantis not only did not assist his escape, but were themselves resigned to endure their present condition. As a convincing proof of his statements he sent back his passport, which, although for twenty men, he had not shown his fellow prisoners, nor offered them the use of it. Finally, he stated at what station he had left the horses, and asked the commander to send after them.

CHAPTER IX

THE INVITATION

AFTER reaching Bucharest Thrasyboulos remained there for several days to recruit. Unable from that place to obtain information about Andronike, he bade good-by as soon as possible to his two fellow companions from Hydra, leaving them sufficient money for their expenses, and attended only by Carl started with the post for Yanina, that thence he might cross to the Ionian Islands and finally reach the Peloponnesus.

He travelled under the name of Count Andronikoff, and wore deep blue eyeglasses. He was provided with a Russian passport which he obtained at the capital of Moldo-Wallachia, and also procured letters of introduction from one consul to another. He arrived in the capital of Epirus while the inhabitants were still excited over the tragic end of Ali Pasha. Travellers from all directions were flocking thither to see the tyrant's impregnable Place of Safety. He too and the Russian consul went to visit the fortress of Litharitza.

Omer Brione and the caftanji came out to receive them. Barthakas did not at once recognize Thrasyboulos. The sufferings which the latter had undergone had greatly changed his appearance. Besides, when in the Peloponnesus three years before, he wore the Greek costume, but now he was dressed as a European and had large colored eyeglasses.

Thrasyboulos, however, at once recognized the crooked and deformed teacher. He was amazed, and unable to conjecture how the apostate had become a Mussulman and had reached the rank of caftanji. Barthakas, on the other hand, wished to show that among the higher classes of the Ottomans are persons who are acquainted with the French language. So he addressed himself at once to Count Andronikoff. He began a distorted and disconnected description of Ali Pasha, and finally asked certain questions to which the lover of his pupil was obliged to reply.

The face of Barthakas revealed a multitude of impressions when the voice of Thrasyboulos sounded in his ears!

He fastened his staring eyes upon him ; he almost rose to the tips of his toes, and mechanically twisted the folds of his cravat. When absolutely certain who the Russian count was, he showed by every motion and look that he was terribly ill at ease. The Russian consul at that moment was a little in advance, with Omer Brione. Barthakas interrupted his walk so that they two might be left farther behind, and, standing still, suddenly said, "Do you not recognize me, Thrasyboulos ?"

"Don't I recognize you ! How did you succeed in becoming caftanji, Kyrios Barthakas ?"

"And how did you yourself become Count Andronikoff ?"

"Necessity made me change my name, but not my religion."

"The same with me ! Necessity made me change my name, but not my religion."

"But only an Ottoman can become caftanji."

"Truly ; but up to the present I have passed the three tests of an Ottoman without ever in fact being circumcised."

"I do not understand you."

"It is very easy. Whenever any one speaks Turkish as well as a dervish, when he wears the turban, and when he takes off his shoes respectfully on going into a mosque, who can suspect that he is not a Mussulman ?"

At the cynical manner of the dwarf, Thrasyboulos recalled the Barthakas of the tower. He reflected that he was entirely in his hands, and resolved to use discretion in dealing with him. Besides, since the fragment of Andronike's letter, saved by Dracoulis from the flames on the evening before the battle of Dragatzana, had referred to the death of her father and brother, he thought that if he pretended ignorance and did not ask questions, he would persuade the former teacher to tell him what had happened.

"What news have you from the demogeront ? When did you leave the tower ?" he asked him.

"The demogeront ! Don't you know what has happened ? In this long time have you had no letter from Andronike ?" he asked in turn, with gaping mouth.

"From Andronike ! How could I learn what has happened ? On the death of the patriarch I fled from Constantinople. I never heard anything about her, and I have received no letter from my betrothed."

"And where were you all this time, Kyrios Thrasyboulos?" asked Barthakas, coming to himself.

"I went with the remains of the patriarch to Odessa. From there I joined the Sacred Legion. After the battle of Dragatzana I fled to Austria, that I might cross to the Peloponnesus, but was arrested and thrown into the dungeons of Munkacs, where also Alexander Ypsilantis is confined. Only a few days ago I left there, and now I am on my way with a Russian passport to the Peloponnesus."

Barthakas was fully persuaded that Thrasyboulos knew nothing of the frightful scene with the Laliots.

"Therefore you know nothing about your Andronike," he said, pressing his lips together.

"Nothing! nothing!"

"I shall be the bearer of distressing news."

"I am ready, Kyrios Barthakas, to hear you. When Greece is in such a lawless condition, what can one expect to hear but distressing news?"

"One evening, while we were sitting in the tower and saying good things about you, the Laliots broke in and butchered the demogeront and his son and all who were with him. I remember it was Lent; by good luck that evening I had put on Turkish clothes, so as to give my pupil a little diversion, for she was much depressed on your account. As soon as I saw the Laliots and the heads falling, I did not lose my wits. I pretended that I was a Turk myself, and that I had been sent from Tripolitsa to invite the demogeront to come there, where all the demogeronts of the Morea usually assembled. The lie saved my life, but Andronike they carried off with them."

"Andronike! What became of the poor girl?"

"The Laliot chief kept her several months with him."

"What do you mean?" said Thrasyboulos, beating his forehead.

"Afterwards Andreas Metaxas bought her from the Laliots, and the rumor ran that she lived a long time with him, though I know nothing about it. But I am interrupting my story. I was left in the hands of the Turks. When they saw that I spoke two or three languages, oxen that they are, they took me for a great man, made me a high secretary, and now caftanji."

"And what became of Andronike?" Thrasyboulos asked with white lips.

"I never saw her again. You know how romantic she was. She put on a man's clothes and went to Thermopylæ to fight. Evil tongues again reported that she lived there with Diakos. From there she went to the Corycian Cave in Parnassus, and there was more scandal. It was rumored that Odysseus came near divorcing his wife Elene on her account. Finally, to cut my story short, I learned recently that she was at the Inn of Gravias, and fell in love with a soldier and fled with him."

"Are all these stories true that you have been telling me?" cried Thrasyboulos, in confusion, and growing cold.

"I guarantee nothing. I tell you only common report. The one thing that I personally know is that the robber disappeared with my unfortunate pupil. Do you imagine, Thrasyboulos, that Andronike is now that fair and tender maiden whom you once knew? If you should see her, you would not recognize her. She is completely changed. One lady who saw her shortly before the battle of Gravias, told me that her face was besmeared with paint."

"Oh, my God! What harm have I done to the world that you afflict me so cruelly? Oh, my beloved, angel of my eyes! No, I do not believe you! I beseech you, Kyrios Barthakas, tell me, are these things true?"

The unhappy young man was unable to conceive that their shrewd enemy, unscrupulous as he was, could fabricate such charges. On the one hand he recalled the virtues of his promised bride and the fragment of her letter, and inclined to believe her innocent; yet on the other he was compelled to acknowledge that a friendless and defenceless woman could not long resist violence and the force of circumstances.

It was unquestionably true that her wicked slanderer had planted deep-rooted suspicions in the heart of the unhappy youth. Andronike was no longer a spotless virgin in his mind.

"Here we have not time, dear friend, to talk about events which afflict my own heart no less than yours. The consul and Omer Brione are approaching. It is best for us both to conceal who we are. Control your grief. I beg you to-night do me the honor of paying me a visit and we will talk more fully. I, my dear Thrasyboulos, always liked you, although you always had a bad opinion of me.

Apparently you did not understand me, or at least jealousy did not let you understand me."

With these words Barthakas pressed the cold hand of Thrasyboulos, but his eyes glared like those of a hawk at the betrothal ring.

CHAPTER X

THE TRAP

AFTER Barthakas returned home from his interview with Thrasyboulos, he paced his room with long, slow steps. The lash which Andronike had given him in the tower, and her contemptuous treatment of him at Patras, were not easily blotted from the memory of his ignoble soul.

As long as he was separated from her, jealousy and brutal longing, the chief ingredients of his love, were converted to thirst for revenge. His passion became all the more a thirst of Tantalus, when now he enjoyed a vantage-ground from which to meet his pupil.

In her place fortune had thrown in his way Thrasyboulos, the chief cause of all his troubles. He had felt sure that the head of Thrasyboulos was one of the ten thousand which adorned the awful altar of the patriarch Gregory and his suite, but now Thrasyboulos had appeared again in the flesh. Moreover, Kyra R—— had asserted that his pupil not only was alive, but had proved herself brave in war. Fear and revenge made the caftanji study earnestly how he might be delivered from these two antagonists.

His glowing imagination could devise only one course, and that was by a new crime to cover up the old.

He called his groom, an Albanian Gheg of formidable appearance.

"Kara Seïd Ali," he said to him, "the time has come for me to find out whether you are faithful to me, and to seal your good fortune once for all with the pay of five hundred pieces a year."

The Albanian laid his hand on his weapons, signifying that he was ready to obey.

"At the same time you will also be serving the Koran," continued the caftanji.

"Speak, effendi."

"To-night I am expecting a Russian count. He is my bitter enemy and the enemy of the Mussulmans. I shall detain him until midnight. When he goes out to return to the Russian consulate, do you and your two men seize him and throw him with a cannon-ball round his neck into the lake. Before you drown him, take his ring from his finger and bring it to me."

"Is that all? A good deal of broth for little trouble!"

"Listen, Kara Seïd Ali, the affair is very difficult, and I want you to understand it so. The Russian is a pallikari, and he always has pistols with him. Then, if he calls out or the Russian consul hears about it, neither my head nor that of Chourshid will be safe."

"I understand," said the Albanian; and he saluted and retired.

Thrasyboulos soon arrived, attended by Carl.

"Kyrios Barthakas," he said as soon as he sat down, "the more I think of what you told me, the more unable or rather the more unwilling I grow to believe it. My Andronike!"

"My dear Thrasyboulos, Andronike is a woman, and a woman, my friend, can be always compared to a mirror. The more beautiful a woman is, so much more polished the glass. If nobody approaches the glass, it remains uncracked but is affected by time; it grows dark and dingy with dust, or in other words grows old. If a man throws pebbles at it, one, two, three, four, five, it may stand it, but sometime, say at the sixth pebble, it will crack, no matter how thick. That is the way with a woman. If she be unprotected, perhaps the first, second, third, fourth, fifth man will accomplish nothing, but the sixth! She will be out of her head for him."

"That is enough! That is enough, Kyrios Barthakas. This conversation is so painful that I do not wish to pursue it. Only one question more. You told me that a certain lady who saw Andronike before the battle of Gravias was shocked at her thick paint. Can I know the name of this lady?"

"It is Kyra R——, the kinswoman of Odysseus," said Barthakas, without the slightest hesitation.

"Kyra R——. I do not know her. Is she at Yanina?"

"No. Three days ago she left the city. She was a

prisoner, but was exchanged for the harem of Chourshid in Tripolitsa. But let us quit this painful conversation. How does our insurrection seem to you? Our Greeks up to the present have done wonders."

The guest looked Barthakas directly in the face with astonishment.

"Why do you look at me like that, Thrasyboulos?" cried the caftanji, laughing. "Do you think, because I wear the long Turkish cloak, I am a Turk? That is why you are afraid of talking. My friend, I am Greek at heart. I have remained in the Turkish service expressly and only to be useful to the Greeks. The Greek to-day is incapable on account of his slavery; therefore he must endeavor to overthrow his tyrant by stratagem, since he cannot with his sword."

The eyes of Thrasyboulos flashed fire. "You are a terrible man," he murmured sadly.

"Thrasyboulos, you said you were at the battle of Dragatzana. My groom was one of the Turks who massacred the Sacred Legion, and this old soldier says that he never saw finer soldiers than those boys. Tell me how did you yourself get off so cheap, though you are nephew of the patriarch. You sly fellow!" he added rudely.

At that moment dinner was announced.

Under guise of hospitality, the caftanji of the vizir displayed all possible magnificence and amazed the Greek.

Their conversation continued till midnight, and turned mainly on Andronike and the revolution.

Immediately on the young man's departure, he and Carl were suddenly attacked by Kara Seïd Ali and three confederates, their hands were bound, their eyes blindfolded, and they were carried to the banks of the lake.

CHAPTER XI

A NEW HOME

ON account of the calm which prevailed during those days on the Ægean, Andronike and Diamanto were a fortnight at sea. Not till the twenty-seventh of May, 1821, did they reach Scio, a peaceful island, then outside the disorders of the insurrection.

Hotels in the European sense there were none. The prevalent hospitality supplied the lack, and every traveller or stranger was commonly provided with letters of introduction to some inhabitant.

When they disembarked and came on shore, it was about four o'clock in the afternoon, — an hour when the inhabitants sat at their front doors in festive costume. Then the women would chew mastic and weave neckerchiefs, or joke each other as they stripped the peel from the fruit and made those sweets so famous in the East. The young men, their day's work done, would go from door to door, stopping to chat wherever the heart of each was drawn.

The reader may imagine the excitement and surprise at the appearance of the two young women wearing the Peloponnesian dress. The news of the Greek revolution came to those gentle people as an echo from a thousand leagues away. It was merely a faint reminder that their Christian brethren were fighting to make a Christian nation and government. But as they themselves paid almost no taxes and were only slightly oppressed, it did not excite them to take up arms.

"See there! How beautiful they are!" one called from his doorstep in the peculiar dialect of the island.

"They are violets from the Morea, my Panaghia," exclaimed a second.

"Welcome to our village, Peloponnesian ladies, welcome!" cried a third.

Andronike was perplexed. She traversed the city square, gracefully saluting the hospitable crowd, not knowing whose kindness to accept and whose to refuse.

At last they stopped before the door of a large mansion, to the master of which, Kyrios Phrancoulis, they had letters of introduction from the town of Galixidi.

He was a demogeront of the city, and one of the richest proprietors and merchants in the island.

His house was spacious, and furnished with Eastern luxury and comfort. It consisted of two floors, with a court and tiny garden.

The wife of the owner, his brother Paraskevas, three daughters, and two sons made up the family. Their faces were noble and handsome.

"We come from the Peloponnesus," said Andronike, "and are orphans. The Turks killed our father and

brothers, and we escaped to your island with difficulty. How happy you are here, for you know nothing of the misfortunes which your brethren are undergoing."

"We have heard all about it," said the mistress of the house. "Since Tombasis came last April and fired at the citadel, the mouteselim has held our bishop Plato, his deacon, and forty notables there as hostages."

Andronike then told whose daughter she was, and described the cruel death of her father. She said nothing about Barthakas and her exploits at Thermopylæ and Gravias, and referred to Diamanto as her sister.

The amazement of Diamanto was exhaustless. After the harem of Chaïnitja and the gloomy cave of Parnassus with its half-savage inmates, after her long sojourn in the midst of pistols and swords, now at finding herself within the animate and delightful horizon of Scio, surrounded by smiling faces, her happiness overflowed. In this world there seemed nothing more for her to wish.

On entering the chamber assigned them, she embraced Andronike with swimming eyes.

"What is it, Diamanto?" she asked.

The poor girl could not speak. She was unable to express her gratitude to the deliverer who had rescued her from danger. The Arcadian understood, pressed her in her arms, and dried her eyes.

"Another life is before us now, Diamanto. In a few days our past suffering will appear as a dream. That is the way of the world."

They slept a peaceful and unbroken sleep until morning. It was already day when they opened their chamber window.

"Oh, how fragrant!" said Diamanto, as the perfume stole in. "I think they are stripping roses for preserves."

Shortly there was a knock at the door. One of the daughters of Kyrios Phrancoulis brought in a tray with two glasses of cold water and a jar of sweet.

"Where does the fragrance come from?" asked Andronike, after the usual morning greeting.

"From our orange and lemon trees. You cannot fancy how far the fragrance goes. We have large houses and gardens full of oranges, lemons, jasmines, jonquils, every kind of fruit and flower; and when the wind is right, the perfume reaches the mainland opposite."

It seemed incredible to the strangers that there was anywhere such a perfumed atmosphere. The Arcadian girl knew that Scio was called The Garden of the Icarian Sea, but she supposed that this was only a poetical epithet.

"You can go if you like, my lambs, to other places in Scio, beyond the mastica villages, where the pines and the mastica trees grow."

"You live in a real paradise," said Andronike. "We were fortunate in coming to stop with you; only you must not let us trouble you."

"Trouble us! From the joy of having this visit we did not sleep all night. When you know us, you will see that we talk with our hearts and not with our lips. After you are dressed and have tasted the sweet, please come down where we are waiting for you for breakfast."

"What angelic souls!" said Diamanto. "Not like those people in the cave. Wherever I turned, I met a pair of shining fierce eyes in the darkness. All wanted to eat me, and especially Kyra R——."

"Diamanto, can you easily understand their dialect?" asked Andronike, with a grave smile as if lost in her ideas.

"Not very well. Why do you laugh?"

"Never mind. I am thinking of Kyra R—— when she returned from Gravias and did not find us."

"She must have burst with anger. She is such a passionate woman that she is capable of searching after us through all Greece."

"Perhaps to-day I shall learn something about my Thrasyboulos," Andronike soon remarked, falling back into her usual sober mood.

The breakfast-room was on the first floor. In the windows, on account of the burning heat of May, stood open earthen vessels full of cold water. They looked out upon the little house garden which was crowded with the fragrant flowers of the season.

In the middle was a table with fruit, milk, coffee, and the delicious island cheese. Kyrios Phrancoulis, wearing a light pointed cap and the long flowing robe of the period, rose to receive them.

While Andronike was breakfasting, she began to praise the natural and artificial beauties of the island, about which she had heard and read so much. Then she approached the

subject of the Greek insurrection and the frightful scenes at Constantinople.

"Here we have, my daughter, the largest public school, not only of our Scio, but I believe in the Levant," said Phrancoulis. "In this school the deceased Dorotheos, afterwards Bishop of Adrianople, whom the Turks hanged with the patriarch at Constantinople, taught for many years and sent out many scholars. Here on this divan he often sat and smoked his tchibouk with me. His nephew was protosyngelos, but by a hair escaped the massacre and is now in Scio. From his own mouth, lady, you can hear what wicked things the Turks have done."

"And is he here?" asked Andronike, with a start. "He must know everybody in the patriarchate."

"Even the stones there he knows," said Kyrios Phrancoulis.

"How much I would like to see him and ask the details of those events!"

"Despoinouca, send word to Polycarp to come and dine with us to-day. Or perhaps it would be better for us to invite him ourselves and also at the same time visit the great school."

"Yes, yes," said Andronike, rising eagerly, "I have a very strong desire to see the famous school of Scio, where so many illustrious men have taught. Don't let my impatience surprise you. I come from Demetzana, the centre of Greek education in the Peloponnesus. That school I know. I desire therefore to see this one, which is said to be far superior."

Kyrios Phrancoulis then lighted his long tchibouk. Holding it in his right hand and toying with his beads in his left, he headed the little procession, consisting of the two strangers and of his three daughters. Walking complacently with his charges, he saluted the passers-by with a smile, and to each directed one of those harmless, laconic jokes so characteristic of the Sciots that foreigners sometimes call them the Gascons of the East.

"How many pupils has the school?" asked Andronike, as they drew near it.

"Seven hundred, if you please."

"So many! What does each pay?"

"Nobody pays anything, lady. All the expenses, fifty thousand piastres a year, are defrayed by the community."

The community spent one hundred thousand piastres for the library, which has twelve thousand volumes. The community has also expended money for the chemical and physical laboratories."

"Is it possible! Bravo! This confers immortal glory upon your country, Kyrios Phrancoulis."

The gentleman was delighted, and, observing Andronike carefully, recognized in her a woman not fitted simply for domestic duties but possessing capacity and high ambition. He grew enthusiastic, and, emitting the last whiff from his pipe, resumed, "Everything that you will see in the school, Andronike, comes from the bequests of the Sciots."

"Not to flatter you, but to state the simple truth, I say that your island is unique, Kyrios Phrancoulis. Your city is the Paris of the *Ægean*," said Andronike, resuming her walk.

"If you should stay a little while in Scio and see our other establishments, which at Constantinople itself they have n't got, what would you say? Stop a moment for me to tell you, Kyria¹ Andronike," said the gentleman, swelling with pride. "In addition to the school and the library, we have a hospital, an old people's home, a lazaretto, and a leper asylum. We have sixty churches in the sixty-six villages of our island. We have our board of trade, our maritime board, our notaries distinct from the Turks, and we have our own laws. All these expenses come out of our own pocket. There are one hundred and twenty thousand souls in our island."

Kyrios Phrancoulis spoke the truth, although with insular egotism. Andronike listened with admiration but with impatience, for she felt herself not far from the man who was about to give her information of the life or death of the last being left her in the world.

At length they reached the door of an imposing structure. Before entering, Kyrios Phrancoulis asked for the proto-syngelos Polycarp. The latter was a man of about thirty, tall, robust, with red cheeks and a becoming black beard.

"Come and take a bit of soup with us to-day at noon, Kyrios Professor and Protosyngelos. The lady here is from the country of our late patriarch, and has a strong desire to hear from your learned mouth about affairs at Constantinople."

"I will come very gladly, Kyrios Phrancoulis. Are you

¹ Miss or Mrs.

from Demetzana ? ” the protosyngelos asked as he turned to Andronike.

“ Yes, venerable father,” she answered, leaning on the arm of Diamanto, while her heart beat violently. “ Did you know the patriarch Gregory ? Did you know Thrasyboulos ? ”

“ Did I know them ! I lived with them. I lived in the same patriarchate.”

“ And the Turks killed Thrasyboulos immediately after his uncle ? Is it not so ? ” Andronike became so faint while uttering these last words that she could hardly stand.

“ Thrasyboulos ! No ! Who said so ? He escaped and fled to Odessa with the remains of the patriarch.”

“ He escaped ! ”

She had not strength for another word. She fell into the arms of Diamanto unconscious.

“ A little vinegar ! Get Dr Decozis, quick ! ” cried Kyrios Phrancoulis. “ Who is this Thrasyboulos ? ”

“ Her betrothed,” said Diamanto.

“ Is Andronike the daughter of the demogeront of Demetzana ? How Thrasyboulos used to heap praises upon her ! ” cried the protosyngelos. “ Verily she is the Artemis of Arcadia.”

The situation of Andronike was completely changed by this information. She blessed divine Providence which had prolonged her own days and those of her lover. She wrote immediately to Bucharest, where the protosyngelos said he was to pass ; but in the universal disorder none of her letters ever reached her lover’s hand.

CHAPTER XII

SCIO

THE island of Scio, or Chios, in ancient times renowned for its artists, poets, and philosophers, contained, at the beginning of the present century, only a mild and unwarlike people devoted to commerce and agriculture.

The islands of the archipelago enjoyed certain privileges and some degree of independence. Isolated and at the immediate mercy of the Turkish fleet, they were of necessity peacefully inclined and opposed to disturbances. Scio,

more than any other, profited by this dependence. The commercial instincts of its inhabitants induced many to emigrate to Marseilles, Leghorn, Amsterdam, Trieste, Malta, Alexandria, Constantinople, Odessa, and other centres of trade where in a few years they acquired colossal fortunes. Possessing wealth and always tranquil, the Sciots so gained the confidence of the Ottoman government that it left the administration of the entire island in their hands. Only in the half-ruined citadel were maintained a few soldiers as a garrison, and as a nominal show of Ottoman authority.

The journeys of the Sciots had a refining influence on the people, and counteracted some of the evil consequences of their subjection. Generous and public-spirited, in a few years they erected the establishments which Kyrios Phrancoulis enumerated to Andronike, and also adorned their city with magnificent houses, marble churches, and splendid gardens.

Scio also improved its political life. It resembled the republic of San Marino or the free city of Frankfort in the midst of vastly superior political powers. It was a civilized city, and hence a ready prey for the plunderer. When the revolution began, the Sciots were indeed somewhat excited, but had neither inclination nor cause for seizing arms. Some external influence was necessary to excite or rather to impel them by specious promises and a more brilliant future to empty their well-filled purses into its lap. Without some such impulse they would not quit the yardstick and spade to take up the heavy and unwieldy gun, foreign to their ears and terrible to their eyes.

The Turks were not suspicious of the island until April, 1821. When the Hydriot fleet, commanded by Tombazis and consisting of twenty-five ships, approached to rouse the inhabitants, the trembling Sciots begged the Greek admiral to sail away, asserting that they were not equal to such an undertaking. Tombazis, realizing the impossibility of success, bombarded the citadel, and then departed.

The mouteselim and cadî invited Bishop Plato, the demogeronts and principal persons, forty-six individuals altogether, to meet them for a conference, and then held them as guarantees of the submission and good conduct of the rest. As the garrison was small, they wrote to Constantinople requesting reinforcements. In addition they

deprived the inhabitants of all weapons and firearms. Thus the tranquillity, which had been somewhat disturbed, appeared completely restored.

Kyria Despoinouca Phrancoulis still retained much of her former beauty. She had a kindly and sincere disposition, but was somewhat inclined to meddle.

Her husband, now in the fifty-second year of his age, was likewise a kindly man but quick-tempered. He praised extravagantly whatever belonged to him, could not brook opposition, but was very witty when in good humor. He had little education, yet knew by heart many proverbs and fables. It was his ambition to give his children a fine education. Therefore he expended liberally, and contributed to every public and beneficent institution.

Their oldest daughter, Angerouca, a young woman of twenty-two, the copy of her mother in appearance and disposition, found greater pleasure in singing and dressing than in study and housework.

Loula, the second daughter, seventeen years old, sober, reticent, and thoughtful, enjoying her lessons and animated by high ideas, was a complete contrast to the rest of the family. The Creator seemed to have fashioned her in the same mould as Andronike. She was a brunette, with a sweet voice, dark, beautiful eyes, a tall and imposing figure, and a slow and dignified step.

The third daughter, Irene, an unusually beautiful girl of twelve, with silky golden hair which fell in ringlets on her shoulders, was the acknowledged pet of her father.

The older son, Pantelis, was a young man of twenty-one, devoted to business though fond of pleasure. He was strangely timid in society, blushing to the ears and stammering whenever he spoke for the first time to a girl. Of medium height, well formed, and with a pleasing expression, he greatly resembled his father.

Lorentzis, the second son, was a sunburned, undisciplined, and headstrong boy of fifteen. Passionately fond of books and possessing much natural intelligence, he was the pride of the family.

Dr Paraskevas, the brother of Kyrios Phrancoulis, was an unmarried man of sixty. He had studied medicine in Europe, and had acquired considerable scientific knowledge. He was very devoted to the entire family, but spent almost all his time with his books.

Andronike and Diamanto greatly enjoyed the first days after their arrival in this beautiful pearl of Ionia. They visited the public establishments as well as the various private manufactories where Sciot goods were made, famous throughout Greece. Sometimes they roamed over the villages, through the gardens and among the lemon and orange groves, and wondered at the thousand water-wheels which like crickets filled the air with their rasping music.

Both women had been reared in the heart of the Turkish Empire, where their sex is shut behind the lattice of the harem ; so for a long time they could not become accustomed to the bold, free speech of the women around them, who from sunrise to sunset in front of their doors in loud and jovial tones jested with the passers-by.

Diamanto with less difficulty adopted the expressions and the pronunciation of the island, and conformed to this sort of life. Since Andronike could not change, but remained always sedate and melancholy, never going down to sit in front of the door, gradually Diamanto was weaned from her and contracted a most intimate friendship with Angerouca, whom she greatly resembled.

Loula now became the companion of the Arcadian, for they were much alike.

Soon the house became the salon of the island. Teachers and pupils of the public schools came there every night, bringing news of the insurrection and wishing to talk with Loula and Andronike, the *Aspasias* of the day.

Another individual who will play an important part in this story is Signor Luigi Casteli, a young man of about twenty-five, Catholic in religion, descended from a good but reduced family. For a long time he had been in love with Angerouca; but, although she fully returned his affection, the gulf between their religions was always an obstacle to their marriage. He was well built, handsome, and intelligent, but loquacious, egotistic, and of doubtful character.

The population of the city was nearly thirty thousand, comprising about two thousand Turks, two thousand Catholics, and the rest Orthodox Greek Christians. There were also sixty or seventy Jews. The Turks almost without exception spoke Greek; the Catholics did the same, but mixed with it many French, Italian, and Turkish words.

The mutual aversion of the Catholics and Orthodox was very great. Coveting the wealth and power they formerly

possessed, the former were on the constant watch for an opportunity when by some service of any kind to the Turks they might regain the first place.

The amphitheatrical form of the city reminded one of mediæval Genoa. The prevailing color of its houses was reddish black, because built of a dark stone, quarried from the ruins of the ancient Lydian Erythræ, on the mainland, and of a red earth peculiar to the island.

The town was divided into three distinct quarters: Aplo-taria, the residence of the richer classes, on the left of the harbor as one entered; Encremos, to the right above Aplo-taria; and Franco-Mahallah, or Frank Village, to the north and right of the citadel and the harbor. This amphitheatre of dwellings descended to the harbor, where there was a little square called Vounaki. Windmills lined the shore far to right and left, and added much to its picturesque beauty. The traveller Tournefort, comparing Scio with the other cities of Turkey, well named it the "Diamond of the East."

To-day the harbor barely accommodates one hundred small craft. At that period, with its artificial moles on the right and left, breaking the force of the current and preventing the accumulation of sand, it afforded ample room to three hundred and fifty large ships. It was, however, exposed to the north and south winds. The ruins of these moles, above the surface of the sea, now afford places for fishermen to spread their nets.

On one side of the entrance, upon a cliff, was the lighthouse of Saint Nicolas, and on the other side a guardhouse.

Farther to the right rose the fortress, first erected by the Genoese, but rebuilt and enlarged by the Venetians. On its walls were seen the escutcheons of both cities, and over one of its principal gates was the lion of Saint Mark in bas relief. The governor of the island and the garrison occupied the fortress.

CHAPTER XIII

LOULA AND ANDRONIKE

ONE day, some months after the arrival of the two young women in the island, the following conversation took place between Andronike and Loula while the rest of the family were sitting in front of the house.

"My soul, Andronike, you must advise Diamanto to stop her flirtation with Casteli, or something disagreeable will happen."

"I have already given her that advice. She is now as forward and bold as she was bashful and timid when she came to your island. Still, she always says that Casteli does not come to see her, but Angerouca, with whom he has been in love for three years. Angerouca herself told her so."

"Angerouca! Her love affair is an unhappy business. She made a great mistake in loving a man whom neither our church nor my father would ever allow her to marry. All of us warned her, but she paid no attention. If he were only a man of character!"

"Your aversion to the Catholics seems to me strange. In the Peloponnesus we hate the Turks, but Christian looks on Christian as a brother. Here you inhabit distinct quarters, and treat each other like cats and dogs."

"You are right. I began this conversation to save Diamanto from what Angerouca has suffered. My father drove the miserable fellow from our house, and for three or four months we did not know whether he was still on the island. On learning of your arrival he began to frequent our neighborhood again and to say sweet things to Angerouca, and yet his object is plainly Diamanto. My brother Pantelis is in love with her too, but he is timid and dares not tell her. Casteli is crafty, daring, and plausible, and will win the heart of Diamanto if he can. Then not only shall we have quarrels between Pantelis and Casteli, but I am afraid Angerouca herself will suffer."

"I thank you for talking to me like a sister. How can we prevent Casteli coming here any more? Shall we ask your father to send him off at once?"

"He has sent him off three times, but Casteli is one of those people who do not know what shame is. After three days he comes back as sweetly as if he were our best friend. My father has got tired of it and does nothing now, whenever he sees him coming, but send Angerouca inside. However, Casteli likes that, for it gives him a better chance to talk with Diamanto."

"What can we do, then?"

"I do not know. I am racking my brains to find out."

"Will you do me a favor, Loula?"

"Certainly. What is it?"

"Let us go down to the door. It will be the first time since I came to Scio that I have been down. I want, however, to meet him face to face."

"Wait till I see if he has come."

Loula put her head out from the window and looked.

"He has not come. So much the better. If we go down when he is there, it would be just like him to say we did it for him."

As the two friends descended, they attracted the curiosity of every member of the house. It was indeed the first time that the two had honored the front of the door with their presence.

The contentment of the father and mother increased. All the group seemed very happy, except Pantelis, who sat near Diamanto with a scowling face, on a chair moodily turned toward the wall.

Kyrios Phrancoulis was smoking his long tchibouk, and at intervals accosting some passer-by with a proverb or an anecdote which excited the laughter of his household.

His wife gently reproved him, so that he should not talk so loud and that the neighbors might not hear.

"I don't care a fig. When I see crooked I talk crooked, and when I see straight I talk straight. If Signor Casteli comes hanging round our doorstep to-night, I will let him have two or three in the back."

"Don't say such things, Kyrios Phrancoulis. They don't suit you. The best way is to be dignified and imposing. Then the young man, despite the coldness you show him, will not open his mouth to say bad things about you."

"There he is, father," said the taciturn Pantelis. "He is all dressed up in a white hat, white pantaloons, and white stockings." Then, casting a jealous look at Diamanto with a sort of sigh, he turned his chair back again toward the wall and played in an absent-minded way with his two spaniels.

At the appearance of the Catholic, Diamanto and Angerouca changed color and did not seem to know what to do.

"Have you heard the news? Have you heard the news, Kyrios Phrancoulis?"

While speaking, Casteli approached in his usual presumptuous manner. Seeing, however, Loula and Andronike

for the first time at the door, he took off his hat and made them a profound bow.

Kyrios Phrancoulis smoked on soberly, and did not turn his head to look at Casteli.

"The mouteselim appears to have become frightened, and a little while ago he asked for reinforcements from the government. The government has sent a thousand Zeibecks, and they have disembarked at the fortress and the New Fountain. They are going to station patrols."

"Is this true or are you talking nonsense, Signor Casteli?" asked the perplexed gentleman, at once rising from his seat.

"Nonsense! Why nonsense? All Scio is running to the harbor to see them."

"Irene, my hat, quick! Lorentzis, run for my stick! I will give a glance myself at the New Fountain."

"No, my father, you shall not leave us. Do not get yourself into danger in the powder and weapons," said Angerouca, rising.

"Why are you afraid? They don't kill people that way. The Turks know me."

Kyria Phrancoulis seized the arm of her intrepid spouse.

"Are they armed, Signor Casteli? Did you see them?" he asked, beginning to hesitate.

"Pretty well, Kyrios Phrancoulis. *Per Bacco*, I will not exaggerate, but every one had six pistols and two yataghans."

Kyrios Phrancoulis bit his lips nervously, and reflected for a few seconds. Then, turning to Pantelis, who was still playing with the spaniels, he said, "Here, Pantelis, come, let us go down together."

"No, father, no, I am not coming. If you want my advice, you will get your property together and open up business somewhere in England."

"For your family's sake do not go, Kyrios Phrancoulis. Wait till the people come from the harbor; then you will learn the facts from them."

"A thousand Zeibecks in Scio! Our demogeronts and bishop in the fortress as hostages! These are frightful times, children. Did you see them with your own eyes, Signor Casteli?" Kyrios Phrancoulis asked, as if delirious.

"Did I not see them! Black as . . ."

"Sit down, Signor Casteli. Irene, why are you standing

still? A chair for Signor Casteli. They were black as . . . ?”

“As all out-doors,” said Casteli, for the first time in a long while being allowed a seat in front of this door.

“Frightful times these are for Scio. Do you hear the Zeibecks down there? Fleas are crawling over my arm, Despoinouca,” said Kyrios Phrancoulis, springing up as if shot.

“And how does our island of Scio appear to you, Signorina Andronike?” asked Casteli, mechanically patting Lorentzis.

“Very well; very beautiful,” answered Andronike, smiling a little.

“You are laughing, Signora, at my Greek. It is not of the first quality, I am well aware, but one can make out what I mean.”

“What is your own language, Signor Casteli?” asked Andronike.

“Italian, Signora.”

“Were you born in Italy?”

“No.”

“Was your father, then, an Italian?”

“No,” he murmured, coloring slightly.

“But your grandfather or your great-grandfather must have been?”

“No,” he muttered, still more confused.

“I understand. You are descended from the Venetians or Florentines who at various times controlled the island.”

“Yes, Signora,” said Casteli, breathing more freely.

“Are you Genoese, Venetian, or Florentine? Which of the three?”

“Truly I do not know. I think I am a Venetian.”

“Why don’t you tell the truth, Signor Casteli?” shouted Kyrios Phrancoulis, recovering from the fear into which the thousand Zeibecks had plunged him. “Is it a shame to be a Greek? Were you not born at Sclavia of Scio? Your father and your grandfather and all your family for seven hundred years were from here, and, when the first Genoese came into the island, were you not Sciots? And the first words which your nurse taught you, were they not Greek? Tell me how you became a Frank.”

“It would give me great pleasure if I could talk Greek well,” said the Catholic in his cynical way, not paying the least attention to the rasping reproof of Kyrios Phrancoulis.

Then, turning to Andronike and assuming an affable and pathetic tone, he added, "If Signora Diamanto would give me a few lessons, I am sure I should get on very fast."

"In our country we have another system for those who begin a language," Andronike replied dryly.

"If Kyria Diamanto gives you lessons, she will earn thirty round crowns a month, Signor Casteli," said the jealous Pantelis, breaking his long silence.

"Here comes the protosyngelos Polycarp. Now we shall learn how many Turks have come to Scio," said Kyria Phrancoulis.

"Good evening," said the priest gravely, at the same time looking sternly at the Catholic.

"What is it I hear, teacher? Is it true that a thousand Zeibecks have come to Scio?"

"Most unfortunately it is true. They are from the opposite promontory of Asia Minor. A thousand other Turks were coming under the command of Ilezoglou, a good and kindly man, but they were ordered to Samos."

"Have you learned why they came?"

"Yes. Some of our Catholic benefactors frightened the mouteselim with the idea that the islanders are planning to rebel, and they urged him to obtain assistance from Constantinople."

The eyes of all the family turned to Casteli.

"What pasha is their commander, reverend Polycarp?" asked Kyrios Phrancoulis.

"The worst of it is they have no commander. Each one is a nut by himself. There are two hundred Cretans, six hundred Yourouks, and two hundred Zeibecks. They all came on one frigate."

"Panaghia! What will become of us? Why should this evil fall upon us?"

The entire household rose up, all in a tremble.

"Do not be afraid, ladies," said Andronike. "As yet you do not definitely know the purpose of these thousand Turks. Surely they have come to maintain good order in the city. That ought to please you."

"I want two words with you in private, Kyrios Phrancoulis," said the protosyngelos. "Will you come inside the house?"

"I am at your command, teacher. What can you have to say to me? Is it good or bad? I do not know what is

the matter with me, Despoinouka, but I am not at all well to-day. I am suffering from chills."

"Signora Andronike, do not be displeased when I tell you that you are as courageous as the Hippolyte of Marmontel. By San Gerolomeo, I never saw a woman so brave as yourself," said Casteli.

"I am a woman, sir, just like all the rest. If I was not frightened when I heard of a thousand Turks, it was because I did not see the danger." Turning to Loula, she added: "Everybody is getting up and going into the house. Let us go in too. Good night, Signor Casteli."

"*Buona notte, buona notte*, Signora Andronike," said Casteli, rising, taking off his hat and bowing to the ground.

The rest of the family also rose.

"And are you also going?" said the Catholic, approaching Diamanto and Angerouca. "It has given me great pleasure to meet your sister. Next to you, she is the most lovely girl I ever saw in my life."

"Is that true?" asked Diamanto with delight, leaning upon the arm of Angerouca and gazing fixedly at him.

"Why, Signor Casteli, do you persecute the Greeks so?"

"Don't believe everything, Signora Diamanto, that your priests say. Your priests and ours have made all the trouble. I know that ours are very excitable, but then they have some reason, for they have lost all their authority. Once they had two hundred churches under them, and now they have only four. But I am no bigot, and your church and ours are all one to me. Angerouca knows my heart to the bottom. After the insults which I have received at this door, I ought never to come here again, but I do come to see Angerouca."

Then turning to his former flame, he added: "I had many important things to say to you and a note to give you, and I came for that purpose, but your family did not offer me to-night even a glass of water."

"Don't be annoyed, Signor Casteli. You know my heart. Have you the note with you?"

"Before I give it, I must talk with you. At twelve o'clock to-night I will wait outside your door. Not to rouse suspicion, let your confidante, Signora Diamanto, come instead, and I will speak to her in your place and give her the note."

"Very well, at twelve. Pantelis is coming! Good night. At twelve."

Pantelis had followed his father inside to hear the disclosures of the protosyngelos. After the protosyngelos had set forth to his friend the danger the island incurred by the arrival of the thousand Turks, he began to reproach him sternly for allowing a Catholic to sit beside his daughters and converse with them.

The jealousy of Pantelis then reached its height. Leaving his father, he returned to the front door just as Casteli, taking the hands of Angerouca and Diamanto, was saying good night. He saw Diamanto, unbeknown to his sister, give Casteli a note, but the thing was done so quickly as to seem incredible. Almost beside himself, he shouted: "The Turks have come to kill us and you keep the doors open! Do you hear, Signor Casteli? Don't try to fasten yourself to us." Jealously he banged together the two halves of the door, and left Casteli in the middle of the street.

"What a good disposition Signor Casteli seems to have!" said Diamanto to Angerouca, as they were re-entering the house.

"He has the best in the town. If he only were not a Catholic!"

"What difference does that make? Isn't he a Christian? If such a handsome, polite young man loved me, do you think his being a Catholic would make any difference? Not even if he were a Jew or a Turk."

"How can you stand that rotten Frank?" said the brother, who on bolting the door turned hastily toward them. "He is a beggar. His pockets are empty. Did you see how he rolled his eyes for something to eat?" His sister gave an angry retort, and, pulling her companion by the arm, left him to himself.

CHAPTER XIV

A PLAIN CONVERSATION

HARDLY had Diamanto entered the house when Andronike called her into her chamber.

"Diamanto," she said gravely, "do you still feel the friendship for me which you had when we left the Corycian Cave?"

"Not only do I love you, Andronike, but my gratitude to you constantly increases, for I realize more and more the difference between our present life and that in the cave."

"Then tell me the truth. Are you in love with Casteli? I remained an hour at the door and I saw through everything. You two expressed by your glances what the presence of the rest of us prevented your tongues from confessing."

Diamanto colored and was confused.

"Diamanto, we know all of each other's affairs. If now you are beginning to hide your new sentiments from me, it means either that you have changed or that I am no longer worthy of your confidence."

She threw herself into the arms of Andronike and began to weep bitterly.

"Speak, dear. We are like sisters. Have you anything to tell me?"

"Yes, Andronike, I love him. He is so nice every way."

"You love him. Have you had any explanation with him?"

"I have. First he wrote me a note."

"Did he write you? Perhaps he wanted an interview?"

"Yes."

"Did you grant it? At what o'clock?"

"At eleven at night; but, because I could not go down to the door that night, I met him another day at the New Fountain."

"Have you written to him at all?"

"Only to-day I gave him a note," she added with a groan. "And I did this to send him off rather than to encourage him."

“Do me the favor of showing the note of Casteli.”

Diamanto then took from her breast a note on paper scented with musk and bordered with flowers and two billing doves. It was written in the mixed language of the Latins as follows:—

ADORABLE SIGNORA,—Mars and Apollo in ancient times fell in love with Persephone, so her mother Ceres, in order to get her out of their hands, sent her to the island of Sicily near the volcano of *Ætna* to pick flowers. Pluto, ugly and deformed, as soon as he saw her stole her from the midst of her nymphs.

Jupiter forgave him, for in his life he did such things himself.

So, my adorable Signora Diamanto, you see truly that love is not a forbidden and unusual thing, but that the gods of antiquity felt it and practised it.

Love encouraged me to take the liberty of sending you this note.

The words on this paper are insufficient to express all the torture of my soul. I hope that this may not displease you, and that you will take pity on a man who was well and happy until you came to this island, but who is now prostrated with pain.

Can you not, Signora Diamanto, come down to your door to-night at eleven o'clock? I will explain to you all the circumstances which prevented my marrying the good and beautiful Angerouca.

Beautiful, most beautiful Diamanto, excuse the miserable

LUIGI CASTELI.

After reading this letter, Andronike, smiling and at the same time feeling the greatest anxiety, remained for a long time thoughtful. She perfectly understood the position of her friend.

Shut up from childhood in the harem of *Chäinitja* and afterwards in the household of *Odysseus*, always surrounded by eunuchs or soldiers who looked upon her as their prey, Diamanto was timid, and had no idea what freedom meant. Therefore the moment it was hers, she wished to taste it in every form.

Pantelis could easily have gained her heart. He would have made her a fit husband, but he was bashful, and never employed the least affectionate expression, although he loved her tenderly, but constantly talked of business and money. On the other hand, the more daring *Casteli* had mythology and compliments for the ladies always on his lips, and thus crept into the heart of the young woman.

Besides, it must be confessed that the confused Franco-Italian dialect of the Catholic was more grateful to her ears

than the mixture of Slavo-Turkish words and Greek which she had heard in the Corycian Cave. She supposed that the former dialect savored of civilization, while the latter reminded her of the Turks. Oppressed by all the restrictions of her bringing up and then at last emancipated, she accepted whatever belonged to enlightened Europe as most excellent and desirable.

"Are you aware, Diamanto," Andronike asked, "that Casteli has loved Angerouca for three years and has greatly injured her reputation?"

"I am aware of it; but he told me that three times he asked her in marriage of her parents and three times they refused him as a Catholic."

"Does Angerouca love him still?"

"Yes."

"Does he not pretend to come on her account while his real object is you?"

"Yes," she stammered, blushing.

"Suppose that this becomes known, what is your position and what is mine? Will not they who have shown us such hospitality and lavished every kindness upon us, complain of our ingratitude? Moreover, I am informed from Loula that Angerouca madly loves Casteli. Suppose that when your own love is discovered, your friend becomes very sick, that her life is endangered or that she dies?"

"Stop, Andronike! For God's sake! I deserve severe punishment. I am guilty, but not from wickedness. I have been led on insensibly. Be assured that, much as I love him, I have reflected on these same things and wrote him to-day a discouraging letter."

"If what I have said is not enough, I must add that he is not only poor, but also deeply in debt, while the son of Kyrios Phrancoulis is rich and virtuous."

"Then what must I do?"

"You cannot go to the interview. As with scissors you must cut off every hope of the Catholic, so that he shall not come again near our door."

"I cannot do any such thing, Andronike."

"Why?"

"Because I have neither strength nor courage to say any such thing to his face; I love him so, Andronike."

"I myself will tell him. At what hour is he coming to-night?"

"At twelve. What do you want to do, Andronike?"

"Nothing! A duty! If what I do does not please you, I leave the island to-morrow. I am compelled, however, to tell you that if I depart once for all and you remain here, I shall necessarily state to Loula that I am not your sister."

Diamanto trembled at the stern and decisive manner of Andronike, but came to herself and on reflection said: "Very well, I shall follow your advice. I shall break off all connection with Casteli. I shall go down to-night and ask him not to come hereafter to our door."

"No! You must not go down! Often an interview at night strengthens a love affair instead of breaking it off. Loula and I will go down."

"Loula! Does Loula know about it?"

"Except Angerouca, the whole family of Kyrios Phrancoulis knows all about it."

"Do whatever you think best," said Diamanto, covering her face with both her hands.

CHAPTER XV

THE CAFÉ OF THE LATINS

AFTER his unceremonious dismissal by Pantelis, Casteli turned his steps to one of the cafés in Franco-Mahallah where the Latin young men were assembled playing cards.

"Eh, Signor Casteli, what news from the Peloponnesians? Have they answered your love-letters yet?" one of the card-players asked him, shuffling the cards and holding a half-lighted cigar in his mouth.

"A pair of turtle-doves they are! By Santa Philomena, I never saw such easy victims as those girls from the mainland," said Casteli. Taking off his hat and wiping his face with a scented handkerchief, his manner showed great self-satisfaction.

"Well, Signor Casteli, what are you going to tell us of your last successes?"

"Nothing," he answered, shrugging his shoulders with a meaning smile; then turning to the keeper of the café, "Batista, a mastica for everybody."

"Good!" they all cried. "Bravo! Thanks for your courtesy."

"Say, Signor Casteli, what you have to say," a middle-aged man cried with some anxiety. "You have broken in on our game and I lose five florins. The ace, Signor Giustiniani!"

"That's enough, Signor Flori. Don't be vexed. I want to relate the adventures of Columbus," said Casteli, cocking his hat on one side.

"You want to tell some of your fables three yards long. The ace, Signor Giustiniani! I am tired of waiting. Two hours I have been hanging over this table."

"Of the fables three yards long," said Casteli, with some resentment, "here is one." Taking from his pocket the note of Diamanto, he raised his arm and showed it.

"A note," some cried. "A billet-doux," added Signor Giustiniani. "Is it from the Peloponnesian? I don't believe it! Signor Casteli, it is from Angerouca, and you pretend it is from Signora Diamanto."

"I have not opened it yet. Oh, my sweet letter!" Casteli added, and pressed it to his lips.

"The ace, Signor Giustiniani!" said Flori; "will you play or shall I take my hat and go off?"

"Wait a minute! Let him open his letter and give us some idea how the Peloponnesian writes."

After Casteli had kissed it a second time, he opened it.

"VERY RESPECTED SIR, — Your letter gave me great pleasure because of the delicate sentiments you have for me, but remember that my intimate attachment to Angerouca prevents my going farther.

"If perchance we meet again, with my voice I shall tell you how innocent I am, and how wrongly you have understood me.

"I wish you good health.

"Your friend

DIAMANTO."

The letter was written in quaint, almost archaic Greek, unintelligible to the Sciot Catholics.

"Boys, I could not get a line of sense out of all this letter," said Casteli. "*Per Bacco*, she writes like a priest."

"None of us understood it," said another.

"Signor Giustiniani, I wish you the pleasure of understanding the effusion."

"I believe I did catch a little of it."

"Then will you do us the favor to translate it?"

Giustiniani coughed several times, took the letter, and in vain did his best to interpret its contents. The innocent girl's note passed from hand to hand, the jest and riddle of the gay youths.

"She seems to be a rather advanced young woman," observed one.

"She is from Demetzana, where she has considerable property in the Morea, and is niece of the patriarch who was hanged at Phanar," said Casteli, with an air of triumph.

"When is your rendezvous?"

"To-night at twelve."

"Are you not making game of us, Signor Casteli?"

"Why don't you come and see?"

"When you came in, you said, 'A pair of turtle-doves.'"

"I said so because I put the big sister in the company."

"The Signora Andronike! I don't believe you."

"Well, then, don't; but as the serpent magnetizes the bird and makes it little by little slide off the branch into his mouth, so I can make them come down to the door."

"Have you spoken with her?" several cried with curiosity.

"I have spoken with her, and I have squeezed her hand, and my eyes have eaten into her eyes . . . and now let her once come to the door, and we take her with a fish-hook."

"And Angerouca, Signor Casteli?"

"Angerouca! What can I do with her?" he said, with a significant laugh, thrusting his hands into the pockets of his white breeches and shrugging his shoulders.

Signor Flori gave him a sharp glance. Then turning angrily, he said, "Well, finish your joke. It is twenty-four hours since I played my ace."

"Listen, Signor Flori," answered Casteli, laughing heartily. "Now that I have three, I will give you Angerouca. She is just right for your age. Allow me to congratulate you." Approaching him from behind, he tried to stroke his face with his two hands.

"Are we playing with truth or with lies? The ace, Signor Giustiniani! We haven't taken lodgings in the café!"

Kicking over the table and rising, he approached Casteli in a threatening manner, and in a loud voice exclaimed:

"You have broken up our game. I don't believe a word you have said. Not one of them cares for you, — not Ange-rouca or Diamanto or Andronike. Like a cat you hang round the door, but, if you go a bit nearer, you will feel the stick."

"Ha! ha! ha!" they all shouted.

"You are so angry, Signor Flori, that you don't know what you are saying," Casteli replied with a laugh. At once he sobered, as if his self-conceit were piqued. "I speak with proofs," he remarked. "If you do not believe it, come and see me to-night."

"Let us go, boys, and watch the emotions of Signora Diamanto."

"Let us go!" several repeated. "Are you willing, Signor Casteli?"

"Verily, I am perfectly willing," he said. In fact, he had come to the café for the express purpose of securing witnesses to his triumphant nocturnal interview.

Then all got up. Railing at Signor Flori, who was angry at losing and who hated Casteli, they called out, "*Buona notte*," and quitted the café.

Signor Flori was a professional gambler. He sprang up, pale and speechless; then found his voice and cried to the keeper of the café: "Five florins! Two weeks' family expenses! I lost them by this cursed Casteli, but I will get them again from the pocket of Signor Pantelis."

So he too left the café, and walked toward the house of Kyrios Phrancoulis.

CHAPTER XVI

THE INTERVIEW

ABOUT nine o'clock that night Signor Flori knocked at the door of Kyrios Phrancoulis. He found here several professors of the public school and some priests, among whom was the protosyngelos Polycarp. The topic of conversation was the arrival of the thousand Turks in the island.

After the usual compliments, Kyria Phrancoulis asked for the news of his quarter.

"Nothing, except the arrival of those thousand Turks. That has made a great sensation. Surely, you know about it."

"We know about it, Signor Flori," said the host, standing up, "and we don't like it."

"You are right, Kyrios Phrancoulis, nor do I like it."

"Have you learned why they came, or who suggested their coming?" the protosyngelos asked.

"No, but in two or three days we shall learn."

"There is a rumor that some of your people, for the sake of injuring the Greeks, urged the mouteselim to obtain reinforcements from Constantinople."

"I believe you, father. Some of our mischief-making young men are the scandal of the island. Their religion goes no farther than wearing pantaloons. But what married Latin or Greek would be crazy enough to do any such thing?"

"At first I did not believe it myself, when Signor Casteli told me, for it seemed so improbable," said Kyrios Phrancoulis.

"And did Signor Casteli come to-night to your door?"

"He came, and had I not closed the door in his face, he had no intention of leaving," said Pantelis, gloomily.

"You did well. It is not becoming for you to have many words with this mischief-maker, Kyrios Phrancoulis."

"Have you heard anything from his mouth, Signor Flori?"

"It would be unbecoming to tell you what I have heard, but you will do well to keep him away from your door as long as you have a crowd of girls."

All the young women looked at each other; but one of the servants, called Pedis, who according to the etiquette of the time stood upright like a mummy in a corner of the room, said: "Forgive me, master, if I say a word. Signor Flori tells the truth, though you scold me. Last week the Frank walked up and down all night under our windows, and though no one came down to speak to him, he went off to tell lies."

"There is no occasion for you to talk, Pedis, but to stand there till you see we need something," Kyria Despoinouca interrupted.

"Let the man say what he saw. Say on, Pedis, what did you see?" exclaimed Kyrios Phrancoulis.

"Nothing, effendi. I did not see anything, effendi," replied the servant, biting his lips and casting his eyes down.

"You always have the bad habit of interrupting a man while he is talking," said Phrancoulis, heatedly, to his wife. Then turning to Signor Flori, he said, "For a long time Casteli has bothered us, but to-night he brought the news of the thousand Zeibecks, and so I gave him a chair and he sat down."

The conversation again turned to the Greek insurrection. Signor Flori, taking advantage of the dense clouds of smoke, rose and approached Pantelis, who sat gloomily opposite Diamanto.

"What will you give me," he said to him in a low tone, "for some news which interests you? I paid just five florins for it."

"News which interests me! What is your news?"

"It interests you, for it is about the signora opposite you, and will be of service to her, — the Signora Diamanto, I mean," giving him a light touch on the elbow.

Pantelis, at the name of Diamanto, raised his sullen head.

"What shall I give you for the news?"

"It cost me five florins to learn it."

"I will give them to you."

"Money down, like a good business man?"

"Money down; only the news must be about Signora Diamanto."

"On my word of honor, it is about Signora Diamanto."

"Take them then, Signor Flori," said Pantelis, secretly handing the Catholic the five florins.

"Many years to you! To-night at twelve o'clock the Signora Diamanto is to meet the Signor Casteli at your door. The miserable mischief-maker has invited a dozen young fellows to overhear their conversation, and he showed them his note."

"What do you say?" cried Pantelis, rising up like a madman.

"Sit down, Signor Pantelis! Do not make a noise," said Flori, pulling him secretly by the sleeve. "You must n't make a noise or you will get me into trouble."

"Let us go outside into the court," said Pantelis, becoming more and more mad with jealousy.

There Flori narrated the affair in detail. He advised the

young man to let the ferocious Pedis give a beating to the foul-mouthed Luigi Casteli.

Fifteen minutes before the appointed hour, Pantelis, Pedis, and three of their friends armed with clubs were waiting a few steps from the door for the coming of Casteli and his companions.

Loula and Andronike debated for some time what course they should follow to prevent evil consequences from Diamanto's unfortunate inclination for Casteli. They decided to go down together at twelve o'clock in her place and reprove him ; then, if necessary, they would employ threats.

The streets were dark, and also deserted on account of the arrival of the thousand Turks. Nothing was heard but the murmur of the waves dashing against the walls of the fortress.

Casteli, wrapped in a coffee-colored cloak which reached his feet, had already approached the door, while five or six of his Latin friends crept along behind.

Andronike had half opened the door when she recognized him.

"My heart beats so loud that I can hardly speak, my sweet bird, Diamanto. Open the door. Don't be afraid. Everybody is asleep except us."

"You worthless and contemptible man!" said Andronike, seizing him by his cravat. "Do you think that you are going to slander innocent girls without being punished? I know what lies you told about the innocent Angerouca! You want to do the same thing for my sister! Now, if you do not sign this paper, promising never all your life long to cross this street, I will strangle you. Loula, give me the pen!"

She held him so tightly with her slight but sturdy fingers that, trembling and terrified, he cried out, "Do not strangle me, Signora Andronike."

"Strangle the dog, Andronike! Strangle the foul-mouthed wretch who goes about slandering young women!" cried Loula, putting her own hand to his neck.

"My eyes are starting from their sockets, Signora Andronike! I am suffocating! Help! Murder!"

"Is that your kind of love-affair, Signor Casteli?" cried the Catholics, laughing loudly and coming forward.

"That's the kind," retorted Pantelis, at the sound of the first blow falling from the club of Pedis upon the unfortu-

nate Casteli. Then he and his companions attacked Casteli and his comrades with their clubs. The former was left half dead, while the latter took to flight.

The cries and commotion not only roused the neighborhood, but attracted some sailors who belonged to the crew of the frigate in the harbor and who with their captain were prowling about the city.

"What is the matter?" the captain asked of Casteli, who was writhing on the ground.

"They tried to assassinate me, effendi."

"Who did?"

"I cannot say. Men and women came out of this house and fell upon me like tigers and tigresses."

The captain ordered him to be carried to his frigate. Then, to remember the place, he marked a red cross on the house of Kyrios Phrancoulis and went away.

CHAPTER XVII

IBRAHIM AGHA

A FEW days after the serio-comedy which we have described, the city had been completely transformed. Neither strangers nor Sciots could have believed they were inhabiting the same place.

The comfort, the regular and careless life, and the daily occupations of the inhabitants had been suddenly interrupted by an invisible and inexplicable fear. One might be seen escaping to the mountain villages under the pretext of diversion, while a second embarked for some island of the Archipelago, and a third buried in his fields his most valuable possessions.

The newly arrived Turks acted as absolute masters. They entered the houses in the character of police, stripped them bare, and committed outrages of all kinds, until the inmates no longer dared descend to the doors or even show their faces at the windows.

Andronike realized too late that the place which she had selected as an asylum was unprotected, exposed both by sea and land, and likely to become the stage of tragic

events. She could not depart, however, for the coast trade and even communication with Ionia opposite had entirely ceased. Dull, unreasoning apathy, which, like a calm, often precedes and follows the great disasters of a community, reigned over the city.

Loula, Andronike, and Pantelis, who had caused Casteli his flogging, had to fear not only the Turks but also the anger of the father, if by chance he should learn what had happened.

Pedis, the servant, had seen the captain of the frigate mark a red cross on the wall of their house. As soon as the Turk had gone, he not only rubbed it out, but carefully made another cross on the wall of another house at a short distance from their own.

This confused the captain, so for several days he did not appear at the house of Kyrios Phrancoulis.

One morning, while they sat at breakfast, there came a violent knock on the door.

"The Panaghia and Christ may call me a liar if I like that knock, Kyria Andronike," said Phrancoulis, rising and removing the napkin from his neck.

"That is only your fancy, Kyrios Phrancoulis," she said. "Sit down and don't be afraid."

"It is not only my fancy. Last night I had a presentiment. I had nightmares and bad dreams."

"Whose house is this?" At the moment this question was heard, a corpulent, big-bellied Turk appeared at the door of the breakfast-room.

"It is mine, effendi," stammered Kyrios Phrancoulis, turning pale and saluting till his knees touched the ground.

The rest rose from the table and folded their hands on the breast, but Pantelis kept on eating. So his father gave him a sharp blow on the cheek. "Get up, I tell you, in the presence of the effendi," he said.

The young man got up with burning cheeks.

Twisting his moustaches, the wild Asiatic turned his heavy eyes upon each of the women. Then caressing Lorentzis, he asked, "Which of these women clubbed Signor Casteli in front of your door?"

"These women clubbed Signor Casteli! May I eat my grandfather's bones, effendi, but I do not believe such a thing ever happened in front of my door. On the contrary,

the last time Signor Casteli came to our doorstep, we gave him a chair, and he sat down and narrated how his ancestors came from Venice."

"What is your name?" asked the Turk, who was Ibrahim Agha himself, the commander of the frigate.

"Phrancoulis, your servant."

"Tell me the name of each woman here, one after the other."

With a shaking voice the head of the house repeated the name of each.

"Then you are the two who beat him," he said, looking at Loula and Andronike.

"We did not beat him," said Andronike. "Only because he kept coming in front of our door and spreading slanders against the reputation of my sister and Angerouca, we just frightened him so that he should not come again."

"Just frightened him"! You half killed him! The man was flat on the ground. It took four of my men to carry him to my boat."

"We know nothing about it. Others must have beaten him."

"What have you to say about it, you surly fellow?" he asked Pantelis.

"I know nothing about it, effendi," he replied, almost choking.

"The Latins say that they heard your voice."

"Their ears are mistaken. Every night at nine I go to bed."

"What is your business?" he asked Kyrios Phrancoulis, meanwhile gluing his eyes upon Diamanto.

"A merchant, my effendi."

"Very well, Kyrios Phrancoulis. Which do you think is best, to give me five thousand piastres and so free yourself from suspicion, or for me to take these two women on board my frigate until I can learn the truth? It seems to me wiser for you to finish your difficulty in a friendly way, for I rather like your family, and sometimes I will come here and pass an hour."

"The five thousand piastres, effendi! Here, Pantelis, run quick to the shop and bring the money, do you hear! Will you sit down and take some breakfast with us? We are just begun," said the master of the house, coming to himself.

"I will sit down," said the agha, who without further

hesitation unbuckled his sword and gave it to one of his attendants, at the same time nodding to them to withdraw.

"My lamb, Zambele," Kyria Phrancoulis called to her housekeeper, "give the soldiers anything they want to eat and drink. Give them anything we have in the cellar. I confide them to your care, my lamb, Zambele, do you hear?" Then she artfully tried to conceal a bottle of wine which stood on the table, inasmuch as wine is obnoxious to the Mussulmans, but Ibrahim Agha prevented her. "Leave it," he said. "Now we ourselves drink, for Sultan Mahmoud has set the example."

Then he sprawled near Diamanto, finding she spoke Turkish perfectly while the rest could only chatter it a little, and began to eat with his fingers and to drink to repletion.

Kyrios Phrancoulis, rejoicing that in such troubled times he had gained a friend who might protect him in case of need, did not fail to pamper his guest with all kinds of wine and to amuse him with anecdotes.

Soon Ibrahim Agha was so drunk that he lost control of his tongue and hands. Not before midnight were they able with trouble and promises to get rid of him and his soldiers.

As soon as he was gone, Andronike said to Loula, "I see, my friend, that we shall fare badly with that monster. If I can find a vessel, I shall take Diamanto and leave Scio."

"Are you going to leave us now when we need you?"

"Surely you would not do us this wrong," said the mother of the house.

"I am ready, my lady, to remain with you to the end, but, if I remain, you must permit me to do what I can to protect our lives and our honor."

"Do whatever you wish," said the master.

"Very well. Pedis, bring my box up from the magazine."

The family looked at her with perplexity as Pedis went out to fulfil her command.

Only Diamanto understood, and at the recollection of their former life, she fixed her gaze on the ground.

Soon the box was brought in. It contained the male suit and the arms Andronike had used at Thermopylæ and Gravias. Then she opened it and took out her silver-mounted gun and sword.

"Guns! swords! arms!" they all cried, and like mice at the sight of a cat scattered to the corners of the room.

"Stop! Why are you so frightened? They are not loaded! Now I am going to load them, and I swear on my religion that if that Turk comes again and attacks our honor or our life, I will fire, and as long as I have this sword and am alive, I will not permit anybody to insult me."

"Why, you look just like Bonaparte," cried Kyrios Phrancoulis at last.

"When our religion, our life, and our honor are so terribly endangered, Kyrios Phrancoulis, our blood must not become water. Whoever with arms in his hand protects himself against the attacks of a wild beast has more hopes of escaping death than when unarmed he holds out his neck to its mercy. The island has one hundred and twenty thousand souls, all with Greek blood, and shall we let a thousand foul Youruks kill us?"

"Kyria Andronike, you are accustomed to arms from your childhood, but we are only accustomed to giving them up!" Shielding his eyes with one hand, he turned and fled as soon as Andronike began to load her gun.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE FUNERAL

ANDRONIKE was better acquainted with the Turks than were the family of Kyrios Phrancoulis; so from the day that Ibrahim Agha appeared in their house she feared shocking scenes.

Meanwhile, as the ferocious Turk with his men began to pay them daily visits and uninvited to ask for wine and food, she suggested to her fellow-inmates that it would be better for their reputation if all the members of the family were present in the room when they were obliged to receive him.

From the very first, the eyes of Ibrahim Agha fell upon Diamanto. As his visits multiplied and he knew her better, he began with greater impudence and in the presence of them all to express his inclination for her.

Diamanto lost her accustomed vivacity and cheerfulness. She trembled like a victim whenever the door opened and the huge Turk appeared.

Unhappy Scio! Not only the household of Kyrios Phrancoulis was forced into such an intolerable position, but every master of a family had, as best he could, to tolerate one of the thousand scourges let loose upon the island.

One day Ibrahim Agha, getting up to depart while sober, said to Kyrios Phrancoulis, "In a few days I expect my harem from Aidin, and when it comes, you will give me Diamanto."

"What, ef-fen-di! Di-a-man-to!"

"In just five days I shall take Diamanto, and I shall not afterwards trouble you for money or a woman."

"My sister, my lord, cannot go anywhere without me," replied Andronike.

"Very well. I will take you, too, not for myself, though, but to send you as a present to Constantinople."

"Kyrios Phrancoulis, my lord," Andronike resumed, "has authority over his own daughters, but not over us. Since we are the causes of his misfortune, I inform you that to-night we shall go somewhere else to live, and where . . ."

"Do not answer that way, impudent girl!" Ibrahim Agha angrily cried, laying his hand on his yataghan. "Take care not to leave this house, because your friends, Loula and Angerouca, will be the first I shall take, and your own head will be forfeited, Kyrios Phrancoulis, if you allow them to flee."

"Alas! alas! What misfortunes are these?" the father began with tears, when the brutal Turk had hardly left the house.

"Listen!" said Andronike, "tears accomplish nothing. To escape outrage, you must fight the Turk with the sword, if you can, or else with cunning."

"I see no help for it, my daughter, and how hard it is that any one should die when he has plenty!" groaned Kyrios Phrancoulis, tearing his hair.

"Well, don't do like that. We haven't reached that point yet," said the Arcadian.

"To die if I am sick, well; but if I am not sick, a bad affair, my Despoinouca."

After much pains, Andronike succeeded in quieting the family.

"I have a plan," she said, "which is somewhat difficult and disagreeable, but will save us, if it succeeds."

"Tell it, tell it, lady pallikari!" said Kyrios Phrancoulis.

"Diamanto must at once pretend to be very sick, and to have fallen into convulsions from terror. In two or three days we must say she is dead, and bury her with pomp. Then the Turk will accept the decision of kismet and will come here no more."

"The plan is good," said Kyrios Phrancoulis, raising his head and breathing a little more freely; "but could Diamanto counterfeit being sick and dead?"

"I can do it splendidly, rather than fall into the hands of that beast . . . But you, Andronike?"

"I! Don't think of me! Let him try to touch me! But let us do this now, and not think of the rest."

They called in the protosyngelos Polycarp, to whom they disclosed everything and who promised his help.

Diamanto began her task at once. She washed in various sulphurous waters so as to have a deadly color, let down her hair, whitened her lips and nails, and put her feet into cold water. At the same time a servant was sent to summon Ibrahim Agha.

"This girl fell sick from fear when she heard that you were going to take her to your harem," said Kyrios Phrancoulis, while some of the family busied themselves in assisting, and the rest made lamentation.

The protosyngelos and the family physician stood near the bed.

Ibrahim stroked his beard, and with a scowl on his broad and slightly wrinkled face fastened his eyes on Diamanto, who lay spread out like a ball of thread.

"She is going! She is becoming cold!" added Kyria Phrancoulis, touching the young woman with her hand.

The captain also touched her, and, feeling how cold she was, murmured, "My kismet did not intend this girl for me." Then turning to the wailing Andronike, he added, "Tell your sister to live and I will not come near her."

He went away, saying that he should come again in the evening and see if Diamanto was better.

"What a dog!" said Kyrios Phrancoulis.

"A little patience, a little more acting, and the thing will be done," said Andronike.

"Has he gone?" Diamanto asked. "I began to believe myself really sick," she said with a laugh.

That evening, when Ibrahim Agha entered the house, the shrieks and wailing indicated that Diamanto was no more.

They had dressed her in a white robe, placed a garland on her head, and bound her hands with blue ribbons.

The protosyngelos, standing near her head, was reading the psalms for the dead, and the physician was trying to restore the apparently insensible Andronike and Angerouca to consciousness.

"So she is dead, then, Kyrios Phrancoulis," remarked the agha, after he had glanced at the mournful scene.

"It is the girl's fault, effendi; she is dead."

"So much the worse for yourself."

"Why so, effendi?"

"Because, not to have me come any more to your house, you must count me out ten thousand piastres."

"Ten thousand! I have nothing left. You have taken all I had in money, and I own only a little real estate."

"Sell some, then, and get some money."

"Who can pay me ready money? All the money our people had, you have taken."

"When do you bury her?"

"Early to-morrow morning, my effendi."

"I myself shall accompany the remains, and on our return I shall call to bid you good-by. If you have the ten thousand piastres ready, all right; otherwise I shall take Andronike and Loula with me."

So saying, he turned, and with the apathy and phlegm of a true Mussulman, went out.

"If I had ten thousand piastres, I would give them, but I haven't got them," said the unfortunate man to the protosyngelos. "He took all I had. Not a day passed without my giving him money."

"We will find them, Kyrios Phrancoulis. Pantelis and I will find them," the priest answered.

"Stop!" said Andronike, hurrying to her box. "Since this matter concerns Loula and me, I think it my duty to offer this little. Here are a hundred Spanish doubloons, which makes about seven thousand piastres."

"Did you really have so much money with you? If I had known it in my fortunate days, I should have advised you to invest it in business, and now you would have twice as much."

"Now, however, it is safer," said Andronike, with a

smile. "But forward, gentlemen, forward! Finish with prudence what we have begun. Only one day more, and we shall be delivered from this wild beast."

"I will not flatter you, Kyria Andronike; but if you had not been in this house, we should all have died from fright. Let me praise you just like your father, for you deserve it, and let me embrace you." Putting his arms around her tenderly, he gave her a father's kiss.

The morning dawned, and the preparations for the funeral began. It is sad that they stooped to such use of a solemn religious ceremony. Nevertheless, the fact is that they, like other wretched and pitiable Christian subjects, were forced to employ every means to circumvent the greed and the sword of their tyrants.

Among the funeral company was Luigi Casteli, clad as a mourner, and weeping like a child.

Ibrahim Agha, shortly afterward, returned to the house of Kyrios Phrancoulis. When he had eaten and drunk abundantly, he received the ten thousand piastres, and bade his host farewell,—not that he was leaving the island, but because he intended to visit some other house, inasmuch as Kyrios Phrancoulis was now utterly stripped.

BOOK III

CHAPTER I

THE FESTIVAL OF PARTHENION

THE outrages committed by the thousand Turks compelled the inhabitants to petition the Sublime Porte repeatedly for relief. Finally the Divan despatched Vechet Pasha as governor of the island with one hundred regular soldiers. He was a man of sanguinary temperament and with every evil propensity.

Soon Ilezoglou came with a thousand followers. He was a Turk of a different type. He drove off the irregulars, and during his brief stay checked the ravages of the governor. Ibrahim Agha also left Scio, first loading down his frigate with plunder.

The sun of prosperity began again to shine somewhat as in the past. The former regular life partially returned, and the inhabitants occasionally sat once more in front of their houses. Outward appearances indicated that the storm lightnings had ceased, or that the thunderbolts were striking at a distance.

With the exception of Bishop Plato the hostages at the fortress were changed every month. The gratifying news arrived that the Turkish fleet had left Constantinople and was sailing towards the *Ægean* to put down disorders in the islands and to correct the abuses of the *hoplarchs*. The *Sciots* began to hope and to take comfort.

Yet this seeming outward improvement was otherwise regarded by the principal men.

Vechet Pasha levied exorbitant taxes on the public treasury, demanded enormous loans, and prevented the coasting vessels from sailing on pretence that they would be captured by the Greek fleet. Furthermore he compelled five hundred peasants to work at digging a trench and building barracks and magazines for the fortress.

After the pseudo-funeral Diamanto was at once removed from the vault, and all the Phrancoulis family withdrew to a remote estate which they owned in the interior of the island. There in tranquillity they passed the long winter nights of 1821. The report was given out that the family had left Scio some months before. Everybody remembered them because of their general kindness and on account of Andronike and Diamanto, whose beauty had created so much sensation.

Such was the position of affairs when the carnival of 1822 and the festival of Parthenion drew nigh.

Luigi Casteli came one day to the public school, then almost abandoned by scholars, and inquired for the proto-syngelos Polycarp.

"I have come, father," he said in a tremulous voice, "to confess to you my great crime. I have been to her gravestone and wept before it like a little child. My crime is that I reported bad things about her, though she was innocent. To-night I leave for Smyrna and the city, and I wish to give you these two hundred piastres, which I have obtained by the sale of my effects and furniture. Spend it on the poor and in masses for the soul of Signora Diamanto."

As the Catholic spoke, he shed bitter tears. The priest was greatly moved, and gave him all spiritual consolation. That very evening about nine o'clock Casteli left the island on his way to the capital of the Ottoman government.

One who has never seen the festival of Parthenion can hardly understand how prosperous Scio was before the revolution.

A great writer has said that "dances, songs, music, and festivals are the best mirrors to reflect the soul of a people."

The festival of Parthenion, with its musical instruments and dances, its profusion of sweets and fruits, was distinctively typical of that busy and unwarlike people whom Mussulman ferocity was to find so unprepared and was so utterly to destroy.

Parthenion resembles none of the sacred groves so numerous in Peloponnesus, nor one of those romantic ravines of Rhodes where trees laden with fruit and wild shrubs alternate beside the foaming waters of a rapid stream. It is only a monotonous valley, hollowed out by a mountain

torrent; a dry and pebbly bed in summer, destitute of natural attraction. The whole enjoyment of this festival is due to no charm of nature, but to features introduced by man.

The men bring their provisions and wine, their musical instruments and carpets and tents, and encamp under the almond-trees in groups of four or five families. The women, guileless and merry and sportive almost to absurdity, deck themselves with flowers and chase one another like children. The Romaic dance was then very popular. Here might be seen crowds of banqueters, and there companies tripping to the music of the four-stringed violin or rebeck or mandolin or flute or timbrel or bagpipe, and elsewhere others still who were singing or playing games. Disguises and quaint costumes with incessant movement and diversion rendered the scene entrancing and bewildering. For days the whole population of the island gave itself up to the merry-making.

The household of Kyrios Phrancoulis had passed five months in dreary monotony. His daughters with Andronike and Diamanto begged him for permission to put on masks and go to the festival.

At first he refused, fearing they might be recognized. At last the indulgent father could no longer resist their entreaties for such innocent amusement, and consented on condition that they should not on any account remove their masks.

Andronike put on her Albanian costume; Loula dressed as a European physician; Angerouca as a Macedonian soldier; Diamanto as a Jewish peddler. Pantelis and Lorentzis assumed the clothes and hats of European gentlemen, — an attire exceedingly rare at that period in Scio.

Riding on ponies, decked with strings of bells and garlands, and attended by peasant grooms who played on flutes and cymbals, like a band of Corybantes, they entered the valley of Parthenion.

"Come and see these strangers!" was the universal exclamation after their arrival. In another instant they were surrounded by other masqueraders and pleasure-seekers.

"What is it?"

"Ah, these are like the people, I tell you, who took Tripolitsa. Keep away from their pistols."

"Marouca, look at those Frank hats!"

"There is a horrible bandit!" exclaimed a Catholic. Turning to Andronike, he said, "Speak, please, two words of Greek for us to hear your pronunciation."

"Take care, I say, Frank! Take care, I say, or off comes your head by my bullet!" While speaking, Andronike gave a masculine tone to her voice and placed her hand on her sword.

"That person is not a Sciot! He is really from Roumelia," cried the Catholic, shrinking back.

"Fine bargains! scissors! knives! balls of thread! needles! pins! Venetian glasses!" cried Diamanto, imitating the rising and falling inflections of the Smyrna and Constantinople Jews.

She carried at her girdle a round tray containing these articles, and by the bridle led an ass on which were balanced two baskets full of fresh and dry fruits.

"Good physician! good physician!" in her turn cried Loula.

"See, these are Jews from the city, who dragged our poor metropolitan by the neck!"

The peasants clustered around Diamanto, all asking questions.

"Do you come from the city, Jew?" asked one.

"Ah! If that was a real Jew!" exclaimed another.

"Black grapes! white grapes! Baltajik figs! melons, lemons, oranges!" continued Diamanto, throwing her fruits among the crowd.

At that moment, while the crowds surged around the young people, Vechet Pasha arrived on a white horse, the reins of which were held by two Ethiopians. He was dressed entirely in green, and escorted by one hundred soldiers.

His flushed face, swarthy cheeks, fiery small eyes, and his hooked nose indicated the violence of his character.

The terror of his presence interrupted the merry-making. However, he ordered all to go on, saying he did not wish to disturb them. Thereupon the gayety redoubled, and all rivalled one another in the endeavor to propitiate the tyrant.

At once they began the Romaic dance. To render it more mirthful, they compelled the Jewish peddler to take part.

The present Romaic dance of Scio is curious and graceful, but probably few are aware that it comes down from Homeric times.

A circle of young women and young men is formed. At their head stands the most beautiful, the queen of the company, waving a handkerchief in her right hand, and with her left conducting the leader of the young men. She begins with slow and majestic step, while the music, calm at first, follows her motions with increasing rapidity. She approaches her companion face to face, then by airy bounds springs into the middle of the circle, and finally passes beneath the arches formed by the locked hands of the dancers.

Diamanto, mirthful and agile, continued to dance in her ample Jewish clothes, joking and mocking the Jewish pronunciation. Then after the dance ceased she imitated a rabbi in high-pitched voice reading the Psalms, afterwards the Jew selling petty wares, and a Jew acting as guide to travellers. She excited the crowd to enthusiasm, and induced Vechet Pasha to approach.

In vain Andronike whispered to her not to be so venturesome, for the crowd were becoming curious to find out who they were. Diamanto had one of those impulsive temperaments which in times of merriment neither judgment nor reflection can restrain.

"Are you a man or a woman?" Vechet Pasha asked.

"I am a poor Jew from Balat in Constantinople," she replied in perfect Turkish.

"You speak Turkish better than I do," exclaimed the delighted pasha.

"Forty years I lived at Constantinople, and ought I not to speak Turkish well?"

"Your voice is that of a young woman. Tell me the truth. Are you not a woman?"

"They call me Mercados, so how can I be a woman?"

"Your name is Mercados because you have a mask. What is your name, Jew, when you wear no mask?"

"Joseph."

"Stop joking! What is your name?" asked the governor, more sternly.

"Joseph. — Scissors! knives! balls of thread!" Diamanto began again like a Jew. Saluting the governor, she tried to withdraw, at last realizing her position.

"Stop! stop, Jew! Tell me the truth!" Vechet Pasha commanded more angrily.

"A man, my lord."

"You will not deceive me that way. No, Jew, — the truth!"

"A man, my lord."

At the moment of Diamanto's reply one of the peasants, in order to gratify the governor, approached the young woman from behind, and at the same time unfastened the ribbons of her mask. Her flushed and shining countenance astounded the governor of the island. Diamanto uttered a shrill cry and fled.

"Who gave you permission to do that?" the pasha asked of the peasant.

"For you to see her, effendi."

"Give him two hundred lashes on his feet; then fasten him by the ear to that almond-tree until the end of the festival," the ferocious Vechet ordered the commander of his body-guard, and spurred his horse forward.

The festival was speedily disturbed by two causes, — the lamentations of the peasant, and the news that the deceased and buried Diamanto had returned to life. The excited Sciots, though it was only noon, hastened homeward.

Vechet Pasha recognized in the language of Diamanto that perfection of Turkish which only the ladies of grand harems possess, and which Diamanto inevitably acquired from being brought up by Chäinitja, the sister of Ali Pasha. He found it utterly impossible to account for her language and appearance. The question flashed through his mind whether she was not some Turkish woman who, dishonoring her religion and her family, had put on Jewish clothing and come to the festival of the giaours. He wanted, therefore, to approach her again and begin a more satisfactory examination, when a third cause of excitement spread confusion and terror among the loiterers who an hour before had been so full of joy.

It was the arrival of the advanced guard of the Samians. They were coming to break the chains of the inhabitants and to deliver them from the Turkish yoke. The governor supposed that the number of the advancing enemy must be very great. Hastily he set out for the fortress, leaving one of his men secretly to follow the Jew and find out where she dwelt.

CHAPTER II

ANTONIOS VOURNIAS

THE bright days of Scio ended with that festival. Its brilliant sky and marvellous horizon were rapidly obscured by lurid and swiftly approaching clouds.

The great fast of forty days commenced, — that brief period of prayer and of repentance on the part of Christians, during which the diversions and petty follies of carnival are forgotten. It began with suspicion and gloomy presentiments.

Vechet Pasha, on the monthly exchange of hostages, did not give up those who were to be released, and thus raised the number of his prisoners to eighty-five. Not satisfied with this, he also detained the five hundred peasants who were working on the fortress.

On the twenty-third of March two thousand Samians, the self-styled deliverers of Scio, arrived under the command of Antonios Vournias and Lycourgos Logothetis, and disembarked.

Antonios Vournias, a Sciot from the village of Parparia, a captain under Napoleon in the Egypto-French division of chasseurs d'Orient, was an ignorant, light-headed, low-lived man. Fond of brawls and wine, obstinate in his plans, reckless and impudent rather than naturally brave, a braggart, concealing unbridled thirst for fame under the truisms of patriotism, he was to Scio what Vasileios Caravias was to Dragatzana and the Sacred Legion. In all history no more painful comedy was ever played than by these two adventurers beneath those splendid heavens of the Icarian Sea.

Within a few days the least timid of the citizens and a few villagers, armed only with clubs, garden axes, pruning-knives, and the utensils of the kitchen or the farm, started with the followers of Vournias to assault the fortress.

They accomplished nothing; but the Turks attempted no sally, waiting for the reinforcements expected from Asia Minor. Eight or nine days passed after the arrival of the Samians, and so far nothing had been gained. A quarrel

had also broken out between the two commanders. Vournias wanted to spring from the rank of general to that of generalissimo. The inhabitants, suffering robbery and outrage, and feeling that the Turks would soon arrive with overwhelming forces, did their best to leave the island.

CHAPTER III

THE ARREST OF KYRIOS PHRANCOULIS

Two days after the festival of Parthenion, Kyrios Phrancoulis and his brother Paraskevas were smoking together in the garden.

"Phrancoulis, we must escape. Let us leave our real and personal property to the Turks," said Paraskevas, "and flee for our lives."

"That is my wish, too, Paraskevas, but where are there vessels to flee in? I would give not only all my property but the cap on my head to flee."

"We shall find a vessel. Let the rest of the Samians come, and we will hire one of their ships and flee."

"Paraskevas, now that we are talking like brothers, I have a bad idea and it gnaws me. May God prove me mistaken, but I am afraid we shall suffer terribly if Vechet learns that we are in hiding and have not left Scio."

"You are panicky. I fear nothing of the kind; and then, besides, my Phrancoulis, we are somewhat old, so let us rescue the girls and die for the nation."

"You are right, Paraskevas, but I would rather be alive than dead any time."

"But what can we do against the will of God?"

"So, then, you are sure that they will kill us?" Kyrios Phrancoulis asked in terror, and rose at once.

"I am not sure; but when war is going on, anything may happen."

"But, Paraskevas, how can we escape? Before we can get away, we shall be arrested, and God only knows what we shall suffer."

"Sit down, sit down, brother. Don't be so frightened, and make me frightened too. All day and night you have

bad dreams. Let anything happen which God wills. You have never done harm to any one, neither have I; and why then are we so afraid?"

"You are right, Paraskevas. Up there above is our great Master."

He pointed to heaven, thrice making the sign of the cross.

Their conversation was interrupted by Andronike, Diamanto, his daughters, and the family of the Consul of Denmark. This consul was a warm sympathizer with the Greek revolution.

"What news, Kyrios?" Phrancoulis asked, as soon as he came in.

"Nothing, sir, for the moment. All goes well. As you know, some of the Samian advanced guard have arrived, and in a few days we expect the rest, in all about two thousand, commanded by Antonios Vournias. The Turks heard about it, were frightened, and began to prepare."

"What kind of man is this Vournias? Do you know?"

"He was in Egypt with Bonaparte. He is a Sciot from the village of Parparia."

"He was in Egypt with Bonaparte! You don't say so!" exclaimed Kyrios Phrancoulis, compressing his lips. "With Bonaparte! Since he has served Bonaparte, we are in safe hands," he repeated.

"Safe hands! Captain Vournias was an officer in the French army. To be a captain under Napoleon one must be somebody!"

"As soon as he arrives I shall go to kiss his feet. Captain of Bonaparte! Now you will see how the Sciot insurrection will succeed! You have come at a good time, Signor Vournias, to our island. Then whoever wishes can escape, and whoever stays here will not be afraid," he cried, raising his eyes to heaven.

The entire company were glowing with enthusiasm, when three armed Ottomans appeared in the garden.

"Is Phrancoulis here? Which of you is Phrancoulis?" one of them asked.

"Phrancoulis i-i-i-s n-n-n-n-ot here."

"I am sure that you are he. Do not be afraid. We did not come to hurt you. On the contrary, Vechet Pasha sends us for your good and for the good of the place."

"Truly! What does he want? M-m-money? I will gladly give him what I have."

"He does not want money. Don't be afraid, I say. We did not come to hurt you in the least. He only wishes, since you are one of the principal men of the island, that, for the safety of your family and of the place, you yourself come to the fortress."

"Effendi, I cannot do it, for I am a family man and I have daughters to look after. I cannot leave them alone and uncared for, and be shut up in the fortress."

"Refusals are useless, Kyrios Phrancoulis. We are ordered to take you by force if you resist."

"I will count out to you at once ten thousand piastres if you will pretend that you did not find my brother. I ask only two or three days for him, that he may put his affairs in order," said Paraskevas.

"If you offered us a hundred thousand, it would be useless."

"Why?"

"Because Vechet Pasha is only twenty steps outside the garden, and he is well aware that the man we are after is here."

"He is outside the garden!"

"Yes, sir; but I swear to you upon the Koran and upon our Prophet that you have no cause for fear. In a few days, as soon as the rebellion of the Greeks ends, all the hostages will be released. The rebellion cannot last long."

"I will go, since I cannot do otherwise," said Kyrios Phrancoulis, embracing them all with tears and groans. The parting was prolonged and painful, ending only when the messengers of the stern governor were about to employ force.

A few minutes later Vechet Pasha in person entered the garden. His eyes turned first upon Diamanto. "Are you Mercados the Jewish peddler?"

She turned red, and looked at Andronike.

"Take them both to the fortress," the governor ordered his guards, indicating Andronike and Diamanto by his finger.

"Hold!" said the Consul of Denmark to the advancing soldiers. "My effendi, these two young women are under my protection."

"Under your protection!"

"Both have Danish passports."

"By what right do they have them? What are you meddling for?"

"By the right of the embassy in Constantinople which granted them."

"I want to see those passports!"

"They are deposited in the embassy. Give me time and you shall see them!"

"These are words! These women are from the Morea, and they have nothing to do with Denmark. To the fortress! To the fortress!" he repeated to his men.

"My pasha, I protest," cried the consul. "If you touch these women, I will leave Scio this very night. I will go and rend my clothes before my embassy and before your divan at the violence which you commit every day against this unhappy island."

At such resistance the pasha became crimson. His little eyes darted fire, and twice he angrily clenched his fists. Finally he exclaimed: "I give you twenty-five days to bring me their passports. If you do not bring them, I will hang the two women in front of your door. Reflect, giaour, that you yourself are by no means a Dane, but only a Greek. You will have a bad reckoning to settle for the insolent way you address me!"

"The passports will be here in season, as well as a demand for satisfaction for the insults which you throw in the face of my king. You seem to have forgotten, pasha, that a consul or ambassador is only the face of his king."

"Giaour, what do you want! Giaour, son of a dog!" he added, and, storming and shaking his fists, departed with his men.

"God bless you, our deliverer!" cried Andronike and Diamanto, together falling at his feet.

"I have done my duty as a Christian," he said. "Nevertheless, for the safety of the family of Kyrios Phrancoulis and for your own, you must cease your residence here and stay with me. If the Turks come again to seize them, say that you have driven them off," he added, turning to Kyria Phrancoulis.

CHAPTER IV

DIAMANTO AND PANTELIS

PANTELIS was deeply in love with Diamanto, but when they were together he had lacked courage to declare his sentiments except by obscure and incoherent remarks or meaningless sighs.

Now, when she had gone to the house of the Danish consul, so that during a whole week he did not see her, he was utterly wretched, and wrought to such a pitch of passion that he was ready for any absurdity. He fancied that, surrounded by the Samian officers, she would forget him ; so, quitting his own family and going daily to the city, at last he forced himself to an avowal.

One day Pantelis came with a pale face in a state of excitement. Diamanto followed him into the garden of the consul.

"My mother and sisters," he said in an unsteady voice, "and I, most of all, cannot bear this separation."

"And do not we too long for you all, and do we not regret the necessity which has separated us so suddenly ? Yet what can we do ?"

"I think it is better for us to be all together, to endure whatever God wills rather than be separated. Kyria Andronike has such courage that she keeps us all up, and now my mother and Loula are like birds which have lost their wings. I am afraid, too, that here in the city with so many people you will forget us."

"That is impossible, my friend," she said, taking his hand. "We shall love you and remember you as long as we live. You have been so good to us."

"Shall you love us ?"

"Eternally, with all our hearts."

"And me too ?"

"Certainly," she added with a blush.

"I have loved you and worshipped you from the day you came to Scio, but how could my lips say it ? Everything seemed in the way, but my father and my mother wanted to make you their daughter."

Diamanto fastened her eyes on the floor.

"Diamanto mine, I love you, and I love you so that my tongue cannot say it. I open my heart to you, and if you tell me no, the world will be gloomy and black to me. One little word from you, my Diamanto. Do you yourself love me a little? Pity me, and do not say 'No.'"

Diamanto kept silent. Her expressive eyes shone. At last she murmured, "I do love you a little," and her fair face changed color.

"You do love me!" Pantelis whispered. "Only promise, I beg you, to marry me when my father comes out of the fortress."

The daring of Pantelis in one moment accomplished what his ten months' silence could not attain.

"One favor more, Diamanto mine, I shall beg of you."

"What is it?"

"To ask Andronike to come back to our house. Now that the Samians have come and the pasha is shut up in the fortress, we have nothing to fear."

Diamanto promised, and Pantelis went away, almost bursting with joy such as he had never felt before.

The daughter of Ali Pasha's artillery officer was transformed. The confession of Pantelis flooded her heart at once with emotion. Her position, moreover, was assured as the promised wife of the son of such an important family. She hastened with tears and sincere devotion to make her confession to Andronike.

"If Pantelis had had the courage to declare himself five months ago, you would now be his wife. Things threaten a storm, but God is great, and perhaps they will turn for the better. Nevertheless, I realize we must leave the city and the consulate, and return to the country-place of Kyrios Phrancoulis."

Hardly had she finished these words, when the consul entered the house pale and trembling. "Get ready as quick as you can! We leave in an hour."

"For where?" Andronike asked.

"For the village."

"Why?"

"I have no time to tell you why. In the village I shall raise the flag of the consulate. Now it is time to leave here. The hurricane is upon us."

Within an hour the Danish consul and his household

were on their way to the village, in which also the family of Phrancoulis dwelt.

Already in the distance appeared the Turkish fleet, comprising six three-deckers, twenty-five frigates, and a multitude of corvettes, brigs, and other vessels commanded by the capoudan pasha Kara Ali. At the same time a swarm of fortune-hunters and adventurers from all the wild tribes of Asia Minor followed in its wake, covering the strait of Kissos between Scio and the mainland.

CHAPTER V

THE DESTRUCTION OF THE CITY

DESPITE a superficial acquaintance, Europe has never appreciated fully those last days of the island. For the sake of peace, philanthropy has kept silence, and left the barbarian to work his savage will. History has preserved the story to the shame of the criminal and the abetter.

Under the brief rule of Vournias the noblest sentiments were replaced by the meanest. A common care and purpose preoccupied the attention of all. It was to obey blindly the law of "save thyself." Then the sanguinary crescent appeared to deluge all Scio with fire and blood, and convert it into an earthly hell. As might have been expected, Vournias and his infamous bands forthwith embarked on their piratical vessels and abandoned the island.

The capoudan pasha approached slowly and securely.

Then the tigers in the fortress were let loose. Guns and mortars at once set the city in flames in a hundred different places. Dervishes and softas climbed to the highest points to proclaim that the will of the Padishah and of the Prophet and of Allah was to slaughter and burn and destroy the giaours.

What Milton can worthily portray the massacre of Scio!

No wild beast could have fallen upon the inhabitants more savagely than did the Turks. Some of the Christians with dry eyes silently fell under the scimitar. Others with cut fingers grasped the dagger at their gurgling throats. Others still, with piteous supplications and sharp or dull laments,

sought to avert the weapon of the greedy and frantic conqueror from their heads.

The Mussulman was not content to punish his rebellious slave, but sought revenge for the storm and slaughter of Tripolitsa. As his blood grew hotter, at the recollection of the harems of Tripolitsa and their treatment by Christians, a new force was given his tireless arm to drive the iron still deeper into the breasts of his victims.

When the day declined and the sun turned his face from Scio, in the darkness of night that most inhuman massacre became still more hideous. The red clouds of the conflagration, which here and there rent the ink-black darkness, could not reveal the hordes of the slayers and the host of the slain.

O land of Scio! Thou for whom the brooklets rippled and the zephyrs whispered and the sun shone, thou paradise and pearl of Greece, in what hadst thou sinned to render such unutterable expiation!

Parents lost their children, the aged were forsaken, women ran barefoot to the mountains, some even opened the tombs in the church-courts to find a hiding-place.

The shrill cry of women, the wail of babes, the moans and death-rattle of the wounded and the dying, the exultant yell of the murderer, the howls of animals roasting in the fire, gunshots and pistol shots, the flying sparks and embers, the crackling, hissing flames, created an inferno in which Satan might have revelled.

They came to plunder what the bags of those who arrived before them could not contain. They came to slaughter any whom some marvellous accident had rescued from the butchery of earlier comers.

In panic some of the islanders confessed that they had concealed their silver plate in the graves. The report spread among the Youruks. They hastened, a frightful mob, to the cemeteries.

Instead of plate and diamonds they found living beings. Here none had taken refuge except old men who could hardly move, enceinte women, or the sick who could not run to the mountains.

At first they were mistaken for spectres. Their bloodless and parched lips, their deathlike pallor, their dull eyes and skinny and bony forms seemed most faithful masks of the newly buried. But when the Youruks heard them

plaintively beg for life, they laughed wildly at their mistake. With jeers they cut them down inside the grave-holes wherein lay the bones of men and women who by public spirit and generosity had built up the wealthy city.

The British consul Guidici during those days had safely carried on a trade in plunder and slaves under that flag whose glory the Nelsons and Wellingtons had made immortal.

If fair England, the noble daughter of ancient civilization, had then known, five years before the battle of Navarino, the wrong which her vile representative was committing against this mother of the arts, struggling to roll the stone from her grave that she might arise, she would have extended to her her protecting hand.

The world had thought that Greece was buried forever. The present century did not believe in resurrections of the dead. How could the native consuls, companions and sharers in the luxury of the tyrant, living like princes in the midst of slaves, wish that these slaves should breathe more freely?

Guidici was a merchant by occupation. The Asiatics, being unable to carry away all the articles of silver, steel, and iron which they had seized and plundered from the churches, houses, and magazines, brought them to the Consul of England and exchanged them for a little money.

Guidici stood, therefore, at the door of his house with the measuring-stick and balances in his hand. He bought their booty from the furious lines of Mussulmans, or stripped the Christians who came for refuge under the British flag.

May the Lord forgive his soul and that of the drunken usurer Stiepevitch of Austria, and also that of the miserable Bogliaco of Naples, and those of other Christians who sold the blood of their brothers for silver!

Twenty-three years afterward, in 1845, the commander of the Greek corvette "Loudovico" was in Scio. He wished to see the man who had borne himself so infamously during the massacre. He found him broken by age and in the depths of poverty. All of his ill-gotten gains had been long since lost. Want and remorse had made his life a burden. On this earth Guidici had received some punishment for his deeds.

CHAPTER VI

TORN ASUNDER

AFTER the sack and destruction of the city, the frenzy of the invaders turned to the villages, the monasteries, the mountains, and the caves whither those inhabitants who had escaped death had fled.

The family of Phrancoulis and that of the Danish consul were in the same situation as the other inhabitants. The Consul hoped to protect both households under his flag. But when they heard the musketry, and knew of the slaughter in the city, and saw the fugitives flying to the mountains, Andronike persuaded the family of Phrancoulis to go still farther toward the interior of the island. They had reached the door of the consulate, hiding under their armpits little packets with which they hoped to ransom their lives, and were asking the passers-by the number and direction of the Turks, when "They are coming! They are coming! Hurry! Hurry!" shouted a wounded man who had stopped to rest. A cloud of dust appeared near Neochori, and in it could be seen the tall turbans of Youruks and Zeibecks. The tumult and terror increased, and then the Phrancoulis family separated, all carried headlong in the fugitive torrent. Pantelis, Angerouca, and Diamanto held each other's hands and fled to the right of the village. The uncle Paraskevas, led by Lorentzis, turned towards the city, and the rest in an opposite direction.

Heading the pack of oncoming wolves was Vechet Pasha on horseback; he was the first to approach the vestibule of the Danish consul. The latter, with a few elderly persons who could not run, had shut himself in his house.

"Open!" shouted to him Vechet, all dripping with perspiration and his face a fiery red.

"I cannot, my lord. Respect the flag."

"The flag! The flag and your giaour king! Break down the door at once!" The door was instantly broken down.

"Where are Andronike and Diamanto?" was his first question as soon as he entered.

"They took to the mountains yesterday night. But, pasha, you are offering great dishonor to my king."

"Dishonor! Now for honor!" and with the side of his yataghan he struck two heavy blows on the back of the consul, hissing out again the word "giaour."

The consul realized his danger.

"Whatever you say, cursed giaour, I will not hear. You are the man who made those girls escape. You are the man who insulted me so outrageously. Therefore I will give you a good lesson, accursed giaour."

Turning to the guards who surrounded him, he added, "Perhaps at last the brains of the giaour have come back, but his tardy repentance will not help him."

At a nod the troop forthwith seized the consul and his family and carried them off to the fortress, whither Vechet also soon returned.

Lorentzis carried on his shoulders a small but heavy bag, in which Kyrios Paraskevas had placed some precious articles. Together they walked without stopping toward the burned city. The old man designed to take refuge in the French consulate. They arrived at midnight, and wept at the sight of the city. The flames had ceased, but the smoking ruins were covered by that stifling and parched atmosphere which follows such catastrophes. Toward the end of this vale of mourning might be seen the fortress and the still standing houses of the consuls.

The door of the French consulate opened to the nephew and uncle.

Irene, the younger daughter of Kyrios Phrancoulis, followed a company of about fifty men and women. They ran on and on, up and down the slopes of the valley, never once looking back. The tender feet of Irene were terribly torn. Every minute her strength was failing, and she was in danger of falling lifeless. Suddenly a ferocious cry aroused her from her increasing faintness. A Nubian had sprung among the women while they were hesitating, and seized the beautiful girl. Angry at her desperate resistance, he planted the muzzle of his pistol on her breast, and the youngest daughter of Kyrios Phrancoulis had passed away.

CHAPTER VII

THE MARRIAGE IN THE CAVE

ALL day long Pantelis, Diamanto, and Angerouca fled toward the south, where the hills are high and massive. Thither also hastened other Christians.

On the second day Angerouca was unable to keep on. Her feet were swollen pitiably. When morning dawned and they were about to leave the open field in which they had passed the night, suddenly a band of Ottomans appeared. Pantelis and Diamanto tried to carry her, but it was impossible. In horror they were forced to leave her behind and continue their flight.

About noon they reached a little brook between two steep rocks. "I can go no farther. A little water, Pantelis! I am dying of thirst," Diamanto murmured.

"You are too heated, my Diamanto. Do not drink for a moment," he replied, turning his eyes in every direction to see if they were still pursued.

"I cannot endure it, my Pantelis! My lips are parched! I cannot breathe!"

"Wait, my darling! wait." Taking some cold water in his palms, he poured it over Diamanto's burning cheeks.

"A little more! How blessed!"

Pantelis again moistened her face.

"Poor, poor Angerouca!" Pantelis repeated with sobs. "I feel I shall go mad thinking about her; but if we had stayed with her, they would have killed us all three."

"Do not cry so, my Pantelis. I suppose God knows what he does."

"I see a koumari-tree. The Panaghia must have planted it on purpose for us. I am going to pick a few berries," he whispered.

"Stop! Do not leave me, Pantelis! Do not leave me alone!"

"It is not far. It is not five steps from here. I must pick some berries while it is daylight and we can see."

Stooping under the koumari-tree, he saw a Turk stretched full length under its low branches.

Notwithstanding his fright, Pantelis did not utter a word. As his first emotion began to pass, he crept up and seized the gun of the sleeper, which was only a few steps distant. Every appearance indicated that the Ottoman, mortally wounded, had fled there and expired near the spring.

"My Diamanto, don't be frightened. There is a dead Turk behind the koumari-tree."

"Where? There must be other living Turks near!"

"I don't believe it, my darling. Christ sent him so we should have his arms. See here, Diamanto, here is his gun."

"I see it, but are you sure that he is dead?"

"Sure!"

Then Diamanto arose, and with Pantelis approached the slain Youruk, who was loaded with precious stones and jewels.

"We don't want them. Who knows whom he killed to get them?" said Pantelis; and he threw them away.

For a moment Diamanto looked at her once thrifty lover. She was amazed at this revelation of his true character. Then, throwing her arms round his neck, "You have done well," she said; and she kissed his face. "You have done well. Let us save our lives, and that is enough."

The night had begun to settle down. Nothing but the hoots of owls broke the stillness.

Suddenly they discerned a form, sometimes approaching and then retreating. Pantelis took the gun and aimed with trembling hands. Diamanto clung to his knees. Sometimes the form stood erect, and then resembled a human figure.

"Do not fire. Perhaps it is a Christian. If a Turk, there is only one."

Meanwhile the form came nearer, and now proved to be a man.

"Stop! Who are you?" cried Pantelis. Before any reply was heard, his shaking fingers pressed the trigger. The report echoed from mountain to mountain.

"For heaven's sake, agha, do not fire again! I surrender," a suppliant voice was heard to cry.

"What have you done? Don't you see he is a Christian?" exclaimed Diamanto.

"Are you really a Christian or a Turk? Speak quick!"

"A Christian ! Are you Christians ?"

"Yes. Were you wounded ?"

"No; the ball came very near my cheek."

"Don't come any nearer ! If you are a Christian, say who you are."

"I am a priest named Polycarp. I belong to the Church of the Saints Victor."

"Oh, Polycarp ! We are Diamanto and Pantelis !" They sprang forward, and threw themselves into his arms.

"Another priest of my church, a presbyter about eighty years old, and I hid in a cave only a few minutes distant from here. Every night I come out and hunt for berries or vegetables and get water from that spring."

Diamanto told about her sufferings and the cruel necessity they were under of leaving Angerouca. Pantelis wept like a babe during the recital. Then he asked for the others and Andronike.

"They started for Neochori, but since that moment I know nothing about them," said Polycarp, dejectedly. "It is dreadful for poor Kyria Phrancoulis at her age to wander over the mountains," added the priest, shaking his head. "If only Andronike was with her !"

"I don't believe she is," said Diamanto, "for we separated suddenly. I wanted her to come with us, for she would have given us courage. But if poor Andronike met any Turks, she would not have been afraid, but have stayed to fight them."

"We shall go mad if we begin to talk about our family," said Pantelis.

Soon they went to the other priest. He was a broken-down old man, crouching in the hollow. The cave was a great chasm in a cliff, reached through a high and narrow rent. The entrance was almost hidden by the low branches of a fig-tree.

That night they slept quietly. The next day Pantelis approached Polycarp, and said that it was his desire and Diamanto's to be married by the priests.

"Our situation is so uncertain," replied Polycarp, "that very likely you will have no other chance. I myself thought of proposing to marry you at once."

Within two hours Pantelis became in fact the husband of Diamanto.

Eight successive days they passed in that narrow chasm.

Not a human being anywhere appeared. At night they went out like hares in search of food.

On the ninth day Diamanto sat in the cave talking with the presbyter. Pantelis and the protosyngelos stood at a little distance from them, when suddenly a wild cry was heard among the rocks above. Looking up, they saw three mounted Turks.

As they started back, two bullets from the enemies' pistols tore the fig-trees at the entrance.

"What shall we do? They are coming down," said Pantelis.

"We will fight," said the protosyngelos. "Otherwise they will kill us. Give me the yataghan and pistol, and, old man, do you load for us."

The lamentations of Diamanto roused Pantelis from his unmanly timidity. His wife was in danger! He loaded his gun.

The Mussulmans approached with horrid yells. First they tried to cut down the fig-tree so as to shoot inside the cave. The Christians, unable to aim, as the Turks were cut off from their sight, called out "Yannis," "Kosta," "Georgios," "Pantelis," and other names, to intimidate the besiegers.

This situation lasted for two entire hours. The yells of the Turks and the screams of Diamanto reached the ears of the philhellene French captain, Paul Zourdé, who with some sailors was wandering over the mountains and through the villages to succor the wretched islanders. Seeing them, the Turks ran away and the Christians boldly issued from the cave. On the headlong flight of his foes Pantelis forthwith raised his gun, took aim, and fired. By marvellous luck his ball struck the rearmost in the head and laid him prostrate on the ground.

"Bravo! bravo! You shoot like a Suliot," cried Captain Zourdé, transported at this wonderful shot.

"A Sciot is worth a Suliot," replied the husband of Diamanto, exultingly.

"We embarked them for Psara," says Captain Zourdé, in his "*Mémoires Historiques*." "But the aged presbyter, then more than eighty years old, refused to abandon the cave. 'I commit,' said he, 'my few remaining days to divine Providence. It is not worth while for me to go away.'"

CHAPTER VIII

SETTING SAIL

LEAVING Neochori, Andronike and Loula hurried toward the lofty mountain of Pelinos. Not once did they cross one of its narrow passes or ravines without encountering mutilated and suffering men whom they could not help. Such was their life during fourteen successive days. Their only food was wild herbs and berries, and they slept in the forests and clefts of the rock.

On the fifteenth day they came to a little grove of platanes and fir-trees. Entering it, they found a small marble structure of Venetian character, a fountain hollowed out in the form of a sarcophagus.

The grove was by no means safe. However, as they could discover nothing better for the night, they resolved to stay there till morning.

Loula, unaccustomed to hardship, leaned her aching head against the trunk of a tree and fell asleep. She did not wake till daybreak.

Andronike watched till midnight; then she slept for two hours, and awoke with a start. All the rest of the night she was the victim of her excited fancy. She gazed at the gloomy forest, and in wild terror listened to the deep breathing of Loula and the rustling of the leaves. After a long time thinking of her situation, of Thrasyboulos, and of the changes which in fourteen months had so often brought death close to her, she gave herself up to tears. Then she reasoned that to lose heart hastens calamity. So she invoked divine Providence, and remembered that she must follow her life motto, "Act, but with wisdom."

So she got up and began to look earnestly for some safer place where they might hide on the morrow.

The branches of the trees, the cliffs, the ravines, all furnished insecure retreats. While she racked her brain with such thoughts, suddenly necessity inspired her with an idea. She remembered that near the marble fountain there must be a subterranean chamber in which water is usually stored.

She ran thither, sounded with her foot, dug into the ground, and was rewarded. She found the subterranean

chamber and the earthen circuit of the aqueduct. In a tumult of joy at the discovery, she detached two or three pipes from the circuit, cut off the water from the chamber, and turned it so it would flow into the woods. Then she opened the waste-pipe of the fountain, and, before Loula awoke, all the water in the chamber had been emptied.

The chamber was of cubical form, about three yards square. It was impossible at such a time to clean the bottom, for it was covered with thick mud and greenish grass.

Meanwhile Loula awoke. "What blessed sleep!" she said, rubbing her eyes.

"Come and see what I have succeeded in doing, dearest. I have prepared our asylum. I shall spread a few branches over the mud, and you will have a famous chamber." Then she told her friend what she had done.

In half an hour the preparations of Andronike were completed.

Two things more remained to be done. They had to make a small hole from which they could breathe. For this purpose they chose the side which looked toward the stone cistern. Then, after they had entered, they would have to close the opening which they had made to enter the chamber. The first they accomplished easily. As to the second, they succeeded as follows.

They piled up a heap of earth, and a quantity of wood near the edge of the larger opening. Then they rolled up a large stone. Next they set the wood on fire so as to char it. This was a trick so that, if any Turks came, they would see the ashes and the scorched ground, and not suspect that human beings lived below.

A few biscuit which they had found by the roadside, thrown there by some fugitive, and water from the cistern were their only nourishment.

In this chamber Andronike and Loula passed four long days of agony, during which no human form appeared. But from every direction shots and cries indicated that the slaughter was still going on.

On the fifth day Loula was watching, and Andronike was asleep, when a woman appeared in the distance, carrying a babe on her shoulders and running toward the forest. She was followed by two other women and a youth. All rushed on headlong, as if pursued.

Speedily a Turk came in sight some distance behind.

"Andronike, Andronike, wake up!"

Loula herself rose, looked in every direction, and said, "They are hurrying to the woods, and there is a Turk after them."

"Only one?"

"Wait. There must be more. At present, I see only one, with his yataghan in his hand."

"Do you hear the shrieks of the poor women?"

"He will overtake them, he will overtake them, for the Youruk runs like a dog. Let us stop looking and close the hole, Andronike."

"Sit down! There is only one. Give me my gun!" she added, fastening her eyes on the Turk.

"For God's sake! what are you going to do? They will hear us!"

"Only one man is chasing the four. They are coming toward the woods. If he once enters them, I shall lose him, and that Youruk will kill them all. Hark! Listen to their cries! Give me my gun, quick!"

As the fleeing women approached, their screams grew more distinct.

"One poor woman has left her child so as to run faster. The Youruk has seized it! Now I have him!" Andronike cried, and she covered him with her gun.

"I will kill it if you do not stop," shouted the Turk, who had already come near enough to be heard.

"Kill me, agha, but not my child," cried the frantic mother, as he at that very moment lifted it by the foot with his savage hand.

The wretched mother stopped.

The gun of Andronike hummed, and the Asiatic, mortally wounded, lay stretched on the ground.

"Now it is time to roll the stone in place," she exclaimed, with a convulsive movement.

So they forthwith again hid themselves in their asylum. Two days and nights they passed shut up, hearing voices and steps around, but not being sure whether Mussulmans or Christians were outside. Then, for the first time, Andronike revealed her true history to Loula and also that of Diamanto.

"Only something like our own present circumstances, my beloved Loula, could have forced my confession of how I

was obliged to call Diamanto my sister when we first came to your house. Turn and look at this slimy cistern. See the danger to which a young woman is exposed in such fearful times, and tell me now, when we are both in the same dreadful condition, if a little harmless deceit is not justifiable to save one's life and honor and that of a friend?"

"I understand you, my Andronike, and I admire your judgment and courage. If you are in any danger to-day, it is because your evil fate is so persistent. I understand, too, why you are so brave. Your place at Thermopylæ was worthy of Leonidas. Still I think you were wrong in hiding your true sex, for, if the world knew that a woman fought so heroically and was wounded at the side of Diakos, your name would have resounded in the world more than his, and —"

"Don't speak. I hear steps and voices."

They caught the following words, which must have been uttered close by the opening of their asylum, —

"I tell you that I did see smoke come out just as soon as the gun thundered."

"And I tell you that you are a fool, and that you will be punished in hell, because you do not believe the miracle. Just as the Youruk raised his yataghan to kill my child, I prayed to our Christ with my whole soul, and our Christ from heaven struck him dead. If a man was anywhere near, how is it that twenty of us searched for him two whole days and could not find him?"

"It was a miracle, Costalas. It was a miracle!" several voices repeated.

"I do not believe in your miracles," the man said again, and sat down on the stone which closed the mouth of Andronike's and Loula's hiding-place.

Assured that the people outside were Christians, they pushed the stone so as to come out.

"The miracle is a miracle," Costalas cried, as he felt the stone shaken under him. Slipping off, he was astounded, and his lips repeated the word "Miracle" with a gasp.

"Our Panaghia! Our Panaghia! The Blessed One!" . . . And the rest, catching a glimpse of the pale white form of Andronike, began to shout and, falling on their knees, worshipped her.

"I am not the Panaghia," she said; and coming out of the chamber with Loula, she told them everything.

"Don't you see it is not a miracle? How can I believe in miracles when so many priests and helpless children were cut down before my eyes and no saint warded off the sword of a single Turk?" Costalas said.

"Tell me, I say, what is a miracle, then? Did not Christ send this young woman here? Did not her bullet save five lives, and your own too?"

"That is something I do not deny, and I believe it."

"My mother!" suddenly a voice was heard.

"My child!" another voice replied.

"Kyria Despoinouca!" exclaimed Andronike, pressing her hand in amazement to her forehead. "What does this mean?" In the space of only nineteen days so much had they changed that one could hardly recognize the other. The clothing of the once opulent Kyria Phrancoulis was soiled and ragged, and Loula seemed changed into a woman of fifty. The broken-hearted mother knew nothing of the fate of her children, but had learned that her husband and his brother had been put to death by Vechet Pasha together with the bishop and the hostages. Her anxiety and fatigue had almost deprived her of reason.

"Is not that a miracle?" Andronike asked Costalas, pointing to the two embracing each other.

"Yes! yes! It is a miracle! May Christ forgive me!" Costalas replied, many times making the sign of the cross.

Altogether about fifty Christians were present, as during the night others also had gathered there.

"What shall we do? Certainly we cannot stay here," said Andronike.

"What can we find better than these pine-trees?"

"We can hide during the daytime, but as soon as night comes we must go to the seashore, where the boats of the Psariots have begun to come, and embark for Psara."

"Let us do so," most of them said.

They rested therefore till night. When the darkness was thickest, they began their journey. By dawn they reached a little harbor between two promontories. There they saw several Psariot vessels sailing at a distance, and they signalled to them. Though these vessels had just sailed from the harbor loaded with passengers, yet at the shouts and signals of Andronike and her companions they returned and took them also on board.

CHAPTER IX

THE JAIL ON THE FLAGSHIP

THE close of April, when Andronike left Scio, was marked by the great calm which prevailed throughout the Ægean Sea. The sun, scorching as in summer, painted the atmosphere with lively tints. The sails of the galleys were spread to furnish shade rather than to speed the vessel.

The Sciot exiles were stretched, sad and gloomy, upon the deck. Their moist eyes were fastened upon the shore of their fatherland, which they were now quitting under such violent compulsion.

Who could have imagined a year ago that these people, then in peace caressing the rose-petals in their gardens, then forgetting the harsh winter in the warm spring breezes and the music of the birds, then rejoicing in life and happiness and love, were doomed to such overwhelming disasters?

Yet now, when the evil days had come and like relics of shipwreck they were floating toward some harbor, they asked only to be spared to reach it before a new tempest struck them. This was the only desire in the breasts of all those long-tormented people.

The Psariot boatmen, dolphins of the Ægean, cut the sea with deeper strokes to counterbalance the absence of wind. As the vessel was heavily laden with an overcrowded human freight, they made little headway. The sight of a white sail anywhere on the blue mirror of the water was enough to raise fears and anxieties among the passengers.

The day was somewhat advanced when, leaving behind the promontory of Psaron, they saw over against them the island of Psara lifting its ashen-colored peak in the remote horizon.

One cry of exultation and joy burst from them all, "Psara! Psara!"

They embraced one another at this glimpse of their promised land; but the will of fate was against them. At that very moment five galleys appeared from behind the promontory coming toward them.

No doubt was possible. The boats belonged to the Turkish fleet, and each carried no small number of soldiers. The exhausted boatmen found new strength in their danger. Piercing cries and moans succeeded. The ill-fated Sciots waved their hands towards Psara, hoping that the inhabitants or some ship might catch sight of them and hasten to their assistance.

The Turkish vessels ploughed the sea rapidly and noisily. In half an hour's time they were within gunshot.

The boatmen laid down their oars and grasped their arms. They preferred to die rather than permit the galleys to approach. The entreaties of the women and children made them abandon their purpose. A shower of the enemies' bullets might destroy them all; they stopped, sullenly awaiting the decision of destiny.

Soon the galley was surrounded by the hostile vessels, which carried more than a hundred and fifty soldiers.

"Who is the captain?" demanded the Turkish commander.

"I am," answered the tall and slender man who held the rudder.

"Where are you taking all those women and children?"

"To Psara."

"Why do they leave Scio?"

"Because they are killing people there."

"Tie that insolent fellow's hands."

Hardly were these words uttered when the report of a gun was heard. The captain, called Androulis, at two paces distant had emptied his gun into the breast of the bey, who instantly fell dead without uttering a word.

The Turks fell like madmen upon him and upon his seven sailors. A desperate battle ensued with fearful results. The eight Greeks were killed after slaying thirty-three Turks.

Then the refugees despite their lamentations were removed to the Turkish vessels.

"Please do not separate us, effendi," said Andronike to one of the Turks who was already dragging Loula by the arm.

"Do not separate us," Loula sobbed, clinging to the neck of her almost lifeless mother.

"You will come with me; you belong to me," said another Turk, grasping the arm of Andronike.

"Do not separate us! Do not separate us!" Andronike begged with tears.

"Let her alone! She is for the captain. Throw her into the captain's boat," an aged Mussulman said, as he approached.

"Let me go! Kill me, but I will not come! No, I will not come!" shrieked Andronike with a torrent of tears, striking the aged Mussulman a heavy blow in the face.

"What! Are you fighting? Moustapha, here, help me! Here!" and three robust Turks fell upon her.

"Kill me! kill me!" she cried, tearing their faces with her nails and seizing the beard of one by the roots.

"My Andronike, dear Andronike, good-by, good-by. It is no use, but Christ will not forget you," called out Loula and her mother, who had been already taken from the boat.

"No! I will not come! I will not come! I will kill you with my teeth, vile Turk!" cried the daughter of the demogeront, tearing the face of him whose beard she clung to.

"Don't come unless you want to," said a sailor, striking her on the head with a thick club. At the heavy blow the victim fell unconscious. Like a bundle she was thrown from the deck into the galley of the flagship. Sinking the Psariot vessel, the Turkish sailors returned joyfully to the fleet.

Each galley belonged to a different frigate. The Christian captives were to be offered as a present to their commanders.

Before the galley reached the flagship, Andronike partially regained her senses. Her heart failed, and she began to moan piteously.

Her clothing had been torn in the struggle. Her hands had been bound when she lost consciousness. Near her was neither Diamanto nor Loula nor anybody she knew. She shuddered at the thought of them, for she realized that they were perhaps in an even worse condition.

It was already night when they were carried on board and thrown in chains into the hold of the frigate.

Here she found a multitude of other Christians, yesterday wealthy and to-day by the same stroke of fortune reduced to the same humble and pitiful condition.

Here the beautiful and broken flower of Arcadia withered for forty-six days. She who at Thermopylæ and

the Inn of Gravias had twice fought courageously, at last had become timid and shrinking, as with her own eyes she saw death approaching slowly accompanied by dishonor. Her figure lost its shapeliness, and she became but the shadow of that Arcadian nymph whom we met long ago. Only her two great almond eyes, shining still more lustrously in her pallid face, reminded one of the daughter of the demogeront.

She did not speak nor groan nor weep, she scarcely ate; but immovable and crouching, with dry eyes, she gave herself up to memory, reflection, and longing.

The other prisoners, who little by little had become somewhat accustomed to slavery and had begun to converse with the sailors in the hope of lightening their chains, considered her because of her silence a monomaniac.

Yet the officer in charge of the captives was not of the same idea. The silent eyes of Andronike expressed more than the garrulous lips of the others. Her pronunciation at the rare intervals when she spoke showed she was not a Sciot. So he watched her narrowly, and at last gave his superiors so faithful and interesting a description of her that it reached the ears of the admiral Kara Ali.

CHAPTER X

RAMAZAN ON THE FLAGSHIP

THE Turks were keeping ramazan, that strange period of prayer and mortification during which they sleep like swine in the daytime and at night again like swine revel in drunkenness, gluttony, and debauch.

The cities, the markets, the masts of the ships were illuminated with many-colored lamps. Floating bands of music enlivened the harbors and shores. Throughout all the empire spectacles and shows were provided for the vulgar rabble. One might see the coarse karaghiuz, or listen to the romances of the mollahs, or watch the tricks of the wonder-working fakirs.

The last night of ramazan was being joyously kept by Kara Ali, Riala Bey, and the other captains on the deck of the flagship.

When the festival was near its close, the half-drunken admiral turned to the captains and said: "In twelve days the giaours of the Morea and Roumelia will hear about the punishment of Scio, and understand what retribution is awaiting them also. Now let them hurry as fast as they please to the island of Psara. The thicker they gather there, the more heads and the more money we will send to our master the sultan. Aghas," he added, "'the Ottoman captures the hare with a wagon.' After Psara we will take Rhodes, Crete, Tenos, all the islands one after the other. By Mohammed, the teacher of the right way, if Chourshid Pasha, whose harem they have dishonored, does not send Ypsilantis and Mavrocordatos in chains to Constantinople, he will be hanged."

"Verily he will be hanged and impaled and tortured in every way, if he does not send them," ejaculated the capoudan bey. "We during our short stay here have sent innumerable slaves and five ships loaded down with booty to our magnificent sultan."

"Soon, bey, you will see not only —" Suddenly the admiral interrupted himself. A cloud of smoke from his pipe floated away in profound silence.

His swarthy countenance gradually began to grow purple, his throat to swell; his eyes were fastened on the starry, shadowy sky; his pulse beat fast while his features showed such rage that his own flatterers and officers shuddered at the rapid transformation.

"No! no! no! By Allah, the reckoner! I cannot think of it without horror." He sprang to his feet. "The giaours, those worthless and unclean wretches to take arms against such a most mighty Padishah! Against the thunderbolt-hurling Koran itself! By the chief door-keeper of Paradise! By Aboubekir and Omar and Ali and all the saints of heaven! I cannot forget the misfortune of Tripolitsa and the dishonor of Chourshid's harem. It is unendurable!" Clutching his thick moustache with both hands, he began to pace the deck.

The officials had been seated with their legs crossed in Turkish fashion, having in front of them little tables with viands and delicacies of every kind. They at once arose, and humbly folded their hands on their breasts.

This banquet took place the evening before the festival of Kourban Bairam. Instead of sheep for the sacrifice

of the morrow, Kara Ali determined to offer the enslaved Sciots. His officers understood his inhuman and sanguinary will.

Within ten minutes the unhappy Christians were brought from the hold of the ship on deck before their bloody master.

Near the admiral who, stretched upon a sofa, impassively heard the supplications of the victims, stood a large-framed Arab, wearing a blood-red and gold-embroidered robe. At every head, struck off at a single blow, the practised executioner received from the admiral a piece of gold.

The barbaric shouts and applause of the officers, the captains, parasites and singers, all intoning during the celebration of that atrocious scene "Allah akber," drowned the convulsive cries of the victims and the piteous entreaties of the survivors.

The fatal turn of Andronike had already come. Her hands were bound. Her ebon hair fell in natural ringlets down her back. Her only covering was a girdle reaching from the waist to the knees.

She walked wearily, with her head upon her breast. But when she approached the executioner and the admiral and death was only one step away, for a moment she raised her heart to the Most High, entreating him to accept her sinful soul. Then turning towards her lawless judge, she cried: "Unmanly and worthless slave! Keep on slaughtering, while women and children are in your hands, because to-morrow you will meet the real heroes of Greece. I will wait for you there. There you shall come, bloody tiger, and shall give account for the massacre of these innocents. You shall not escape from God's sword;" and she pointed to heaven.

"Wait!" Springing forward like a leopard, Kara Ali shouted to the executioner, who was ready to strike off her head. "Who is she? Mere death is not enough for her! Bring the instruments of torture!"

"Bring the instruments of torture!" repeated the Arcadian, her pale face faintly flushed — "bring the instruments of torture, and do you, a thousand Turks, together torture one woman! Let the nations of the world hear that the real valor of a thousand Turks is equal to that of one fettered Greek woman!"

"Who is she? That is enough! Loose her hands. I will show you what the valor of a Turk amounts to!"

Kara Ali was then informed that this woman was the sullen mute concerning whom the chief jailer had often spoken.

"Put a sword into her hands. Call Hassan at once."

They freed the hands of Andronike. Hassan appeared, a page of about thirteen.

"Hassan," said the admiral, stammering from drunkenness, "boy, let me see you strike off the head of this infidel woman, who says that a thousand Turks cannot conquer her." Then with a scornful laugh he said to Andronike, "Now your hands are free; defend yourself, if you can, against this boy."

The eyes of the heroine, as soon as she held the sword, rapidly traversed all these revellers. For a moment the idea of attacking the slayer of the Sciots took possession of her mind. Then, realizing the uselessness of the attempt, she said to him: "You see the chains have swollen my hands, but I will not dye them in the innocent blood of this child. I will not do what you do to the Christians. Order that man," and she pointed at the executioner, who with supreme indifference had inflicted death on so many a little while before, "to meet me and I will teach him what death is."

In what generous heart would not the chivalric words and firmness of the Greek have called forth admiration? She did not seem to be a woman in blind despair, but a real heroine of her nation and religion. But what value could it have in the eyes of bovine, unfeeling, and fanatical people?

Kara Ali signed to the executioner to approach. The latter hesitated at first; then, reflecting that if he did not come forward his own head would fall with torture, he rushed upon Andronike, meanwhile with sneers making sport of her nakedness.

The companion of Diakos calmly awaited his onset, did not yield a foot, and before two minutes had passed, in spite of his shouts and threats, struck him down with three deadly blows.

"Send another," she cried to the admiral, who, thunder-struck and amazed at the sight, was unable to believe his eyes.

"My lord, spare the life of this infidel," the aged imam

exclaimed, falling at his feet. "Grant her the grace of Islam, for from her will come forth children who will carry the arms of the empire of Osman to the ends of the earth."

"Will you become an Ottoman if I release you?"

"An Ottoman! No! I will not exchange the religion of my fathers for the dregs of life," the Arcadian replied calmly.

Her demeanor quieted the admiral. "I promise to send you to the harem of the sultan," he said.

"The harem of the sultan! It overflows with a thousand women better than I, so that happiness is not very great," she said.

"Most mighty admiral of the seas!" exclaimed the imam. "Thou, at whose look the raging of the water subsides, the vastest billows grow calm, the winds cease, and the rain and hail of the tempest are changed to morning dew! Grant me the life of this Christian; trust her to my care, and I promise in three days to make her a daughter of the Prophet, worthy even of you, the conqueror of this populous island. Only your Highness, only you, the dread champion of the empire, are worthy of this maiden. If you love your nation and its expansion, do not refuse her."

"I understand you," said Kara Ali to the imam, with a pleased smile. Then turning to Andronike, "Give up your sword. I choose you as chief in my harem. For the present keep your religion. Even Ali Pasha of Yanina permitted his Vasilike to remain a Christian."

"Wife of the slaughterer of my brethren! I would rather die than suffer such dishonor."

She pointed her sword against herself.

"For God's sake!" "Heavens!" "Don't. Take care!" Tumultuous cries were heard. Before the point touched her breast, she was seized by officers of the pasha.

"Release her! Put on her the costliest dress there is in the flagship," added the admiral. "For her sake I grant their lives to all the other Christians on this deck, but at the same time they must be circumcised and accept Islam in honor of my nuptials."

"Kill me, pasha! Kill me a thousand times! Kill me, and do not inflict on me such shame," Andronike prayed with burning tears, falling upon her knees. "I am betrothed to Thrasyboulos —"

"You have no shame to fear. You will become my chief

wife," Kara Ali answered her, calmed like a lamb and regarding her with languishing eyes.

"Your wife! O God, help me, help me! I shall lose my senses! Wife of a Turk, of the cut-throat Kara Ali! Think, monster, what you are doing! I shall always hate you. I will murder you in your sleep. You saw what I can do. If I have no weapon, I will kill you with my teeth."

At her disdainful words his tyrannical soul was again excited. A woman, a mere woman in this way to oppose him, who in a few days' time had slaughtered and reduced to slavery sixty thousand human beings! With insulting gestures he threatened the Christian who had disdained an offer of which the daughters of all the pashas of the Sublime Porte would have been proud. At last he added: "Since you do not understand the honor which I offered you, I shall treat you as a slave until the day when your head falls into this same basket."

He pointed to the basket in which the heads of those just beheaded had been thrown. "Release her and dress her," he continued.

At this second order she and the surviving Christians were removed.

An hour later Andronike was again brought before the violent admiral.

She was no longer half-naked, but clothed in the luxurious and attractive dress of an Ottoman woman. Her black hair was woven in plaits with white pearls and precious crimson. Costly diamonds hung at her throat and ears. Two gold tassels fastened her girdle. Her feridji, or mantle, a dainty gold-wrought robe like the transparent veil of a vestal virgin, drooped gracefully. Her fingers were loaded with diamonds, and slippers embroidered with pearls enclosed her feet.

Hot tears streamed down her cheeks, as she entreated the pasha to kill her at once.

"By the Prophet, there is not a more beautiful woman in the world, and Mohammed has not a finer houri in paradise," shouted Kara Ali when he saw her.

"Bravo! bravo!" joined in the other captains, stroking their beards with both hands.

"O Panaghia, come to help me! Death is nothing in comparison to such disgrace!"

"Sit down and tell me about yourself," said the capou-

dan pasha, carried away by passion and trying to take her hand.

"Don't come near me! Monster! monster! coward!" she screamed, pushing him violently away. "I told you I would strangle you, and I will."

Kara Ali became livid at this last insult, and in silence regarded all the spectators. "Take care, wretched woman!" he said.

"Do not touch me! I will strangle you with my nails! I will kill you with my teeth! You will see whether I mean only words."

The admiral made a sign to remove her to his cabin, expressing his anger by a loud vulgar laugh. "Good-night! Good-night to you, gentlemen," he said to the captains. "To-morrow I will tell you all about it."

He started to withdraw, when Vechet Pasha, former governor of the island, hastily climbed the flagship. He came to inform Kara Ali that the inhabitants of the mastic villages, which had not been destroyed because they were under the immediate protection of the valideh Sultana, had made a plot to rebel the next day.

At the sight of the splendidly attired Andronike, whom he had so earnestly endeavored to get into his possession, he cried, "What! Is she here too?"

"Do you know her?" asked the admiral.

"Well do I know her." Then he began to tell all about the festival of Parthenion and about her and Diamanto, as far as he had learned from Kyrios Phrancoulis.

The face of the admiral kept changing color. The high qualities of the Peloponnesian excited him. He walked back and forth, toying with his chaplet of beads. Then he stood still and asked for his diamond-studded bowl. For a long time he bathed his hands and beard in rose-water, and then interrupted Vechet Pasha with, "To-morrow, to-morrow, my friend, tell me about Diamanto, for it is very late. Good-night, and again good-night to you, gentlemen."

"Good-night," they replied, and afterwards talked of nothing but the thrice happy capoudan pasha.

CHAPTER XI

DIVINE VENGEANCE

THE island of Psara is small and rocky, especially on the north and east, where it is lined with inaccessible cliffs. Although almost destitute of fortifications, some few batteries rise near the harbor of Saint Nicolas.

The inhabitants did not then number more than seven thousand, but all were of unmixed Greek descent. No Turkish or Albanian or Venetian or Genoese blood had ever mingled in their veins. The Psariots were distinguished, above all, by ingenuity, good-humor, and enterprise.

Here the destitute and homeless Sciots received real brotherly welcome. The Psariot houses, churches, and public buildings were placed at their disposal, and after these were full, tents and wooden huts were provided in the vineyards and gardens to shelter their distress.

The tiny capital of the island, lying on both sides of the fortress, and built of stone houses one story high, presented nothing remarkable. Nevertheless it was free! By annually paying the Sublime Porte sixty thousand piastres and furnishing eighty sailors, it was exempted from the infliction of a Turkish governor. At the time of the insurrection it possessed about sixty merchant vessels.

Pantelis and Diamanto lived in the house of a certain poor young man, Constantine Canaris, whose name was then becoming famous for his intelligence, coolness, and daring.

He was at that time not more than twenty-eight years old. His appearance was that of a typical Psariot. His face was oval; his nose somewhat flattened; his slight moustache silken and handsome; his complexion clear though sun-burned; his height a little above the average. His personal traits expressed nobility of character, decision, and courage. There was nothing fierce or warlike in his dark eyes, but they were full of enthusiasm and kindness.

His grave and modest wife was a woman of distinguished beauty. Count Pecchio surnamed her Athena. She loved her husband almost to idolatry, yet she bore separation from him like a daughter of Sparta, whenever he went forth to the perils of battle.

Another person, then at Psara and about to play an important part, was the Hydriot Pipinos. He was thirty-two years old, of small stature, but nervous and robust, with muscular arms and frame. In many respects he was the opposite of Canaris, being quarrelsome, restless, and full of fire. When angry, he poured forth a torrent of Albanian words, and fell like a thunderbolt on whoever opposed his wishes. Nevertheless he meant well, was guileless, and courageous to rashness, free in his ideas, and talkative, but utterly ignorant of the language of diplomacy.

Canaris and Pipinos had heard many tragedies from the mouths of the exiled Sciots. They studied how they might not only alleviate the sufferings of the fugitives, but take revenge of their persecutors. During those days the harbor was always full of Greek merchantmen and war-ships. With their insignificant craft the Greeks presumed to fight with the lofty frigates of the sultan.

"I tell you I am going to blow up the pasha, off Scio," said Pipinos to Canaris, one day at breakfast.

"Shall we take a fire-ship and try, Captain Pipinos?" said the Psariot, with a smile.

"Am I laughing? I have it fixed in my head that I will do it. I tell you that I never wished anything on earth so much as just once to blow the capoudan pasha into the air!"

"I am not laughing either, Captain Pipinos. I am in earnest. I am ready to go through fire with you."

"Shake, and we will do it together at daybreak."

"Shake," said the young Canaris. "We will touch them off while they are keeping their ramazan."

In fact, on the entreaty of these two determined heroes, it was resolved in a council of the leaders and the other captains to start at dawn with their fire-ships against the Turkish fleet.

Canaris and Pipinos passed the first hours of night in prayer before the Crucified. They confessed, received the sacrament, and afterward made their fire-ships ready.

"May Christ and the Panaghia keep you from shaming me, my Constantine! Come back to me like a pallikari, but burn the capoudan pasha first. Look at our Nicolas! He will boast that he is the son of my Constantine," said the wife of Canaris, pointing to her boy.

"A happy meeting with you, my wife! Be careful of

yourself, and I will not make you ashamed," said Canaris, gravely kissing the child. "A happy meeting!" he repeated.

Without apparent anxiety, without tears, like a Trojan hero, he departed from his wife and son.

At dawn the islanders accompanied their sailors to the harbor, where Anthimos, Patriarch of Alexandria, and the clergy gave their benediction to the undertaking.

The breezes, which almost every morning blow over the *Ægean*, in a few hours carried the brave seamen out of sight. Then the inhabitants of Psara withdrew to the churches and houses to pray for the success of their dauntless heroes.

About nine o'clock the wind absolutely died away, and the fire-ships were detained two days off the Spalmidora Islands. They carried the Austrian flag, and had thirty-four sailors on board. It had been agreed that Canaris should attack the flagship and Pipinos that of the vice-admiral.

While they floated together side by side, their sailors talked in loud tones with each other. "Do you know what I am thinking?" cried Canaris to Pipinos, who sat at the helm singing.

"How can I tell! I am singing, but I am thinking too." At this reply of Pipinos a shrill laugh echoed from the Hydriot crew, which was in constant rivalry with the Psariots.

"I am thinking that if the Panaghia lets us blow up the capoudan pasha, we shall also blow up all the Christians who are on board as slaves."

"It is better for them to burn alive than to turn Turks or be sent to the slave-market and sold. A Christian who once changes his religion is not worth two paras."

"You are right," replied Canaris, looking at his iron-hearted comrade, who again began to sing over and over the following monotonous lines:—

"Something I gave, I gave you,
And how you did laugh!"

Canaris continued pensive, sometimes turning his eyes toward invisible Psara, and then craning his neck to examine with a piercing glance the horizon before him.

The calm and the burning heat of June made the sailors drowsy; so after each had whistled and sung, he laid his head on his arms and went to sleep. Only Pipinos and Canaris were wakeful. As their boats drifted along near each other,

they exchanged remarks at intervals concerning the different phases of the struggle.

"We are near the Tcheshmeh Channel. It begins to blow a little. I wish our fleet would come just as we fall upon those frigates there," said Canaris.

"See the sail fill, Captain Canaris! Bravo! Bravo! Now, my boys, we are just above the fleet of the capoudan pasha! Just above!" roared Pipinos, in his voice like the sound of a trumpet.

Every sailor instantly awoke, and each got ready for the duty assigned him. At the same time the distant salutes of the Turkish fleet reached their ears like rumbling thunder, announcing that the sun had set, and that now the Mussulmans were giving themselves up to the luxury of a just ended ramazan.

Then a sea-trumpet sounded from the flagship, ordering them to come nearer or risk being fired at.

Canaris signalled to Pipinos, and they turned towards the shore of Kissos, where formerly Antiochus was defeated by the Romans. As the night grew darker, they became invisible, but the Turkish fleet, on the other hand, began to illuminate and to stand out more distinctly.

The many-colored lamps on the bulwarks, masts, bows, prows, spars, rigging, and every portion of the ships, thrown into relief against the background of an inky black horizon, — a background of the island's lofty mountains and of the sombre ruins of the burned city, — resembled myriad sands of gold sprinkled on a black robe.

"Those Turkish lads did not capture us, Captain Constantine," said Pipinos.

"No! Are you sure you recognized the ship of Riala Bey?"

"You bet! You bet!"

Not another word was exchanged.

As they approached nearer, they distinctly heard loud noises, lamentations, uproarious laughter, and musical instruments. That evening Kara Ali had beheaded the Christians and had been daunted by Andronike.

"Pull softly, softly toward the shore," said Canaris to his sailors, while he himself took the helm of the fire-ship. "Bend to your oars. Let the rest remain with me. I do not see Pipinos. Does anybody see the other fire-ship?"

"Yes. It is on the left, a few fathoms in front."

"Good! We have farther to go, then. Get the rope of the skiff ready."

"Captain Constantine, the Hydriot fire-ship will reach the Turks first! Captain Constantine, don't let the Hydriots leave us behind!" said one of the sailors.

"That Pipinos is a dog," the boat-master remarked.

"Pipinos is a real pallikari. Let him succeed, even though we remain behind. We did not come as rivals. We came to blow up the capoudan pasha," was the patriotic reply of Canaris. "Get the grappling-hooks ready. Now for Kara Ali! There is a boat rowing to land! O Panaghia, do not let him escape us!"

The boat which at that moment left the flagship was carrying back Vechet, who had arrived on board while Andronike was being borne to the cabin of the admiral.

The flagship was anchored at the head of the fleet one and a half miles from the shore, and had on board, counting the captives, more than three thousand souls. The ship of the vice-admiral lay next, and then the other men-of-war, one after the other. They formed a line, parallel to the island of Homer and ending off the promontory of Kampos.

"Make your cross, lads," whispered Canaris. "Now take the tiller, and do not let it move a hair from where I set it. We will attack her in her prow," he ordered his shipmaster. The other sailors stood each with the grappling-ropes in his hands.

"Courage, lads, courage! Christ is with us! See how the wind has begun to blow off Tcheshmeh. Heaven is getting clouds ready," said Canaris, and he grasped the torch of the fire-ship and leaped towards a cask of pitch. From that moment every word, every sound, ceased. Nothing was heard except the murmuring of the waters which the boat cleft and left behind.

The appearance of Canaris and his sailors was something terrible at that hour. Their eyes in the wild night shone brighter and brighter. As they approached the flagship, even their long locks seemed to rise. That unutterable anxiety which, before a man sees the result, traverses his breast like a fiery flame, gave a strange expression to their faces.

Ten minutes passed, perhaps more, and then the voice of Constantine Canaris was heard, clamorous with joy: "Christ conquers! Throw out your grappling-ropes so as

to spread the fire! Now have a brighter illumination, you vile Turks!"

His words were lost in the crash as the fire-ship struck the flagship.

The valiant Psariots threw their grappling-hooks upon the rigging of the frigate. In the twinkling of an eye they fastened the fire-ship so well to it that even by daylight it could have been disengaged only by an axe.

The islanders immediately began to leap from the fire-ship into the skiff.

Constantine Canaris, clinging to the rudder of the fire-ship, did not follow until he was sure that the flames had reached the deck of the flagship. Then the Psariot hero fell prostrate and thanked the Most High for his success. As he rose, his first question was, "What has become of Pipinos?"

"The ship of the vice-admiral has caught fire too! Pipinos also has had luck," said one of the boatmen.

Then close by a boat was heard fast approaching.

"They are Turks!"

"No! It is Pipinos. Eh, Captain Pipinos, is it yourself, Captain Pipinos?" cried the boat-master.

"You bet it is. Is Captain Canaris all right?" They recognized the voice of the Hydriot hero.

"Alive and all right, Captain Pipinos. Stop! Wait a moment!" Canaris added to his boatmen.

"Did n't I say I would set it on fire?" cried Pipinos. "I did set it on fire. I did it well. I fastened the pitch on well. Come, pallikaris, dig your oars in deep and let us get away from this shining water. Why! what is that thing moving there?"

The fire-ship of Pipinos had indeed been fastened to the vice-admiral's ship, but unluckily, after burning the cables through, it became detached. It had, however, started a feeble blaze at the prow and bows and even along the gangways; but the Turks succeeded in putting it out. Now, as a strong wind was rising, it was carried among the frigates and other men-of-war, inspiring such terror that the crews, instead of hurrying to the relief of the flagship, cut their anchors to save themselves.

The skiffs of both the fire-ships had a barrel of powder on board, over which a sailor stood ready to touch it off if the Turks attacked. Fortunately, however, towards the

southern end of the strait, they soon met the Greek vessels which were waiting for them. Near daybreak they arrived at Psara.

Some of the inhabitants ran for their arms, and others entered the churches to thank God for the victory. When Canaris with his usual moderation told what they had done and extolled the courage of Pipinos, the enthusiastic Psariots tossed their caps into the air, clapped their hands, crowned the victors with garlands, rang the church bells, and fired a volley from their fortress.

Let us return to the flagship of Kara Ali.

After Andronike was carried to his cabin, she was closely guarded by two frightful eunuchs. The admiral entered and gave them a sign to withdraw. Then turning to the imprisoned maiden, he said, "Sit down, Christian! I want a plain talk with you."

Her hands were bound, and she looked around the cabin in every direction, seeking how she might escape.

"A slave does not sit down in the presence of her master," Andronike replied.

"Sit down, and don't be spiteful. I told you that I intend to make you my principal wife. Vechet has told me who you are and who your father was. Sit down, my lady!" Kara Ali added, and approached her.

"No, I will not sit down, I will not sit down," she murmured to herself; and with a bound she sprang to the other end of the cabin.

"Do you imagine that we are going to play in this way like children ten years old? Will you run away every time I approach?"

Andronike did not speak. Her face became menacing. She meant to force the tyrant to kill her.

"Well, well. Stand up if you want to," said the pasha, with a laugh, throwing himself on his sofa. "Sit down on the end of my sofa and I will not touch you. I only want to ask you something."

"I can hear you standing."

"You are the daughter of the demogeront of Demetzana. I am very sorry for the death of your father and brother, but who is to blame? Who told you to take arms against your lawful sultan?"

"We did not take arms unjustly or lawlessly. On the contrary, we most righteously seek to become free, as God

made all men, and we want to retake the places which you have lawlessly taken from us."

"Are you not then free? What do you lack?"

"We are so free that a few hours ago you were cutting off the heads of women and children only because they were weak creatures and could not resist."

"I cut them off as an example to rebels, and to revenge Tripolitsa. Who began it? You did."

"No; you slew our patriarch and his synod. You butchered the Christians of Constantinople and Smyrna. You, in 1769, butchered three thousand Christians in Tripolitsa, and many thousand more in the rest of the Peloponnesus. What comparison is there between Tripolitsa and Scio? There the Greeks entered victorious after the obstinate resistance of your horrible Albanians, and killed people in fight, while here the inhabitants do not know what a weapon is."

"You would be the most wonderful woman in the world, if you were not so insolent," said the admiral, looking at her with admiration.

"Insolent! but now it is the truth. If they take me before Sultan Mahmoud, I will tell the truth."

"Listen to me, my lamb! Very often a woman by sweet words and gentle ways can save many lives. I think that you would not do badly in submitting to my affection, both for your own good and the good of the other Christians in our ships. Now that I know your family, I repeat that I do not hesitate to declare you my chief wife. Sit down, sit down here beside me. I will not compel you to change your religion. I feel that I love you as if I had known you a long time."

"Thanks. I can hear standing up."

"No, I want you to sit beside me. Do me this favor."

"It is not a favor when one is near the mouth of a wild beast."

"You call me a wild beast when I am treating you so kindly. You will bitterly repent if I once become angry."

"Do you mean to kill me? I prefer that to staying here."

Kara Ali reflected for a moment, and then said, "Tell me, then, what you want me to do to please you. I see that little by little you will command and I shall obey!"

"I want you to let me throw away these clothes. I want you to chain me again as I was before."

"No, my soul, that cannot be; but tell me, do you think you will love me sometime?"

Andronike detected a slight change in his brutality, and, to improve her position, said, "Time corrects many things."

"Suppose that sometime hence you love me passionately, will you not repent for the tortures you inflict on me now? If there is any hope of your ever loving me, why don't you give me your heart this moment? Come, my soul, have compassion on me. Come, come, my beautiful parrot! Come, my maid of paradise! Stop, my nightingale, do not flee! Come to my arms, and drop these pretences." He rose up, all on fire.

"O my Panaghia! O my Christ!" shrieked Andronike, trying to run to the opposite end of the cabin.

"Stop, my bird! Do not flee, for I shall catch you. You cannot escape. The door is locked."

Her hope was indeed vain. Kara Ali held her tightly by the arm.

She tried to seize his long beard, and cursed him; but he clasped her tightly in his two strong arms and, pushing and pushed, fell with her upon his divan.

The Arcadian was fast losing consciousness, but at that moment a crash and confusion was heard.

The admiral raised his head and listened.

Tumults and shouts immediately succeeded the noise. Then was heard often repeated the cry, so terrible to the Turks, "*Yangun var!*" — fire — and the door of Kara Ali was beaten upon with violence.

"Who is it? What's the matter?"

"The giaours, my lord, have taken us by surprise! The giaours have fastened their fire-ships to our vessels! This frigate is everywhere on fire. Hurry! in the name of the Prophet, hurry, my lord!" cried the silichtar of the admiral.

Instantly he sprang to his feet, first dealing a ferocious blow on the face of the Christian. Then, like lightning he darted to the door, the key of which he had in his pocket, repeating angrily the word "giaour." He opened it, and ran on deck.

Andronike staggered to her feet as soon as she had recovered from the blow which the monster had given

her; she hastily locked the door on the inside. Then she tore off her garments and threw them away, opened one of the windows, and, like a water nymph, leaped into the sea.

The fire-ship of Constantine Canaris had already spread its devouring flames over the exposed portions of the flagship. The wind, which in divine vengeance began to blow more fiercely, soon swept the hungry tongues of the conflagration to the stern, above through the rigging, and down the gangways to the inside of the ship.

The assassins of Scio sought refuge in the ropes, under the planks, at the mast-heads, on the yard-arms, and in every high or secluded place, and fell like moths around a lamp-wick.

Wherever they turned, they encountered inevitable death. Here the sky glowed with fire, and there it was black with smoke. Blazing brands, hands, feet, and mutilated human trunks were hurled hither and thither.

Howls of the dying, curses of despair, supplications to Allah and Mohammed, crash of breaking timbers, thud of the yard-arms, and shrill shrieks of prisoners made a hell of that watery scene.

The other ships of the line, seeing the fire-ship of Pipinos carried here and there among them, and supposing that the entire Greek fleet was there in the darkness of the night, began to discharge their cannon at random and to cut their cables that they might escape to the open sea.

In the midst of the uproar the cannon of the flagship, heated as in a furnace, began to go off and endanger with their balls the few vessels which approached to give assistance. They went off in all directions, with so rapid and repeated shocks, that the frigate, shivering from convulsion after convulsion, was not far from breaking up.

The mountains of Scio, with distant echoes, sent back the roar of the catastrophe.

Confronted by universal disorder and inevitable ruin, the coward Kara Ali, after running from prow to stern and from stern to prow, and nowhere finding a hope of safety, instead of remaining, and by his example encouraging the rest, leaped into his gig and sought to flee from that death which he had inflicted on so many.

Then the sailors and the other Turks who had assembled there on account of ramazan, began by hundreds to throw

themselves into the sea. Grappling to the admiral's gig, each one sought to save his life upon it.

The confusion and tumult had so much increased that not only was the gig of Kara Ali in danger of being swamped, but it could not get away from the blazing vessel. The boatmen with their yataghans mercilessly cut off the fingers and hands which clutched at the gig.

At that moment of horror the mainmast of the flagship, all ablaze, fell with a thud, awful as thunder, on the light skiff, crushing the body of the admiral Kara Ali.

Two or three of the sailors seized their expiring master, and, swimming, carried him to the shore of Scio, where he was awaited by the ghosts of the Christians whom he had assassinated five weeks before.

Meanwhile the fire reached the powder magazine. Then came the tremendous explosion, as if a whole mountain-peak was hurled headlong into chaos. The glare of the sky for an instant disappeared, and then returned more lurid. The hull of the enormous ship in a thousand directions flashed ten thousand stars. It rose to the surface of the water and then sank, drowned forever in the yawning abyss below.

Two minutes later and the darkness had already become more dense. Where the proud ship was anchored a little while before, nothing floated but bits of wood and rope and human remains.

Andronike had profited by the turmoil. She swam a long distance, and reached the island on the right of the fortress, where the windmills and a small mosque stood in a row. The latter had already been shattered by the enemy's balls. She took refuge in one of these mills. There, half naked, she beheld the destruction of the frigate with a heart grateful to God that He had saved her once more.

Soon she heard swimmers approaching the bank. She caught the words: "We are there, my pasha. A little farther and we are safe." Then: "We are safe, master! Glory to God!"

By the blaze of the burning frigate, Andronike made out three men, who were coming out of the water, and carrying another half dead.

"Master, don't you hear? Look, my master, we are on shore!"

"He is finished! The admiral is dead! He can't hear us!"

"Kara Ali dead! God rest his soul! Now, giaours, take care!"

At that instant the flagship leaped into the air. In the flash like the last glimmer of fireworks filling the air with luminous rays, she could perfectly distinguish the corpse of him who two hours earlier was tormenting her by his unholy passion.

She lifted her hand to her forehead and touched her hair. Then she remembered that in it and on her fingers and neck still remained the pearls and diamonds with which he had adorned her.

She tore them off, wound them into a corner of her dripping skirt, and, while the sailors bore the body of the admiral into the ruined mosque, started rapidly toward the interior of the island.

CHAPTER XII

THRASYBOULOS AND KYRA R——

"KEEP his mouth shut! No kicking, or I will tie your feet too," said to Carl one of the Albanians who were carrying him and Thrasyboulos to the lake of Yanina. So unexpected, on coming out from the abode of Barthakas, was the onslaught of the villains, that both man and master had been seized without noise or resistance.

It was after midnight, and the streets were dark and deserted.

The captives were taken to the shore of Saint Nicolas, near the monastery of the same name, where Ali Pasha had formerly drowned Euphrosyne.

A large fishing-boat was waiting. They were put on board, and then the groom of the caftanji sent away his assistants.

"Pull softly," said the groom to the head fisherman.

They left the shore and, lighting a lantern, began with a round-headed club to beat on the deck just as fishermen do when driving fish toward their nets. In other words, they pretended to be fishing like thirty other men who, beating in the same way, here and there lit up the surface of the lake.

"Give me your ring, I say. Light up here, and let me see what this pallikari has for the caftanji."

As soon as Thrasyboulos saw the shore of the lake, he understood the scheme of Barthakas. What a horrible position he was in! From the walls of an endurable prison he had escaped that he might hasten whither the voice of love and patriotism called, and suddenly he found himself face to face with an unexpected death.

"Sir, do as you please with me," he said to the groom, "but spare my good servant. He is a Hungarian, and never harmed any one."

"I want both, I say. Ten thousand piastres! With that, I say, I can build a palace at the top of Metzovo."

The eagle eyes of the Albanian were fastened a full minute on the face of Thrasyboulos. Then he drew back violently. "By the beard of my Prophet, it is astounding," he muttered.

The nephew of the patriarch also recalled something familiar in the face of his executioner.

"It's a pity, those ten thousand! What a nuisance, when I have a blood-covenant with this Christian!" he growled. Kara Seïd Ali was in very truth the antagonist whose life Thrasyboulos had spared on the plain of Dragatzana.

"What! Is it you, Gheg! You have a covenant with me, but now you want to drown me."

"Curse the covenant! I say, I lose ten thousand piastres by that same covenant!"

"Spare our lives, and at once I will give you as much. We have n't hurt anybody. The caftanji wants to drown us from jealousy in a love-affair." Then he told him about Barthakas and about himself, and how the former had tricked both Greeks and Turks.

The words, the promises, and the accents of Thrasyboulos made so much impression that the other boatmen interceded for his life.

"Give me your ring and I will give it to the caftanji, I say, so he will think I have drowned you and will give me ten thousand piastres more. I am going back and am going to fight with the Turks. We Albanians are like hawks in a hencoop."

"Here's the ring. Come with us to the consulate and I will give you the ten thousand piastres."

Kara Seïd Ali released them, and before dawn Thra-

syboulos had paid the money and left Yanina. He took the road toward Arta, uncertain as to where he could be safe.

About sunset the next day he saw a horseman galloping rapidly after them. It was Kara Seïd Ali.

"I have got it, I say, a couple of tens! Here they are, I say, in my wallet," shouted the Albanian from a distance. "I said that after I had killed a man like that I had better not stop in Yanina, for the Russian consul would hang me. The caftanji thought so too, and he gave me two thousand more to go wherever Allah wills. I am tired of fighting, and, now that I have a fortune, I am going to have a quiet time in the Ionian Islands."

From Arta the Albanian went to Corfu, but Thrasyboulos to Misolonghi.

There he remained a few months, and made the acquaintance of Markos Botsaris and Mavrocordatos. He fought at the battles of Kombotis and Peta, but, being unable to obtain any information about his betrothed, afterward went to Patras, Corinth, Nauplia, and finally to Demetzana.

In the outskirts of this last city, on the top of Mount Elias, he met the aged hermit, and from him learned in detail all that had taken place at the tower of the demogeront and understood to the bottom the villany of Barthakas.

No doubt remained in his mind as to the innocence of his beloved. Therefore without losing time he started for the Corycian Cave to see Kyra R——, that relative of Odysseus who, according to the story of Barthakas, was the last person to see her. Moreover, he strongly desired to make the acquaintance of Odysseus, whose name was in everybody's mouth.

Toward the end of 1823 he reached the cave. By degrees he approached Kyra R—— and began to ask about the battle of Gravias.

"Don't you mean, captain, that lucky fight at the Inn? The bullets fell like hail, and the wonder is they did not hurt anybody. There was pretty good timber over our heads, and so we held out."

"Were you the only woman at that battle?"

"The only one! I think I was! What other woman would want to go there in those crowds of Turks? Their guns roared like God's thunder."

"I heard there was a certain Andronike there dressed like a man."

"Are you talking about Captain Andronikos? The captain Andronikos a woman! Ha! ha! ha! Who told you that story?"

"I heard that she was a woman who after the battle of Gravias eloped with a soldier."

"Truly he was shaped like a woman, but there were men and boys there, and for six months I was betrothed to him, and I received his pledge and a marriage crown. What am I telling you! That disgusting Diamanto, the daughter of Ali Pasha's artillery officer, got him away from me and played me many tricks. By heavens, I would like to catch her and give her a cord for her tricks!"

Thrasyboulos was confused and perplexed at the vehement talk of the woman. After some minutes' reflection he asked, "Don't you mean somebody else?"

"Bravo! Who else than Captain Andronikos! The man who was in the battle with Diakos, and whom Odysseus brought grievously wounded to the cave; who had cheeks like fire, and a milk-white face, and coal-black eyes, and hair like the raven's, and lips red as rabbit's blood! The only man I ever saw who equalled him in sweetness and charm, without flattering you, is yourself, — yes, yourself, Kyrios Thrasyboulos." The Suliot darted at him one of her fiery glances.

"Listen to me, lady! Were you ever at Yanina?"

"As if I was not a long time with Chryse, the wife of Markos Botsaris. Once I came near a fight with Konstantinos Botsaris, for he was very familiar, and, as I am a very modest woman, I was disgusted."

"Did you ever know the caftanji?"

"That twisted dwarf! If I didn't know him! I gave him one once, and one for his bey. He told Omer Brione to be gentle with me because I am a woman, and I got mad."

"Did he ever ask you anything about Captain Andronikos?"

"Surely he did, and I told him the same story that I tell you, of how he ran off with the daughter of Carreto. That is the reason, Kyrios Thrasyboulos, why I took to the mountains and ran to Yanina to look after them."

"Many, many thanks. If you knew how precious this information is to me, Kyra R——!"

"Did you ever know Captain Andronikos, Kyrios Thrasyboulos?"

"He is my brother," Thrasyboulos replied, after some reflection.

"Your brother!" exclaimed the Suliot, with agitation. "Your brother! Now I recognize the resemblance. Tell me what I can do for my brother-in-law, and do you know what has become of my lover?"

"For a long time I have sought him, and I cannot learn anything." For a moment Thrasyboulos was lost in gloomy reflection; then, with a smile at the manner of his companion, "Are you a Suliot?" he asked.

"You are both pretty boys, I say, but you have the fault of laughing too much," Kyra R—— continued. "Think, I say, what a Suliot dove like me is worth. Kyrios Trelawny, who came to-day to the cave, has been very attentive and does not take his eyes off me."

"Who is Kyrios Trelawny?"

"That Englishman, that rich fellow, our good luck."

Thrasyboulos turned, and in the rear of the cave saw a handsome, robust young man, seated near Odysseus and talking with him. The man was Mr Edward Trelawny, the friend of Lord Byron.

"Let us join them," said Thrasyboulos to the Suliot, and rising he crossed to the other side of the cave.

This Englishman occupied a peculiar position in the history of regenerated Greece, and gained no little renown in both East and West.

He was then about thirty-three years old. Nature had bestowed on him a romantic face. His black eyes, wild, haughty, restless, never still, expressed daring and love of adventure.

The son of a noble and opulent family of Cornwall, he had shipped, while very young, on a man-of-war. The blind obedience exacted on a war-ship did not suit his active and venturesome nature, so he deserted after the vessel arrived in the East Indies, and formed relations with the pirates of those seas. In their midst he passed the turbulent years of his life. He met with astounding vicissitudes; more than once he narrowly escaped death. One day a deadly quarrel with the pirates made him leave them and return to England.

Again he quitted his native country and went to Italy,

which brought him near to the East and to those oriental customs with which he was already familiar.

He became intimate with Lord Byron, the poet Shelley, and Count Gamba. When the ill-fated Shelley was wrecked in his bark, "Don Juan," and drowned in the bay of Spezia, Trelawny recovered his body and buried it at Rome.

In addition to Odysseus, his wife, his sister Tarsitsa, a beautiful girl of thirteen, and Kyra R——, there was in the Corycian Cave at that time a certain Yannis Gouras. The latter was a tall athletic man, with a masculine and handsome face and a lionlike expression. He possessed great bodily strength, and was a man of daring and decision.

His manners however were awkward, for he had no training or education. Vulgar in conversation, phlegmatic and rough in society, like a hireling by turns he injured his friends and foes alike. Odysseus admired his courage and strength, and made him his proto-pallikari.

Early in 1823 he had married a wealthy and beautiful girl from a village of Phocis. In her honor the garrison at the Acropolis of Athens fired salutes on three successive days and feasted at the marriage.

"Kyrios Thrasyboulos, ask Kyrios Trelawny which he likes best, his country or this cave. Tell him that I hate to talk Italian, but I am willing to learn English from him." So spoke Kyra R—— on joining the circle.

"This cave has splendid associations," replied Mr Trelawny. "Here dwelt Pan and the nymphs. Here all Delphi was hidden at the time of Xerxes. Here to-day, in the midst of these exquisite stalactites, lives our Odysseus, the most glorious hero of modern Greece."

"I don't believe the cave has any nymphs now, even if you hunt for them. Kyrios Thrasyboulos, ask him if in England the women go to war as they do in Greece."

"No. In England only the men go to war, but there are some women who sail in ships over all the seas of the world and share their husbands' dangers."

"Truly! When I am in a felouka, the sea is too much for me, but I can race with you over these mountains. Ask him, Kyrios Thrasyboulos, if he will go hunting some day with me and see which will give out first."

"With pleasure," said Mr Trelawny.

"Say to him, Kyrios Thrasyboulos —"

"Stop these questions, I tell you, Kyra R——," Captain Gouras interrupted. "We have some important matters and —"

"That husband of yours, lady, is always stupid. He breaks upon talk with a man, as a worm does upon a rose," said the Suliot, angrily turning to Kyria Gouras.

"We have, in fact, some very important matters," Odysseus added.

"Well, well." Then, coughing knowingly and looking at Mr Trelawny, she added, "Nature will out," for the Englishman had meantime cast many sweet glances toward the young sister of Odysseus.

"When do you think Lord Byron will come to Greece?" Odysseus asked Mr Trelawny.

"Near the beginning of January."

"Will he bring the loan with him?"

"Certainly, if the affair is settled. If not, he will come by himself, and the loan afterwards."

"Then you are a friend of the illustrious lord?"

"Friends! We are like brothers."

"I expect a favor from your Excellency."

"What is it?"

"In Greece to-day," said Odysseus, scowling and pausing a moment, "are a hundred wolves, — Mavrocordatos, Ypsilantis, Colocotronis, Mavromichaelis, and the rest. As soon as the loan arrives, they will gobble it down at once before a single para is spent for the nation. The best plan is for the lord to bring it to this cave, and when he knows the place, to expend it gradually where the country needs it."

"The idea is not bad," Trelawny replied.

"About how much is this loan?" Thrasyboulos inquired.

"One hundred thousand pounds."

"One hundred thousand pounds!"

The eyes of Odysseus glistened. Not less avaricious than Ali Pasha, he sprang up as if a fire had been suddenly kindled in him, and, beginning to walk, he asked Mr Trelawny how many piastres there were in one hundred thousand pounds.

"About ten million."

"Ten millions! There is no safer place for such a sum than this cave," he said after reflection.

"I do not think it wise to have the loan brought here, for

then an entire army would be necessary to guard the cave," Gouras interrupted.

"Certainly that fool Gouras wants it to be somewhere else, because if it is in the cave, how can he get hold of it?" cried Kyra R——, looking at him maliciously. "Keep it, Odysseus."

"I can write to Leicester Stanhope to let us have three or four of those cannon which they have taken to Miso-longhi. If we plant them at the mouth of the cave, who will dare to approach?"

"If they let you have three or four cannon, that is another matter," stammered Gouras, darting a look of hate at Kyra R——.

"I want to speak to you, Gouras," said Odysseus. "Come outside the cave. I have something to say to you."

Gouras rose and followed in silence.

"That Englishman, Kyria Gouras, does not take his eyes off you. I am afraid he has bewitched you, and that we shall have some trouble with Captain Gouras," said the Suliot.

"He is looking at us both, but he looks at Tarsitsa most of all," the young woman answered, with a deep blush.

"Nonsense! Tarsitsa! A girl twelve years old! That Englishman keeps looking at you and me, Kyria Gouras. I have not lost my brains enough to make sheep's eyes at strange men," she added, with a languishing glance at the nephew of the patriarch. "You are getting up, Kyrios Thrasyboulos. What are you starting for?"

"I am going to take a little walk outside the cave," he answered, annoyed at her bold demeanor.

"Wait! I am coming with you. My heart is all stuffy from this Englishman's talk about money. He can't say two words in Greek."

"And I am coming too," said Tarsitsa.

"Take Tarsitsa with you," said Kyria Elene, the wife of Odysseus.

"You can run after us! Come, child. If you can't keep up, we shall leave you somewhere on the mountains."

"We are not going to run, though," said Thrasyboulos, with a laugh. "We are going out to walk."

CHAPTER XIII

GOURAS AND ODYSSEUS

AFTER Odysseus and Gouras had left the cave, they followed silently the rough road which mounts toward the summit of Mount Corycia. During the ascent Odysseus said: "I want an explanation, Gouras. Your manner toward me has greatly changed of late, as if you had forgotten both who I am and what you owe me."

"I am the same always, general, but you allow nobody else to get on. You grab everything for yourself, and want always to keep those down who have served you with their blood."

The rapid gait of Odysseus and the expression on his pale but attractive face indicated much anxiety, while on the usually impassive countenance of his companion and in the tone of his reply one could read a fixed determination.

"You are wrong, Gouras, in saying that I oppose your advancement. Was it not I who appointed you commander of the Acropolis of Athens, a position which four or five other chiefs petitioned for earnestly?"

"What in comparison with my services is the command of the Acropolis? Have you counted how I have fought for you, and how often I have come near death for your sake? Do you remember how indignantly I rejected last June the flattering offers the government made me if I would betray you?"

The face of Odysseus turned red. He sat down on a stone and said to Gouras: "We did not come here for quarrelling, and for you to throw these services of yours in my face. Do you think that you did a very great thing in not killing me? Two months afterwards the ungrateful government would have done the same thing to you. Don't talk to me of the government. As long as we had no government, while each captain fought by himself with his pallikaris against the Turks, the Turks trembled before us. The foreigners, who now seek to direct affairs, did not dare show their faces in Greece. I love the nation, and I have done for it more than any other person. Yet the govern-

ment to-day has forced me into a position where I must either withdraw to the Ionian Islands and live there in obscurity or finally join the Turks. Do you think that I do not understand, that I do not see, how the abyss is dug under me on all sides? Nevertheless, I shall fight the government wherever I can."

"You show a nice love for the nation in planning to get hold of its loan," added Gouras, with an ironical smile.

"What do you mean by that?"

"I mean that I myself have a right to part of the loan, and that, before trouble comes, we should further strengthen our friendship by sharing it like brothers."

"And do I intend to squander it? What do you mean, Gouras?" said Odysseus, touching his hand. "I want it in the cave for no other purpose than that I may place the government under my orders."

"When it is once in the cave and Trelawny has given you two or three cannon to protect it, then who will be able to get at it? We know each other pretty well, general."

"We know each other thoroughly, Gouras, and therefore I am astounded at your talk. Was it with the money of the government that I fought the Turks so long? Tell me, I ask you. When Bourat Pasha at the head of six thousand Turks burned every village and monastery of Bœotia, and the government did not send me the promised assistance nor money for me to fortify Thermopylæ, and when my soldiers refused to follow until they received some pay, and the ephors at Athens, after promising us forty thousand piastres for our expenses, also sent us nothing, did I not myself with my own six hundred men hurry to Salamis and Megara and compel the Peloponnesians to come to our aid, and did I not then disperse the enemy on the banks of the Cephissus and a third time save Greece?"

"All you say, general, is true, and I know it; but whatever you might tell me about the loan, I know you. I know you are as avaricious as the dead pasha of Yanina. If the loan falls into your hands, other people will not get a para of it. So I want an agreement now, that I am to have my share."

"Let it come first and we will not quarrel over it," said Odysseus, laughing.

"No! We must agree about it now; otherwise I shall prevent its coming to the cave."

"You will prevent it!"

"I shall."

"How?"

"I know how."

"Look here! You know Odysseus;" and he laid his hand on his weapons.

"And your Excellency knows me just as well. I am a man of deeds and not merely of words."

"Do what you can," said Odysseus, rising angrily. "The loan is coming to the cave. It all depends on my friend Trelawny, or rather on my son-in-law. Probably you are aware that Trelawny is betrothed to my sister Tarsitsa."

"I did not know it," said Gouras, in surprise.

"No matter. The affair is already concluded," Odysseus rejoined soberly.

Gouras remained thoughtful a long time, without however rising from the stone on which he sat. "To-day, when all the hoplarchs and the government itself are against you, Odysseus," after some time he remarked gravely, "it is folly for you to quarrel with Gouras. You have forgotten how I have always loved you and always been your right arm."

"I know it," said Odysseus, and for a second time an ironical smile played on his lips.

"You have never understood me, general; you have never appreciated my services nor my value. Last year I asked your sister Tarsitsa in marriage and you refused me. To-day you give her to a foreigner, Trelawny, whom you hardly know. We shall see which of us two can serve you best."

"I have reasons for this connection."

"Surely no other reasons than such as concern the loan," said Gouras emphatically, with a smile.

"You are mistaken; that is the least reason. Trelawny is the bosom friend of the famous Lord Byron, who is expected daily. That lord, so Colonel Stanhope informs me, is celebrated the world over for his wealth and writings. It would not be strange if eventually he became king of Greece. Do you understand me now?"

Gouras, who was valiant but illiterate, and less profound and shrewd than Odysseus, listened to these words with gaping mouth.

"Do you understand me, Gouras? If you do understand me, continue to be my friend, no matter what others do."

Await my own rise, my beloved Gouras, that you may rise also. Otherwise you will meet many difficulties."

These words Odysseus pronounced in a supercilious manner. He treated the man just as if he were still his mere under-officer. Gouras, although intrepid, audacious, and self-willed, was speedily disarmed.

That was a melancholy period. Both were men of like ambition and avarice, equally inclined to despotism. Each wished in his own way to act as unquestioned despot over his inferiors. Yet Gouras, although he had come with the determination of measuring by the same standard his words and acts with those of Odysseus, already had timidly yielded and remained defeated. This was not because he feared him or respected him or was unwilling to brave the man who had made him governor of the Acropolis, but because he was still under the spell of his long-continued subjection. He waited for the time when Odysseus, stripped of his power, should be no longer formidable, or rather for the time when he might undermine him and supplant him. Then Gouras would become terrible and absolute. Fortunately for Greece, both were removed by death before either attained the supreme power.

Odysseus, in spite of defects and faults, possessed rare ability and certain virtues. Gouras, on the other hand, could have become only a brutal and ignoble tyrant.

Now, when Odysseus told him that, for the purpose of putting himself at the head of the struggle, he had betrothed his sister to Edward Trelawny, the friend of Lord Byron, who was awaited as a messiah by all, Gouras, who had looked on Odysseus as half crushed by his numerous enemies and by the hostility of the government, controlled his dissatisfaction and believed a grand career opened for himself. More than any one else he realized the daring and astuteness of Odysseus. He believed, therefore, that the clever chieftain was using Trelawny to draw Lord Byron into his cave and to avenge himself of the government. He believed Odysseus would escape from the fatal position toward which he was being pressed, by either himself grasping the reins or joining the Turks as the only means of delivering himself from governmental persecution.

"Your mind is equal to everything," Gouras finally stammered in his amazement.

"You will see other things also, Gouras, which I cannot

explain to you now and which you do not imagine. I shall make them all appreciate better what Odysseus is."

"Then what do you mean, general? Shall I not have a para as my share of this loan?"

"When it comes to the cave, if you are always my faithful Gouras, you shall have your share."

"Your hand, general."

"Take it," said Odysseus, grasping the strong hand of his ally. "But you yourself, Gouras, by suggestions and arguments must influence Trelawny to hasten its arrival in the cave."

"I will not fail. Trust me to finish what you have begun." Gouras decided once more to pretend warm devotion.

They rose and were returning to the cave, when at some distance from the entrance they found Kyra R——, Thrasyboulos, and Tarsitsa sitting down.

"See, Thrasyboulos, they are coming back like milk and honey," said the Suliot. Then she shook her head and added: "I wager my neck that Odysseus has arranged with that fellow how to divide the loan of the lord. We must look out, Kyrios Thrasyboulos, to get some too. Take care that your future wife does n't lose her part of that loan."

Thrasyboulos, who was thinking of something else, had already obtained the information he desired from Kyra R——, and intended to leave the cave the next day; so he nodded mechanically without uttering a word.

As they approached, Gouras, who did not take into account the free tongue of the Suliot, said in joke: "I observe, Kyra R——, that you are partial to pallikaris. Take care that you don't lead Thrasyboulos astray."

"First see what your own wife is doing, Kyrios Gouras, and then look after other women. You left her in the hands of the Englishman. Ah, Panaghia! Kyrios Trelawny has an eye which shoots glances like needles."

Gouras flushed with anger.

"If you knew that Kyrios Trelawny was betrothed to Tarsitsa, you would not speak like that before her," he said presently.

"Betrothed!"

"Certainly. Did n't you know it?" said Odysseus.

"With this chicken! She has n't come out of the egg yet. And does the Englishman want her?"

"Do you doubt it?"

The sharp speeches of Kyra R—— continued until they reached the cave.

Thrasyboulos sorrowed greatly over what he saw and heard. He could not understand how men engaged in such a noble and desperate war against their oppressors, men who must either break their chains or endure an excruciating death, could intrigue with such pettiness in reference to the loan which the suffering nation needed to continue its holy struggle.

At last he concluded that if the war against the Turks was carried on by a regular and central government, whose orders were to be followed by the severest legal penalties, perhaps such things would not happen. Unfortunately the Greek insurrection had to begin without a government, blindly, mysteriously, only by a Hetairia whose unknown and scattered members confronted responsibility and danger far beyond their strength.

Each of the hoplarchs moreover, while doing his duty, expected a reward not inferior to that of anybody else. Each counted on his own advancement. Each expected, as soon as the government was formed, to become a member of it, and each considered his services were unequalled.

Moreover, we must never forget that the demoralizing influences of Turkish misrule had not yet been eradicated. It was not strange that in many men thought of personal advantage overrode patriotism.

Misolonghi was the only place in Greece where quarrels and intestine feuds did not prevail, and where patriotism and the moral and physical strength of the nation seemed to rally daily.

There were Markos Botsaris and Alexandros Mavrocordatos; there the philhellene Lord Byron was expected. Thither, therefore, Thrasyboulos determined to go on the morrow, and forestall, if possible, the schemes formed by the inhabitants of the Corycian Cave concerning the loan.

Until midnight he acted as interpreter to Gouras and Trelawny while they discussed the loan. Through this conversation he became fully informed as to its probable disposition.

At last the lights were put out and they all sought rest in sleep. The next day at noon Thrasyboulos set out for Misolonghi.

CHAPTER XIV

THE BULWARK OF GREECE

WHAT had become of Andronike? Where was she hidden with Diamanto? Were they alive or dead? These questions racked the soul of Thrasyboulos.

Though every corner of Greece was a scene of slaughter, he still trusted that divine Providence had spared his beloved and would restore her some day to him.

Yet it was useless to wander any longer in search of her, for he did not know where to turn. He loved her devotedly, but his love for the fatherland was strong.

After three days' journey he reached the Evenos, the ancient Lycormas, which derives its later name from the Ætolian king Evenos, who was drowned in it. It flows only six miles distant from Misolonghi.

This capital of western Greece, where Lord Byron left his heart, lay northwest of the Gulf of Patras between the rivers Evenos and Acheloos, in a plain terminating at the foot of Mount Aracynthus.

The ground on which it stood was low, barely above the level of the sea. Hence, when the south wind rolled up the waves, the houses along the shore were surrounded by water, but when the north wind blew the sea retreated to a distance.

Such a lagoon, covering sixty-five square miles, is its natural ally, for it forbids the approach of even the smallest vessels. From the surface of the water emerge many scattered and sandy islands, useful to the fishermen, but in time of war natural fortifications capable of being made still stronger. Among the most familiar are Marmaros, Xecalamisma, Cleisova, Scylla, Æsostis, Dolma, Poros, Anatolicon, Procopanisto, Aghia Trias, and Vasiladi, but there are many more.

On the side toward the dry land, a ditch four feet deep, and a wall of brick and stone stretch from one end of the harbor to the other.

Such was Misolonghi before the Greek revolution. Its fisheries were well known. Its celebrated public school ranked with those of Scio, Demetzana, Constantinople,

Kydonia, and Yanina. The illustrious professors Panaghiotis and Palamas were among its teachers.

Thrasyboulos found the city already greatly changed from what it was when he left it after the battle of Peta.

Omer Brione, emboldened by the victory of Peta, the capture of Suli and the treason of several Greek leaders, had advanced into western Greece, expecting to cross from Misolonghi to Peloponnesus, and there unite with the bulk of the Turkish army.

Alexandros Mavrocordatos decided that behind the tumbling walls of that city he would check the torrent unloosed by the torturer of Diakos.

The undertaking was daring and perilous. The inhabitants of Misolonghi and the neighborhood were terrified at the mere mention of such a plan, and fled to the Ionian Islands and to the heights of Aracynthus.

Markos Botsaris alone swore to fall with him there or to conquer. Then his example was followed by the archbishop Porphyrios, and about three hundred and sixty other patriots.

They imperfectly repaired the fortifications of the city and the ditch, and obtained a few cannon.

Speedily the hordes of Albanians and Turks, over ten thousand strong, appeared with their usual shouts and threats, and commenced the siege. They were also aided toward the sea by ships from the Turkish fleet.

To gain time until expected reinforcements should arrive, Mavrocordatos amused the enemy with hopes of surrender. He began to negotiate in secret separately with the two chief generals and with the admiral of the fleet. Aware of the bitter rivalry existing between the three, he could have devised no cleverer stratagem to gain time.

At last the Greek vessels were sighted. Thereupon the Turkish ships weighed anchor, and in a panic sailed away to the Ionian Islands.

The real blockade having ceased, abundant stores poured into the town. At the same time seven hundred soldiers arrived under the command of Petro Bey and Zaïmis. When soon afterwards the hoplarchs Marcris and Tsongas with their soldiers and a thousand other Peloponnesians under Lontos reached the city by water, the garrison, with cheers, abandoned their defensive tactics for the offensive

and made a sally. They repulsed Omer Brione, and slew more than a hundred Turks.

At such an unexpected change of fortune, the peasant mountaineers of Ætolia, thirsting for revenge on the Turks, who had ravaged their country and plundered their flocks, boldly left their hills and fell upon them. Furthermore, Petro Bey, with a part of the garrison, went by sea to support the peasants in the rear and cut off the Turkish communications by water.

Omer Brione recognized that he was outwitted by the Greeks, and hampered by his jealous fellow-commanders. He decided at midnight just before Christmas, while the Greeks were preparing to celebrate the birth of Christ, to attack the city. Eight hundred Albanians were to march in front provided with ladders.

By good fortune Mavrocordatos and Botsaris learned his plans. Taking possession of all the church-keys, they prevented the inhabitants from keeping the festival. Then, when they knew that the Turkish forces were near enough, they opened a deadly and unexpected fire upon them from all the batteries. In the darkness of night, the conflict raged obstinately. Finally, just before dawn, Brione was compelled to retreat, leaving five hundred dead and twelve flags. The Greeks lost only a few killed and wounded.

Pursued by Markos Botsaris, Petro Bey, and the infuriated peasants, whom success had transformed to lions, the brutal pupil of Ali Pasha found no refuge till he reached the walls of Arta. He abandoned to the Greeks ten cannon, four mortars, all his stores, and a great quantity of valuable booty.

The name of Misolonghi then resounded throughout all Europe. Mere mention of Markos Botsaris and Mavrocordatos filled men's hearts with admiration, and called tears of gratitude to the eyes of women.

The provisional government clearly saw that this city was second in importance only to the Isthmus of Corinth. They ordered the engineer Petro Cokkinis to fortify it according to the demands of modern warfare.

Each battery and outwork was named after some honorable and contemporary Greek,—Botsaris, Canaris, Coraïs, Rhegas; or some philhellene or historic personage, as Byron, Franklin, William Tell, William of Orange.

The Suliots, expelled the preceding year from their

rocky fastnesses, had fled thither with their heroic wives. Here were assembled the philhellenes, those children of western Europe who had come to shed their blood in behalf of Greece. Here were such men as Stournaris, the conqueror of Ismaïl Pasha, an experienced klept from the valleys of Acheloos, and Konstantinos Botsaris, whom we met during the last days of Ali Pasha, and Kitsos Tzavelas, by whose sword the Albanian and Grecian tribes used to make their oaths with the imprecation, "May the sword of Tzavelas slay me!"

In spite of the poverty and lawlessness of the period, the Swiss physician Meyer founded the "Greek Chronicle," a paper breathing enthusiasm and liberal ideas; and Demetrios Paulos, a pupil of Coraïs, taught ancient Greek, French, and Italian.

In a word, Misolonghi assumed the appearance of a capital, though it nominally held no such rank, and became the right eye of regenerated Greece.

On the day of Thrasyboulos's arrival, a council was being held in the house of Markos Botsaris, then military commander of western Greece.

It had been summoned because the youthful vizir, Moustais Pasha, surnamed the Scodra Pasha, with a numerous army and with the Algerine fleet, was advancing to avenge the defeat of Omer Brione and to destroy the city. He proposed afterwards to cross to Peloponnesus and deal the deathblow of the insurrection.

"I thought," Count Pecchio used to say, "that the Italian artist exaggerated the color and figure of the ancient Roman soldiers. Their solemn features, their athletic limbs, their sunburned complexion, truly appeared to me exaggerations; but when I saw the people of Roumelia I was persuaded that such pictures were not inexact. The latter are the finest men I ever saw."

Markos Botsaris, the royal eagle of Suli, is perhaps not included in this glowing sentence of the noble philhellene. He was only five feet tall, the average height of his compatriots. He was supple, agile, and light as the wind. The people of Epirus boasted in their songs that he could walk over a waving wheatfield without ever bending its slender stalks. His features were regular; his face pale and melancholy; his eyes blue as the sky; and his long hair reached his girdle. Like his brother Konstantinos, he

spoke little and reflected much. His pensive silence concealed a heart that was dauntless and gentle, always just and always sincere. In athletic contests he resembled the heroes of Homer.

Gentle as a summer breeze in time of peace, in battle he was forceful and intrepid as the hurricane. He courted danger, disdained booty, and pursued only the glory and liberty of his country. His clothing, wrought by his sister Angelike and by his wife Chryse, was not adorned with gold and silver like that of his pallikaris. Without contradiction Markos Botsaris was the most illustrious warrior and most splendid character whom modern Greece can boast.

Present at the council were the principal hoplarchs and the leading philhellenes. They were deliberating what measures they should take to check the oncoming host of sixteen thousand Albanian and Turkish troops.

Doubt and perplexity were evident on the faces of all. Never was the situation of Greece more critical. Mavrocordatos and Colocotronis were at variance. Ypsilantis, wearied by the intrigues of his rivals, appeared indifferent. The admirals of Hydra were openly contending with the government. Odysseus and Gouras were trying to establish a dictatorship in eastern Greece. Karaïskakis, already distinguished for his strategic skill and valor, was dangerously sick.

Botsaris twisted his moustache, listened, turned his eyes toward each, but did not utter a word.

Thrasyboulos also was plunged in profound silence. He reflected that, while the unhappy nation hung on the brink of the abyss, the hoplarchs in the Corycian Cave were not only scheming for the loan, but planned to demand the very cannon of Misolonghi for their own defence.

"Brothers," said Botsaris, "we must stop the march of the enemy at the pass of Callidrome. Let us not expect from such a government as ours help in saving Misolonghi."

"We are not strong enough to advance to Callidrome," whispered several.

"Five hundred real pallikaris are enough."

In silence all looked at each other for a long time. The dauntless Botsaris rose and showed his commission as commander-in-chief. He kissed it, and then tore it in fragments.

Afterwards he said, "Whoever here is a true patriot, let him follow me to the camp of the Scodra Pasha."

Thus he expressed his firm resolve to attack with his small band of Suliots the multitudinous host of the pasha and strike it down.

CHAPTER XV

THE FORTUNATE MEETING

WHAT Alexander was to Julius Cæsar, that Markos Botsaris was to the imagination of Thrasyboulos. "At my age he had done so much, and I have done nothing," the future dictator of Rome exclaimed on seeing at Gadeira the statue of the Macedonian king.

Thrasyboulos had become thoroughly acquainted with the hero during the unfortunate expedition of Peta. He felt a strong affection for him, and would never have left his side had he not been compelled to go in quest of Andronike.

Hearing his firm resolve, he approached and said, "I too will follow you, general."

Botsaris embraced him, and then signed to his brother to approach. "Remain at Misolonghi and get together as many soldiers as possible, so as to form a reserve force in case of our defeat."

Konstantinos looked at him fixedly, and promised by a nod. His whole heart was moved at the daring resolution of his brother.

The leader and his three hundred Suliots were to meet at the ruins of Pleuron, called to-day the Castle of Kyria Irene, one hour north of Misolonghi.

Half an hour before dawn, Thrasyboulos reached the spot and waited. Afterwards Botsaris arrived, accompanied by his faithful Doussas and three other pallikaris. He was dressed, as for a marriage, in new clothing. His long hair was carefully braided, his moustache was curled and ending in two long points, and his face clean shaven and shining like his armor.

"All night long I dreamed of my wife Chryse and my children," he said, laying down his gun and taking a seat

on a rock. "I did well to send them some time ago to Ancona. Although I am poor, at least I am not afraid of their again falling into the hands of the Turks. Thrasyboulos, you learned man, tell me why they call this place the Castle of Kyria Irene. Who was this Kyria Irene?"

"Many other places of the Grecian mainland bear the same name. I think it comes from the Thessalian Irene who suffered a cruel martyrdom under the emperor Diocletian," Thrasyboulos replied.

"Did you ever hear the tradition inhabitants of Misolonghi tell about these ruins? They believe that there are three chests here hidden in the ground, two of which contain gold and the third serpents. From fear of the latter they do not dare dig them up."

"If Scodra Pasha knew it, he would try to get possession of Misolonghi as soon as possible, so as to find them."

"Do you have an idea how large the army of Scodra Pasha really is?"

"Some say twenty-five thousand, and others thirty thousand; probably the largest and queerest army which has ever moved against us. It is made up from all the Albanian tribes, — Scodriots, Ghegs, Toxits, Giapytjis, and Catholic Mirdites from Croia. They have already inundated Ne-vropolis, and cannot be far away."

"Better let the game come into our hands than beat the bush and shout to make it come out," said Botsaris, with fire. "There come our pallikaris. They begin to show themselves at daybreak."

The crests of Aracynthus were growing bright as the Suliots assembled from all directions, in the slow and heavy manner which characterizes them in time of peace. Two hours later, on the eighth of August they began their march toward the north of Ætolia. Four days afterwards they reached the marshy pond of Ydrea which empties the waters of Lake Trichonis into those of Lysimachia.

This lake is crossed by a long bridge of three hundred and sixty-six arches, the construction of which the Mussulmans attribute to Souleïman, but the Greeks to the Normans. They passed over it, and reached Souvolaca, a district whose last Christian governor was John II, Duke of Patras.

"We must rest here an hour or two," said Botsaris, "for I do not believe we are very far from the enemy."

"I never saw the sun seem so far below me," Thrasy-

boulos remarked, as he lingered on the summit. "One would think that he is sitting in his palace."

This is the aerial part of Greece. Nature is here impressive and full of variety. Majestic forests, poetic mountains, turbulent streams, and magical landscapes in all native picturesqueness stretch before one's eyes above and below.

"Who could be born among the mountains and not love them!" Thrasyboulos exclaimed. "My native country is rural Arcadia. It is no way inferior to what we see here. What blessed days I passed there when I was young!"

"Young! How long have you been an old man?"

"I am not an old man, but I have seen and suffered much before now. Did I not witness the death of my uncle and of so many bishops? Did I not see the destruction of the Sacred Legion? Was I not imprisoned where the unfortunate Ypsilantis is still confined?"

"Were you also in the dungeon of Munkacs? Did you know Alexander Ypsilantis?"

"Surely I knew him."

"What kind of a man is he? Is he like his brother? Is he obstinate in his decisions but pleasing in general intercourse, like Mavrocordatos?"

"He has many excellent traits, but he is somewhat heavy and grave. He has the reserved air of the Russian court, although not averse to flattery."

"Such men are right, brother, in being grave and different from us," Botsaris replied. "They have travelled over so much of the world, and have seen so many things. They have studied in great schools, and have known and associated with great men. What comparison can there be between them and us?"

Thrasyboulos was surprised at these words, and looked at him with perplexity.

"Why do you appear perplexed, friend? I tell you the truth, as I feel it. My soul is great as that mountain in time of battle. Fear is something I never yet felt, but what would you? I am afflicted when I meet men who are more learned than I. I am not jealous of them, but I envy them, I love them, and I long to be with them."

"The other hoplarchs, Botsaris, do not talk so. The elevation of your soul, the depth of your patriotism, and your natural disposition fully compensate for what the universal condition of the nation prevented your learning in books."

"How sorry I am that I could not say good-by to Mavrocordatos! I love him as a dog loves his master. A man who knows so much, belongs to so fine a family, and yet so simple and companionable in everything, is a marvel. With what patience and sweetness he explains what you do not know! He presents it in such a way that you understand without being ashamed. But when the question is as to crossing the mountains in the smoke of battle, you find him there on a par with those who have been brought up with the sword and the gun. I remember him at the siege of Misolonghi. His example made us fight like lions."

They sat down a few moments for luncheon. Thrasyboulos could not help wondering at Markos Botsaris. He looked at him constantly whenever their eyes did not meet. From his refined expression he reasoned what an unequalled man the hero would have been if he had enjoyed a little education. What a difference, he said to himself, between him and the other hoplarchs; courteous and seemly in words and conduct, without jealousy or envy, his sole desire the glory of his native country and the liberty of his beloved Greece!

They were still eating, when the scouts brought in an armatolos whom they had met near by.

"Who are you?" Botsaris asked him.

"An old armatolos from the Morea. I was with Karaïskakis at Agrapha, when we fought with the Scodra Pasha, and let him into the defiles, for our general was sick; but where are you going with so many pallikaris?"

"Where is Karaïskakis?"

"Over there a few hours from us. He is going to the Monastery of Prousos, and from there to Phidari close by."

"How many thousand has the Scodra Pasha?"

"Thirty thousand, they say."

Botsaris turned, and regarded his three hundred. A man might well hesitate to march with so few against such a host.

"Let us go against the pasha," he said with a laugh.

"Against the pasha! Excuse me, captain, what is your name?"

"Markos Botsaris. Have you ever heard my name?"

"Markos Botsaris! Markos Botsaris!" the old armatolos exclaimed, taking off his fez, letting his long yellow hair flow down, and folding his arms on his breast.

"What do you say? Shall we eat up the thousands of the Scodra Pasha?"

"If all these pallikaris are like Botsaris, we will put them all to the sword. Diakos, almost alone, came near destroying the army of Omer Brione."

Botsaris heard these words with pleasure. He turned and looked at his pallikaris with a smile, and in his simple way asked, "How many years have you been an armatolos?"

"I am a klept from a boy. I was with Colocotronis, with Diakos, with Captain Andronikos, with Vouvoulina at Tripolitsa, and now with Karaïskakis."

"With Captain Andronikos!" Thrasyboulos asked, with a start.

"Yes, I was his proto-pallikari. He took us on wages, ten pallikaris, and we went to Patras, and afterwards to Zeitouni. There he learned the death of the patriarch and of his brother. He was terribly cut up, and attacked the Turks like a madman, and knocked them down until he was killed. I myself was badly hurt while I was trying to defend him, and how I am alive now I can't tell."

As the reader well understands, this man was the veteran Lampros himself. Speedily Thrasyboulos gave him all the information he could, telling him that his brother Andronikos, although severely wounded, was still alive, but where he did not know.

"Let me put my arms around you! My master is alive! My sweet little master is alive!" cried the veteran armatolos, throwing himself with tears on the breast of Thrasyboulos. "I shall keep close to you. With you I feel as if I saw him again."

From that time Lampros remained attached to Thrasyboulos. That same evening they all marched rapidly to meet Karaïskakis, who was not very far from them.

CHAPTER XVI

THE TRAITOR'S SON

FROM Lampros Thrasyboulos learned all about Barthakas. By the information derived from him as well as from Kyra R——, he was convinced that Barthakas had told him nothing but lies about his betrothed.

The presence of Lampros opened the wounds of his heart afresh. His relations with Botsaris had of late somewhat comforted him for the perils, the hardships, and the sorrows through which he had passed. Now, when once more he confronted actual danger, he forgot his own situation, and thought only of his cherished Andronike. Moreover, he could form no idea why she assumed the dress of a man, why she appeared to court danger, and where she had finally gone. His head whirled with conjectures.

The army of Karaïskakis, which they found near Carpenesi, numbered six hundred men. Their commander, who was grievously ill, had gone to the Monastery of Prousos. After the Suliots joined them, it was decided to attack the Turks, who were encamped two hours distant in the vineyards and plain of Carpenesi, a mountainous village, difficult of access, inhabited by about a thousand Wallachian, Albanian, and Mussulman families. It was built on the cyclopean ruins of an ancient and once splendid city, which had suffered fearful outrages from Brennus and the Gauls.

Next day they learned from the villagers that the vanguard of the Scodra Pasha, commanded by his nephew, Djeleleddin Bey, and comprising five thousand men, was encamped at Carpenesi, and that the rest of the army were coming up. They also learned that Omer Brione with fifteen thousand men was marching from Arta and Comvote to effect his junction before Misolonghi, and that a fleet of ninety Ottoman war-ships was to co-operate in the siege by sea.

"This very night let us beat them," said Botsaris, at the council of officers held on that tenth of August.

"We are only a few, and during the night the rest of the enemy will come up," some of them said.

"Few though we are, we are Suliots! I myself will die here. I am resolved to pierce the tent of the pasha to-night and cut off his head. If that terrible army which now threatens Misolonghi, the Peloponnesus, our whole enterprise and our liberty, should once lose its commander, it will not dare to advance farther."

"How can we without being seen reach the tent of the commander, which must be in the very middle of the camp?"

"The Suliots will easily be taken for Albanians, and are not the Turks against us Albanians?"

The proposition of Botsaris appalled them all. They did not open their lips, but only looked at each other.

"Is not my plan simple?" asked Botsaris, with a smile.

There was no Suliot who did not swear by his name. All of them shouted with enthusiasm that they were ready to follow him. It was resolved that the rest should form two wings under Kitsos and the Tzavelæ, and should fall upon the enemy as soon as Botsaris had succeeded in his attempt.

It was a custom of the Greeks, and especially of the Suliots, whenever they were going out to battle, to take a bath, comb their long hair down to their girdles, and receive the communion. Two hours after noon Botsaris and Thrasyboulos plunged into the crystal waters of the torrent river of Carpenesi.

"Have you noticed one thing, Thrasyboulos?" Botsaris asked while he bathed.

"What is it?"

"That everybody, even the generals of Peloponnesus and of western Greece themselves, are panic-stricken at the Scodra Pasha? If we had not marched out to meet him, he would have reached the walls of Misolonghi without opposition."

"But his army is not small," said Thrasyboulos. "He has at least fifteen thousand, and Omer Brione has as many more, and they have ninety war-ships besides. What are our forces in comparison?"

"Ah, Thrasyboulos! I see that you yourself do not yet know the Turk. The Turk crushed and enslaved the Greek rather by terror than valor. From my boyhood I have been in arms against him, and I have alone met one Turk or two or more. I have fought him with sword, pistols, and sometimes only with my hands. I do not say it to boast; but whenever I have met them on my own ground I have made them run. Believe me, Thrasyboulos, the Turk is an unmanly coward. Only because of our dissensions has the Greek remained so long under his yoke. His fanaticism has at times, although seldom, enabled him to do something worthy of the attention of the world; but now his sun is setting, and neither Mohammed nor all his devils will be able to give him life."

"I do not deny it. Our dissensions are the source of all

our misfortunes; but I fear that these same dissensions will bring to nothing the work which we have begun."

"Thrasyboulos, God forbid! That is my greatest affliction. I do not fear death, neither do I feel it near, for I think that it is still far away. We leave behind us wife, sisters, children, all we have in the world, for the single purpose of making a fatherland, and of not wandering like Jews in foreign countries; and now to think of ruining it all by dissension! We have defeated the enemy in many battles and have half destroyed him, and now, when our work is half accomplished, shall our dissensions bring it all to nothing?"

As Botsaris uttered these last words, the face of Thrasyboulos grew sombre with gloomy thoughts. The hero of Suli felt no shadow of that death which Thrasyboulos deemed sure. The thought that he might quit the world without ever again seeing Andronike unnerved him, and yet he reddened with shame at the idea of retreating before the murderers of his uncle.

They came out of the river, and began to dress. Botsaris, light-hearted, careless, as if suddenly changed in character and excited by strange enthusiasm, began in that silver voice of his which was always remembered by whoever heard it, to sing the following lines:—

"Bend not the knee, my boys;
Slaves and subjects be ye not.
I am Photos, and alive;
Nor Turkish master do I know.
The pasha's sword Photos has won,
And broke the gun of the vizir.
To foreign lands they drove him out
For help from all the slavish kings.
Botsaris! Shame, black shame on thee,
And, Kitsonikas, shame on thee!
The land once free you sold to chains
While Freedom's summer bloomed with flowers,
For Velis Pasha, brought by you,
O'er Kakosouli rules and reigns."

"Botsaris, what do you mean?" exclaimed Thrasyboulos, thunderstruck at these last lines.

"The truth, my friend," Botsaris replied, wiping the tears which fell from his eyes. Then in a low, grave tone he murmured: "Our dissensions, our dissensions! Did you

notice the last lines of my hymn? There is not a Suliot who does not know that hymn by heart. It is about my father. Yes, it was my father, my father, who betrayed Suli. That is why my brother Konstantinos and I seem always gloomy. My soul will never cease to ache until I succeed in doing something worthy of the great name of our nation, and make all forget my father's crime."

"Do not reason that way, Botsaris. Your father betrayed the Suliots before the insurrection, when servitude compelled men to pander to all the pleasures of the tyrants. You have already washed away the stain by your victories in many battles. Were you not the man who saved Misolonghi and Greece, and did not the nation therefore appoint you its general?"

"The stain is not washed away yet, my friend. Only it will be to-night, perhaps, if I offer the fatherland my humble service and rout this terrible army which is marching to submerge it. Then indeed my heart will be at peace, and the mouths of the two Tzavelæ will be closed."

"The Tzavelæ do not talk against you. On the contrary."

"They do not talk with their mouths; but their eyes, as often as they meet mine, express all the hatred which made my father a traitor and caused the loss of Suli."

"But was your father really a traitor? I have heard so from several, and yet I never believed it. Besides, although it took place only twenty years ago, that part of our history is so confused that one can never easily learn the truth."

"I will tell you about it. I never concealed it from any one. Listen," said Botsaris, sitting down and combing his long hair.

"Say on, Botsaris," said Thrasyboulos, listening with attention.

"Famous Suli," Botsaris continued, "or Kakosuli, once had only two principal men, Photos Tzavelas and my grandfather, Georgios Botsaris. My grandfather was an old man, universally respected and esteemed. He was the Minos of the place. Photos was a young, lion-hearted, danger-loving man. He was the Hercules of the Suliots. My grandfather soon felt that this young man was becoming his greatest rival, so he hated him. In return for twenty-five thousand piastres, which Ali Pasha paid him, at the head of his soldiers and kindred Georgios attacked Suli, hoping

to capture it for the tyrant. Fortunately he was defeated, and from grief and remorse took poison and died.

"My father, Kitsos, and my uncle Notis were then at Yanina, for my grandfather, when plotting his treason, had placed his family for safety in the capital of Epirus.

"A desperate war ensued between Ali and the Suliots. Our splendid successes can hardly be described. Finally, we compelled the despot to end the war, and he sent my father, Kitsos, to our mountains to offer the following terms: first, Suli should remain free, but the vizir should be permitted to build a tower which my father was to hold with forty soldiers, so as to punish any one who trespassed on the lands of the pasha; second, Photos Tzavelas should be exiled from Suli.

"The Suliots accepted the conditions, and the unfortunate Photos was carried in chains to Yanina.

"Ali and my father had another plan, however. Both had sworn the destruction of Suli. Soon Velis Pasha with a large army suddenly appeared before it. My father, Kitsos Botsaris I mean, joined the son of the despot and turned his gun against our brothers. The more splendid that episode is in the history of Greece, so much the more shame in it for me!"

"Do not weep, Botsaris. You are a different man. Do not say that you are the son of Kitsos," Thrasyboulos cried, wringing his hand.

"I cannot help weeping," Botsaris said, coming to himself. "Now listen to this glorious story of my heroic but unhappy country. There was then in Suli a monk, named Samuel, an interpreter of dreams and a sort of prophet, for in his hands he had always the Gospels and the book of Revelation, and he explained passages just as it suited him, so he was called The Last Appearance. He commanded the Suliots so gallantly that Ali Pasha surnamed him Son of Saint Basil, and the Turks called him Antichrist, that is the second prophet whom they expect. Samuel fortified himself on the hill of Saint Paraskeve, and obstinately resisted Velis Pasha.

"After Velis Pasha had mastered Suli, and the Suliots had agreed to give hostages and leave their mountains, he sent his secretary and some other deputies to take from Samuel the provisions and arms he had collected there. 'Escape,' said the monk to my father. 'The vizir now wants to kill you traitors first!'

“‘What punishment, monk,’ the secretary said, ‘after the vizir lays his hand on you, do you think he will give you for what you have done?’”

“‘The vizir is not able to take a man who is not afraid of him,’ he replied. He uttered these words, set fire to the powder magazine, and blew himself up and all the Turks who were near.

“The anger of Ali Pasha indeed soon turned against my father. I was a boy, and I remember the curses which he called down upon himself for what he had done. Repentance came but too late. The armies of the vizir pursued us. We were few, but we began the war. The boys and the women loaded the guns. Our family, with our relatives and a few soldiers, formed our army. We had no cannon. At last we lacked food and water. Our position was utterly desperate.”

“I understand now, Botsaris, how you are so brave, exposed in childhood to such dangers.”

“Picture to yourself some of those horrible moments which make a thirst for revenge burn in my heart. Sixty women, who were unable any longer to keep up with us, resolved to hurl themselves down the precipices rather than fall into the hands of the inhuman monsters who pursued them. First the wretched mothers pushed their children over into the abyss. Then they twined their hair with garlands, took hold of each other’s hands, and, dancing the Albanian dance, one after another threw themselves over. Not a moan or word or sound was heard from their mouths. With dry eyes and in convulsive silence, kneeling down, we held our hands stretched out toward heaven. Two hours afterwards in the darkness of night we cut our way, sword in hand, right through the Turks. Some of us fell, others were taken prisoners, and only a few escaped unhurt.”

Botsaris rose, wiped the perspiration from his face, and remained some minutes silent.

“It is the most thrilling story I ever heard,” said Thra-syboulos, in a low tone.

“Without lingering longer on these details, which constitute an entire history of their own, I will add only that the few surviving Suliots after many other battles finally forced their way to the Ionian Islands, which were then under the rule of Russia. There they found refuge and consolation.

"We formed the so-called Albanian phalanx. My father and my still surviving uncle Notis were its commanders. The Ionian Islands soon passed to the French. Them too we served, and many a field will never forget the Suliots. But, my friend, in losing our mountains we had lost everything. That life did not please us. We were unhappy, — I especially, who was called 'the Traitor's Son.'

"What bitter moments I passed, always ashamed of my very shadow! From Corfu, opposite, I could see our cloud-capped mountains, and I shed many a tear. In 1813 I also lost my father. The unhappy man died, according to Ali Pasha's order, by the hand of the assassin Gogos, that same Gogos who betrayed us at the battle of Peta.

"I was wretched, Thrasyboulos. I found rest nowhere. Night and day I thought of nothing except how I might wash away the stain of dishonor. I the son of a traitor! Oh, what an eternal spectre! A situation without a hope! I could devise no means of blotting out my burning disgrace except by restoring to the Suliots that Suli of which the author of my days had deprived them.

"My breast derived some comfort from this dream. Life began to have a meaning. As I revelled in this purpose, all the torn chords of my heart found a secret alleviation. Wings seemed carrying me to Suli.

"One day, together with the Himariots who had deserted the King of Naples, I entered Epirus.

"That time is not long ago. Almost two years before the beginning of our present struggle, the sultan, at last understanding the ambitious designs of Ali Pasha, despatched Pascho Bey to subdue him.

"To this Pascho Bey I offered my services and those of the Suliots if he would give us back our precipices and Suli. He laughed at us, and rejected the proposition. The aged Ali Pasha learned our action, and immediately sent me messengers. He promised us both Suli and money and cannon and pay.

"But who believed him, or rather who of us Suliots believed him! I demanded hostages, and the vizir gave me the boy, his beloved Houssein Pasha, together with his tutor Mourtos Zalis, a man greatly honored by the Suliots, and ten other hostages. In exchange I surrendered to the vizir as hostages my wife Chryse, my two sons, my sister Angelike, and my brother Konstantinos. Thrasyboulos, do

you see at what a price I purchased back those sharp rocks which they call Suli?"

"Botsaris, how you warm my soul! How did this action of yours strike the Suliots?"

"How did it strike them! They raised me to the clouds. I myself saw old men with hoary hair fall down to worship me. Such a great sacrifice forced my own private enemies to admiration. At last we began the war; we mastered Pente Pegadia, we scourged the haughty Pascho Bey, and lashed his successor Chourshid. During three whole years we alone sustained the Lion of Pindus. If he had not been avaricious, suspicious, and always a perjurer, we would have placed him on the throne of the sultan himself. You know the rest. The wretch became so desirous of life that he forgot his active and historic past. He was affrighted by always seeing before him the phantoms of the many he had murdered. He put more confidence in Chourshid than in the Suliots. He sought his pardon from the sultan, and the sultan sent him death instead.

"My brother, my wife, my children, and the others fell into the hands of the conquerors, and would perhaps have been slaughtered if fortunately the harem of Chourshid at Tripolitsa had not come into our possession.

"Chourshid then turned his troops against Suli, but the times had changed. We no longer cared so much for our mountains, because to all the ends of Greece men were fighting for liberty. We all cherished the same design; so we left Suli and descended to Misolonghi.

"From all I have told you, Thrasyboulos, you see that this night is my expiation. The two Tzavelæ who command the wings of our little army, are the descendants of Photos Tzavelas. They regard me as only the descendant of Georgios and Kitsos Botsaris. I shall stop their mouths forever if to-night I save Greece. If I die, it will be the death I have always dreamed."

"Shall we go back? Night is coming," Thrasyboulos asked after a long pause, and arose.

"And it will be followed by a brilliant day," Botsaris replied gayly.

CHAPTER XVII

A SOLDIER'S FUNERAL

FIVE o'clock in the afternoon was the hour fixed upon for starting against the Turks. The watchword was "Stournaris," and the enemy was only two hours away.

"The others don't seem to come. Where are the others?" Botsaris asked.

"At exactly five we were all to meet here. It is now quarter past," Thrasyboulos answered.

"Forward, then! Anybody who wants to fight will not be the last to get here." The eagle of Suli started, and his three hundred and fifty Suliots followed singing.

"Captain, I shall keep very close to you," said Lampros to Thrasyboulos, approaching him humbly.

"Why?"

"To protect you; just as I did with your brother down there at Zeitouni, always fighting close to his side."

Thrasyboulos with his clear eye looked at the aged armatolos, and granted his request.

It was already dark. Night had veiled the sky. No sound was heard except the leaves rustling, the brooks murmuring, and the wind blowing. Their Albanian foes, after rapine and pillage, were buried in profound sleep.

Botsaris pulled down his cap over his eyebrows, and bade his men spread out as he approached the outposts of the enemies of the cross.

"Where is the pasha's tent?" he asked the first sentinel, in Albanian. The sentinel was about to fire and call to arms, when Botsaris prevented him. "What are you doing, brother? Don't you know us? We are Albanians."

"Who are you?"

"The advance guard of Omer Brione. We have come from Arta and Comvote. Three hundred and fifty of us have hurried to help you against the giaours. They are coming by thousands from Misolonghi. Where is the pasha's tent? Quick! I have important messages for him."

"Over there on the right beyond the third ditch."

Meanwhile the other sentinels approached. The Suliots quickly surrounded them, and, before the trick was discovered, struck them down with their yataghans.

The same stratagem opened their way as far as the third ditch.

"That is the pasha's tent, my pallikaris," whispered Botsaris, on reaching that of Djeleleddin Bey. "These fellows belong to me. Let no one else touch them." Shrieking the wild yell habitual to the Suliots at the moment of attack, he rushed into the tent like a hawk darting upon its prey. Thrasyboulos and ten others pressed close upon his heels.

It was lighted only by night-lamps, but in their glimmer they recognized the officers of the Scodra Pasha, reposing on luxurious couches on the ground. Instantly they discharged their guns and pistols upon them, and then drew their swords.

All the mountaineers fired as soon as they heard the shots of Botsaris, and in five minutes' time the whole Turkish camp was converted into a reeking place of slaughter.

Members of Albanian tribes whose clothing and language were the same as the Suliots', the Turkish soldiers turned their arms against each other. The Skipetari aimed at the Toxits, the Toxits shot the Mirdites, the Mirdites slew the Scodraots, and meanwhile the Suliots carried death to all the peoples of Albania, and remained themselves unrecognized and unharmed, thanks to their watchword "Stournaris."

The hand of Botsaris was a sickle of death. After Djeleleddin Bey and his officers had been slain, he threw himself on the barbarians outside the tent. On what an eternal sleep the army of the Scodra Pasha would have entered that night if the other Greeks had ventured to imitate the intrepid Botsaris!

"I am wounded," Botsaris murmured.

The nephew of the patriarch at his side was striking blows as ferocious as a Roman gladiator. His feet were treading on the slain whom he had forced to bite the dust, when he heard the words of Botsaris. "Let us withdraw then, Botsaris. Only a few still remain."

"It is not time yet. My wound is slight. When shall we ever have another such night?"

"Forward, then, general!" Thrasyboulos whispered.

"What mistake is this? There is some mistake," many of the Toxits were heard saying.

"No! There is no mistake. It is Markos Botsaris! It is Botsaris! Tremble, you cowards!" screamed the eagle of Suli, in his enthusiasm.

"Hush, Botsaris! This is madness!" These last words of Thrasyboulos were drowned in the roar of guns discharged at them.

"Oh, I am struck!" Botsaris fell into the arms of Thrasyboulos, who was himself hit in the thigh. The chieftain had received a mortal wound. The leaden ball had struck him in the forehead, and death was placing on his brow an immortal crown.

"Here, Lampros, here!"

"Here I am, captain," the veteran replied, receiving the body of Botsaris in his faithful arms.

Thrasyboulos sat down a moment to bind up his wound, at the same time often shouting the word "Stournaris."

The Suliots gathered around their dying leader. "Have we beaten? It is time to stop. I am dying." He passed away like Leonidas, or rather, he met a better, a more cheerful death, like that of Epaminondas after Mantinea, exulting in his victory.

His cousin Doussas came, and he and Lampros lifted him up. Then they began the retreat. The news that the dreaded Botsaris was dead spread like lightning among the Turks. The Albanians in a mass fell upon the retreating Suliots, disputing the body of their commander. The conflict was brief but obstinate. Finally at daybreak the Greeks with joy saw themselves once more far from the Turkish camp.

After a few days they re-entered Misolonghi, bringing the remains of the greatest hero of modern Greece. With him they brought as trophies sixteen hundred guns and pistols, and droves of horses, mules, and sheep, taken from the enemy.

They buried him near Kyriacoulis and Norman in the midst of national lamentation, and inscribed the following epitaph upon his tomb:—

"Sleep, Leonidas:
Markos Botsaris triumphs!
His victories everywhere
Are spread by fame.

Botsaris, this is thy monument.
If thou openest thine eye,
Call out with a mighty voice,
'Europe. Greece, although still enslaved
And crushed with barbarism,
Nevertheless possesses many
Sons better than I.' "

His brother Konstantinos succeeded him in the command.

After such a disastrous defeat of his advance guard, the Scodra Pasha was a long time in doubt whether he should continue his expedition against Misolonghi. That so small a number should dare seek him in his tent was a lesson which in a few words taught him with whom he had to fight.

At last, to please the sultan and content his soldiers, who were eager to wash out the stain of Carpenesi, he descended upon Misolonghi, after having effected a junction with the other detachments of his army.

The world knows the results of this second siege. After covering the city with clouds of cannon-balls and missiles of every sort, and after hurling upon it more than two thousand bombs, at the end of a three months' siege the repeated sallies of the Greeks, pestilence, and the cold of winter compelled him to get together the suffering remnants of his army and return to his pashalik in the mountains.

The Divan was unable the following summer, despite the most flattering propositions, to persuade this pasha to repeat his expedition. Misolonghi became to the Mussulmans a fabulous cave within which dwelt the dragons and monsters of the Mussulman inferno. Whenever they spoke of it, they spoke with fright.

Meanwhile the city passed golden and resplendent days. From every direction people crowded there to live. No dwelling-place delights a man so much as some locality whose heroism has consecrated it. Especially does he rejoice at building his house from the stone and iron which the enemy has employed in vain for its destruction.

Cheerfulness, movement, and animation made the town gay as with a constant festival, above all when toward the beginning of 1824 Lord Byron arrived.

BOOK IV

CHAPTER I

THE SLAVE MARKET

THERE is an extensive quarter of Constantinople called Yesir Bazar, or the Slave Market. It is a place of huge-limbed trees and marble fountains. Here and there are rows of rooms resembling monastic cells, but provided with latticed doors. Thither the Turks used to carry for sale the women and children whom the fortune of war had delivered into their hands. Mussulman luxury and lust there found abundant means for full satiety.

One might watch strings of asses coming into the enclosure, laden with baskets into which children had been thrust like lambs. There too at the fountains he might see the dealers washing beautiful but sobbing Greek girls and comely boys. The lamentations or apathy of the victims excited pity or aversion, but the scene was one of variety. The quaint robe of Scio, the tasteful dress of Smyrna, the peculiar costumes of Mytilene, Samos, Crete, Patmos, and of almost every island in the Ægean Sea, of Asia Minor, Macedonia, and the Danubian provinces, were crowded together with bewildering confusion in this human market. Beings made in the image of God were sold cheaper than four-footed beasts.

With stately stride the pampered Mussulman wandered through the well-stocked shambles. With languid eyes he sought to select the maiden or boy who most pleased his fancy. Often the purchaser required not only beauty but high descent. So he would ask the slave dealer where he obtained some fair one, and then who she was and who her parents were. At the same time he was allowed to examine her minutely, so as to be sure whether the human article was sound or defective.

While all these things took place, philanthropy seemed indifferent and civilization asleep.

Writers have described those games of Trajan, which lasted three weeks, during which eleven thousand men were sacrificed. We have read of that banquet of Vitellius for which were provided twenty thousand nightingales' tongues and the brains of peacocks and pheasants. We have heard of the baths of Caligula in wine and myrrh, and of the fish-ponds, menageries, and theatres of the Romans, in which the bestiality of man reached its highest pitch, and in which moral corruption became most profound.

Can we recall these deeds of the Roman Empire without fright and aversion? Yet enlightened and Christian Europe, which hastens to India to rescue the widow from her husband's funeral pyre, and journeys to Africa or America to repress cannibalism and the slave trade, and travels toward the pole to bestow the gospel on the Esquimaux, then looked on and was indifferent to the enormities perpetrated on its soil under its very eyes! These enormities were of another nature indeed from those of the Romans, but in a Christian age less easy to palliate. How strange the practical civilization of to-day!

Let us enter that market-place where the wives and children of the champions of freedom were publicly sold like cattle, and where every morning the dealers were accustomed to expose their merchandise to the open air that the rays of the sun might give it color.

One day about ten o'clock a somewhat corpulent man with a fine and pleasing face, a milky complexion, and black moustache and eyebrows, entered the large enclosure, and approached a little white-bearded man, who held a pipe and was playing with his string of beads.

"Good-morning, Hadji Mousa," he said.

"Good-morning to you, effendi," the old man replied. After exchanging the customary salaam, he offered his visitor a seat and a pipe.

"Are these all you have?" the stranger inquired, casting a scrutinizing glance over the row of women and children, who sat on carpets spread on the ground in front of the porches in the slaves' quarter.

"Do they seem few to you, effendi? Altogether there are about eighty here. They represent a money value of two hundred thousand piastres."

"You have no others than these?"

"No, effendi."

"I told you yesterday that I wanted a most beautiful girl as a present for Arnaout Pasha."

"I am sure, effendi, that among these you will find more than one to your taste."

"That is just what troubles me. The one to my taste may not please him to whom I shall give her."

"A real rose, effendi, exhales the same fragrance for all."

"Tell me the truth, Hadji Mousa. Who in this market has the finest women?"

"I believe nobody has finer than I. I spent a good deal to get all these articles. I was the only one to hurry where our believers had conquered, and I bought these slaves with an open purse. The children of the best giaours are here. Here you will find all the flowers which Scio, Smyrna, Kydonia, — those gardens of our Ægean Sea, — have produced. Do not think that I am trying to persuade you to buy of me and of nobody else. No, effendi. Make your rounds among all the thousands whom you see in this great enclosure, and if you find one equal to mine, I will give you the most beautiful one I have."

"You have a tongue which trickles milk, Hadji Mousa. All right. Let us examine your slaves, and perhaps by good luck we may find one."

This would-be purchaser was an Armenian called Berikoglou. He was the chief banker of the Turkish aristocracy. Accompanied by Hadji Mousa, smoking and smiling, he inspected that file of wretched Greek women.

The poor creatures were generally sullen and silent, enduring their humiliation with forced stoicism, and yet sometimes they joked each other with meaning phrases.

"Truly, Hadji Mousa, flattery aside, you have some fine specimens," the banker murmured two or three times during his inspection.

"Not only as to beauty, but as to race, effendi. I told you that I had collected here everything excellent among the Greeks."

"And do you know the ancestry of each?"

"I know it. I always take pains to learn it and write it down before I buy."

"Have you sold many so far?"

"Only a few. My prices are high, and everybody will

not pay them. Then too I do not sell to everybody. One must be at least a pasha of two tails to be my customer."

"Why? Besides, I am not a pasha!"

"Why? Because, when they make a bargain I gain more. Many women rise from the position of slave to that of wife. Not a few rule some pasha and lead him by the nose. They have influence, wealth, and position, and so they never forget the man who has put them in a good place. You understand that my gains then are doubled. As to yourself, you are richer than a pasha, and you want to buy, not for yourself, but for the new pasha, whose banker you have just become," said the hadji, with a significant look at the Armenian.

"You have an eye to the main chance; you are very skilful in your profession," the banker remarked with satisfaction.

"Fifty-four years I have been a slave merchant, and I ought to know my business. I began in the other insurrection in our year 1187 [A. D. 1769], and then I gained immense wealth. I married my fifteen daughters and seven sons, and gave to each a big sum. Business was fine in those golden days. We brought the women and children by crowds to market. The Albanian for a rouble would sell you a mother and four children. Now, effendi, times are changed completely. The giaours themselves are fighting like devils, and one can't easily get the meat from their teeth."

"That's a pretty girl," cried the banker, as he stopped in front of a magnificent slave.

"Pretty! She is the most beautiful I have. By the turban of Omar, I doubt if there is a better one in the harem of the sultan."

"What is her price?"

"Twenty thousand piastres, effendi."

"Twenty thousand! What a fearful price, Hadji Mousa! Come down a little, come down."

"Not a para less, effendi."

"But with twenty thousand piastres I can buy a farm."

"Yes, but not a queen."

"My dear fellow, don't brag about your goods. How old are you?" he asked, turning to the young woman.

"She is very young," the slave dealer interposed.

"Where are you from?"

"She is a Sciot, from one of the first families of Scio," said the merchant.

"What is your name? Won't you answer? Don't you know that you must have a little better manners if you want ever to get out of this place? What are you looking so cross at?"

"She was a very great lady. She is not looking cross, but she is proud," Hadji Mousa said to him in a low tone.

"How old are you?" the banker asked again.

The young woman, who was no other than the unfortunate Andronike, kept a mournful silence, gave a deep groan, and lowered her head on her breast.

"You want twenty thousand piastres for that animal! You won't get them, my friend, nor even two thousand piastres. She is beautiful, but she does not know enough to say 'boo'!"

"You are mistaken, effendi. She does not want to speak. She is not only the most beautiful one I have, but also the most intelligent."

"Will you let me have her for five thousand piastres?"

"Effendi! Not for nineteen thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine."

"What is your name? Do you want me to buy you? Won't you speak? I told you, my hadji, that she is an animal," the Armenian repeated, angrily turning to the dealer.

The slave merchant smiled.

"Which of us two is an animal, — I, who by force was dragged into this position, or you, who think of throwing so much money away for a woman who despises you!" cried Andronike, for a moment losing all self-control.

"Be quiet! Don't insult the gentleman! Look out!" and Hadji Mousa raised his pipe as if to strike her over the head. The eyes of Andronike flashed fire at the insult. She looked fixedly at her master, and bit her lips to keep silent.

The banker, astounded at the spirit of the slave, at once took the dealer aside and asked detailed information. Hadji Mousa opened a bulky volume in which was briefly written down a record of every woman who in the space of fifty-four years had passed through his hands. He began to read: "Avgerine. Oldest daughter of the wholesale merchant Con. Argentis, established in Venice. Betrothed

to Ste. Rhodocanachis, wholesale merchant at Marseilles. Twenty years and four months. Perfect health. No bodily defect. Highly educated and many accomplishments. Fully worth twenty thousand piastres."

"Is she the daughter of Argentis at Venice? Where do you get this information?"

"From Scio. From the man who sold her to me. He belonged to the island, and knew all the families, and was the first to get possession of the more striking and beautiful articles."

The banker reflected.

"Buy her, effendi, and don't hesitate. Keep her a few months, and when you get tired of her write to her relatives. They will pay whatever you please for her ransom. Don't you understand?"

"This woman does not have the Sciot pronunciation," observed the Armenian.

"No," Mousa replied; "for she was brought up in France. That must persuade you that she is not an animal. She has a fine mind and good manners. She is not an animal, effendi."

"Let her walk a little. I want to observe her height better."

"She shall do so, effendi."

Then the dealer ordered Andronike to stand up. Throwing over her a red Tunisian burnoose, he took her out into the vestibule, holding her by a rope which was fastened to her girdle.

The pitiable girl resembled Zenobia, the queen of Palmyra, whom Aurelian obliged to walk before him loaded with chains.

"All right! She is mine," cried the banker. "Bring her to my house to-night."

"I will not fail. I thank you. May she please you," said Hadji Mousa. "I am sure that you will always boast of your bargain."

Smiling amiably and toying with his string of beads, the Armenian quitted the slave market.

CHAPTER II

EVENING DIVERSIONS

ANDRONIKE had been captured on board a Greek vessel that was bound from Scio to Hydra, and had as passengers about thirty families, relics of the great catastrophe. The vessel was overpowered by a Turkish frigate, which was already loaded with women and children who had been seized in the different islands.

On the deck of this frigate was Hadji Mousa, who had bought a great number of slaves from Scio.

Struck by the beauty of Andronike, he paid two thousand piastres to the officer into whose hands her fortune had cast her, and also gave in exchange another young woman from Scio, named Avgerine, who belonged to the well-known Argentis family. He gave the name Avgerine to his new purchase, as she refused to tell him her own or anything about her family, and, to increase her value, said she was the daughter of the rich Argentis of Venice.

After her sale became known to her companions in the slave market, they congratulated her at her deliverance from that place of torment, and because she had come into the possession of a Christian. Andronike answered only by a melancholy smile, and a wish that each might meet a better fate than her own.

What could she do? In dire extremity resolution is the last refuge of noble souls, patience and endurance their comfort, and trust in divine Providence all their future. The wisest course is to talk little and constantly to plan for better days.

Andronike had, however, two other great comforts. One was that in her clothing next her person she had succeeded in hiding the diamonds of Kara Ali. She was decked in them when she threw herself into the sea. As they were very valuable, she hoped by their means to escape. The other comfort was a little dagger, with which she might end her days if dishonor should threaten.

The house of the Armenian Hohannes Berikoglou was at Kouroutcheshmeh, a village on the European side of the Bosphorus.

It was a spacious mansion, richly furnished and surrounded by flower-gardens. Objects of Turkish, Armenian, and European elegance, got together pell-mell in the house, in the general confusion presented nothing worthy of special attention.

The banker was unmarried, and now, when age had succeeded a profligate youth, he cared only for gambling and making money.

It was already evening when he returned home. Soon several other Armenians and a few young men belonging to Catholic families at Pera, among them all the best card-players of the capital, began to assemble.

In a few minutes clouds of smoke from their pipes filled the room where they sat, and the servants brought in coffee and sweets.

Before the faro, the banker commenced with gusto to tell all about his beautiful bargain of that day. The eyes of the listeners sparkled with excitement and curiosity at his amorous description. At that moment there was a knock at the door, and the first accountant of the banker came in.

He was no other than Luigi Casteli, whose acquaintance we made at Scio.

"Qu'est que c'est, Monsieur Louis?" Berikoglou asked in French, a language which the Armenians greatly affect.

"C'est que after you left the office this morning a message came from Arnaout Pasha, praying you not to sell the diamond casket, for a jeweller in the bezestan to-day offers him a much higher price."

"Heavens! I have already disposed of it to Fatima Sultana," cried the banker, stamping his foot.

"L'affaire est un peu troublée," said Casteli.

"Vous savez que faire, Monsieur Louis. Go instantly to the palace of his Excellency and explain the circumstances."

"Très bien, monsieur."

"Listen, Monsieur Louis. Say to him en passant that I intended to visit him myself to-morrow in order to bring him a very beautiful slave whom I purchased for him to-day at Yesir Bazar."

"Très bien," Casteli replied again, and, saluting the company to the ground, he went out.

"Who is this Arnaout Pasha who is making so much stir in Constantinople at present?" one of the company inquired.

"He is the bosom friend of Chourshid Pasha, vizir of Epirus and the Morea," Berikoglou replied. "He was sent from Yanina in charge of the treasures of the accursed Ali Pasha of Tepelen. He has innumerable diamonds. I think," he added expressively, "that he is one of the people who had his share in them."

"Is he a very old man?" another asked.

"No. Forty-four or forty-five perhaps. A rather small man, somewhat hunchbacked, but he is very rich, and speaks three or four languages."

"Three or four languages! A Turk and speak three or four languages!" cried all the Armenians at once, together.

"In fact it is a miracle, but he speaks them," said the banker.

This conversation was interrupted by Hadji Mousa, who arrived, bringing Andronike to the banker.

"Oh! oh! Now let us see the beautiful lady," somebody cried.

Hadji Mousa had caused her to be dressed with some elegance. Since her present position of slave in a palace was considered a promotion, her face was covered by a veil, and she wore the Turkish trousers and ferejé.

When she was brought into the room, Berikoglou himself took off her veil, and enthusiastically asked the spectators if she was not worth double the price he had paid Hadji Mousa.

All without exception considered her marvellously beautiful, and some made the observation that he was foolish in giving her to the pasha and in not keeping her for himself.

"One can have as many women as he wishes to-day," replied Berikoglou, with cynical indifference. "Take a turn in Yesir Bazar, and see how many are sold there like her. The insurrection has glutted the market, and one does not know whom to buy and whom to refuse. Besides, I have my own plans, and I want to oblige this pasha. Now is a time for gaining money and becoming banker of the sultan himself."

"Every one has his own reasons," observed one. "But as for myself, I would not give this young woman for the whole world."

Andronike heard apathetically. Her eyes and ears had become accustomed to many abominable things during a brief period. She answered certain questions addressed her with a dignity which showed that she was not born a slave, and maintained a stern silence toward one insolent fellow who tried some shameful jokes.

Hadji Mousa was paid and went off. The purchased slave was removed to her own room, and the company soon devoted themselves to gambling.

In an hour Luigi Casteli returned, and informed his master that Arnaout Pasha was very angry at the sale of the diamond casket and wished to see Berikoglou at once.

This circumstance greatly disturbed the company. Heads were cut off like turnips in those days in Constantinople. Berikoglou, however, with great self-control, continued to play a little while longer. Then he dismissed his first secretary and rose. "Go on with your game till I return," he said. "I will not be long. Don't be disturbed."

Enveloping Andronike in the most splendid wraps he had, he embarked with her in his double-oared caique and started for Arnaout Pasha's palace.

CHAPTER III

ARNAOUT PASHA AND THE SLAVE

As Andronike entered the caique of the Armenian, she could not keep back the burning tears at the thought that she was passing from the hands of a Christian into those of a Turk. She earnestly besought her master not to give her up to the pasha, and promised him no end of money if he would keep her a few days longer in his house; but who paid attention! The Armenian, a well-known usurer, gave no heed to her words. Andronike was well aware that, if she threw her diamonds at his feet, she would perhaps soften him for a time, but then she would be once for all deprived of means for escape, and her slavery would be lifelong. Besides, any Christian who at that time of suffering would so mercilessly and inflexibly give

up a Christian woman to a Mussulman was worse than the Turks themselves. Once more, therefore, she centred every hope in divine Providence, her everlasting refuge, and kept silent without a murmur.

After half an hour's rowing the caique touched the opposite shore of the Bosphorus at the village of Beylerbey, where was situated the summer palace of Chourshid Pasha, the famous vizir of Peloponnesus, in which Arnaout Pasha was then residing.

The Armenian and Andronike entered the magnificent edifice. In dazzling display of wealth and luxury, it is inferior only to the seraglio of the sultan.

Berikoglou left Andronike under the care of the pasha's slaves, and entered his presence alone. He saluted with a salaam to the ground. The pasha was sitting on a downy divan, smoking a silver-mounted and long-stemmed narghileh, and with his back propped against two gold-embroidered cushions.

"Has Fatima Sultana my diamond casket?" he asked.

"Yes, effendi."

"And what does she offer?"

"One hundred and fifty thousand piastres."

"A Greek of the bezestan offers me two hundred and fifty thousand piastres on the part of the seraglio; so you see the difference is large. To-morrow morning he will come for it."

"It is strange, effendi. I obtained no such price anywhere. Fatima Sultana gave me one hundred and fifty thousand piastres, the very sum you fixed. I closed with her, and to-morrow morning she will pay me the money."

"Have you closed the bargain? You did wrong not to tell me first," said the pasha, angrily. "You will pay me the difference. I demand from you the other one hundred thousand piastres, Berikoglou."

"As you please, effendi. Not one hundred thousand, but a million, if you wish. You don't know me yet. I do not work for money, for I have millions. I work for glory. The honor of being your banker contents me."

"Sit down, Berikoglou, sit down," said the pasha, pointing to a place on his divan, and questioning the sincerity of his banker with a pair of piercing eyes.

It is superfluous to hide from the reader that Arnaout Pasha was the accursed Barthakas, that is to say, the

caftanji of Chourshid. He had been promoted by the infatuated vizir of the Morea to the rank of pasha of one tail, and was then appointed to accompany the treasures of Ali Pasha from Yanina to Constantinople. All this had been effected by him; but, since the wives of the vizir had been liberated, he was afraid that on their return his theft of their diamonds would be detected.

The reader understands already why the banker flattered him so much. Barthakas wanted a tool like Berikoglou, and Berikoglou wanted an unprincipled pasha like Barthakas. Together they could arrange how to appropriate these treasures, and charge the robbery on the aged and indolent vizir of Peloponnesus. Certain explanations took place that evening, and they arranged to consult more in detail on the morrow.

The banker rose to take leave. "Verily, your Excellency, I forgot. I have the courage to offer you a beautiful slave, whom I bought at Yesir Bazar."

"Thanks, Berikoglou. I have just come to Constantinople, and so have not yet arranged my harem. You are the first to remind me of it."

"And she is one who would please anybody."

"Really! Is she a Georgian or a Circassian?"

"She is a Christian from Scio, but superior to a Georgian or Circassian. She is well brought up, and belongs to a first-class family. She was raised in Venice."

"In Venice! Where is she?"

"I brought her here. She is outside in the ante-chamber."

"Bring her. Bring her inside for me to see her," said Barthakas, rising.

Andronike was brought in. The banker, softly approaching her from behind, drew the veil from her face.

Barthakas was speechless from surprise.

"My God!" murmured the daughter of the demogeront; and her arms, as if of the dead, fell upon her knees.

"Your Excellency! You know each other, I see! Strange coincidence!"

"To-morrow, then, we will finish our talk, Baron Berikoglou. To-morrow," taking the banker by the arm, — "to-morrow, to-morrow; come exactly at twelve o'clock, and we will breakfast together and talk more fully. I thank you unutterably for your present. One more beau-

tiful and more precious you could not have made me." Giving the banker no time to take breath, still holding him by the arm, he accompanied him as far as the door.

"And have you, my Andronike, been sold as a slave in the slave market?" he said, returning toward her and crossing his arms on his breast.

"Be content. From the day when my house was burned and my brother and father butchered, I have had an hour of peace nowhere in the world. I have escaped one danger only to fall into a worse."

"Alas! From the day your house was burned and your father butchered, my conscience has not let me have one hour of peace, dearest. Although fortune has not ceased to shower its gifts upon me, and although I had the happiness of offering every consolation, or rather a few services to your dying Thrasyboulos, yet —"

"My dying Thrasyboulos! Speak, speak, teacher! What has become of Thrasyboulos?" the distracted girl asked madly.

"Yes, my beloved one, call me teacher and not pasha, and I shall always call you my longed-for pupil. These are the two epithets which pour charm and priceless recollections on my heart."

"For God's sake, Kyrios Barthakas, tell me, if you do not wish me to go mad! Tell me quicker! What became of my Thrasyboulos?"

"He died," said the teacher, mournfully covering his face with his hand.

"He died! Tell me the truth! He died!"

"Bitter truth! Here is his ring, which he kissed a thousand times before breathing his last. He intrusted it to me to give back to you."

"Died," she muttered again, grasping it convulsively. "It is our engagement ring. O my Panaghia! Did he die? He died!" she shrieked. Throwing herself on her knees, with heart-rending groans she began to tear her hair.

The traitor seemed himself to share her anguish. He stood as if in grief, pressing his handkerchief to his eyes.

The wretched Andronike forgot her situation. She forgot in what monster's den she was, and soon began to ask details of her lover's death.

"He was wounded at Dragatzana, where he fought like

a hero. He was wounded, I say, and taken prisoner with fifteen others of the Sacred Legion. The Turks would have beheaded them all if by good fortune I had not been there at the time. I saved them from a cruel fate, took Thrasyboulos to my house, and employed every means of curing him. The ball was in his breast, and the wound was incurable. He himself foresaw the end, and sobbing kept calling out, 'Andronike, precious Andronike!' He told me of your oath at the black waters of the Styx. Giving me your ring, with agony he uttered his last wish. 'Give it to my adored one,' he said. 'Tell her that I worshipped her till my last breath. Do not forget to tell her that you closed my eyes, and —'

"Did he know about me? Did he know of the death of my father? Had he received any of the letters I sent him?" she interrupted.

"He knew nothing. You understand, dear one, that I was not so simple as to tell him what occurred in the tower. One such story, besides its uselessness, would have blackened me and have hastened his death. I confined myself to saying that I went from the tower to the camp of Patras to take part in the Greek struggle, and that I was captured by the Turks. I added distinctly that I was watching for the first opportunity of returning to the arms of my holy religion and nation."

Andronike kept on sobbing, with her hands pressed to her face. The oath at the Styx, known only to her and Thrasyboulos, and his ring, made it impossible to doubt that his cherished soul had departed from this life.

"Listen, Andronike!" said Barthakas, drawing near and taking her hand in his. "Let us forget the past. It is deadly for us both. I injured you and you injured me. Your letter to Lontos at Patras almost caused my death. That letter forced me to desert to the Turks, and afterwards to remain with them. Let us therefore forget the past. Your moments now are holy. They are moments of grief and tears, and I as a man respect them. From my heart I sympathize with you. Do not imagine that in this palace you are in any sense a slave. On the contrary, you are the mistress. All the rooms, all the maid-servants, everything here is under your orders. I swear to you on all I hold sacred that I will never approach your apartments if I do not first have your permission, if I

do not have your heartfelt consent. At least, my beloved Andronike, give me the chance of making you partially forget the evil I have done you. I believe that God, pitying the pangs of my conscience, has brought you before me in this harsh situation. Believe me, Andronike, there is no worse torment in the world than remorse."

So Barthakas, with his handkerchief before his eyes and with false sobs in his throat, acted skilfully the part of consummate hypocrisy.

Silence and sorrow on both sides for a long time prevailed. Finally, Andronike with a deep groan thanked Barthakas for the manner in which he treated her.

Afterwards Arnaout Pasha assigned her the best part of the palace, many maid-servants, a little library, and every costly thing esteemed by Turkish luxury. None the less did he select four eunuchs to watch carefully that she should not escape.

CHAPTER IV

THE OAR AGAIN

THERE was then a house in the quarter of Phanar near the sea not far from the patriarchate, at whose door we saw the execution of the patriarch Gregory. The house was small, but scrupulously clean, and contained a numerous family, consisting of father, mother, five daughters, and two sons. The family was that of Lampikis, the boatman, to whom the diamond-studded snuff-box of the sultan had been given, and who had done so much for the preservation of the patriarch's remains. He was no longer a boatman, but had become a diamond merchant, an occupation with which he was acquainted from childhood, as his father had followed it before him.

He had broken up the snuff-box, and had skilfully made from it rings, clasps, ear-rings, and the like. With the money Thrasyboulos gave him he bought various other ornaments, and with his wife visited the harems of the sultan and the great pashas, and sold his goods to the odalisques at a high price. By his pleasing and witty ways he gained their confidence, and they soon began to

intrust their own diamonds to him, sometimes for him to sell, sometimes for him to give them another setting or to completely change their form. The prayer of the blessed Gregory, "May God grant you riches," had apparently been heard. He became not only well known in all the palaces of the Ottoman aristocracy in the capital, but also through the markets of Constantinople. Whoever had diamonds to sell or to set addressed himself to him. Thus he had been employed by Arnaout Pasha.

Lampikis served him with unswerving fidelity, and soon obtained a free entrance into his palace, all the while gaining large profits for himself. Finally he had been commissioned to make a splendid necklace, which Barthakas proposed to give Andronike.

Dinner was on the table one day about a month after Andronike had fallen into the hands of her abhorred tutor. The family were waiting for the father to arrive before sitting down. The daughters were busy separating and joining tiny bits of diamonds, while the sons polished and clipped the golden links and joints of the necklace.

None of the children possessed remarkable beauty. Their monotonous blue eyes and protruding under lips, as well as their low voices, did not at first give a very favorable impression. On better acquaintance one recognized their guileless nature and the simplicity and virtue of their lives.

"I did hope, mama, that papa would come a little earlier," said Marionca. "The odor of those kiftés makes me so hungry."

"Really he is an hour later than usual to-night. The Panaghia grant that nothing has happened to him," the mother replied.

"What could happen to him? I know. Some new business keeps him in some palace at a distance."

"I know why he is late," said Vasilakis.

"Why?"

"Because to-day is the day when they bury the heads of Ali Pasha and of his sons at the Gate of Selivria."

"Bah! And you imagine that papa has so lost his brains as to leave his business and run to stare at the heads of Ali Pasha and Mouktar," said Smaragda, laughing.

"Very well. Laugh! Everybody is running to see them. The English offered I don't know how many pounds to buy them for a museum in London, but Souleïman Dervish, an old friend of Ali's, gave a good deal more to get them. Arnaout Pasha has charge of the burial, and he must have taken papa with him. Do you understand now, my lady?"

"There is papa! I hear his step!"

"There he is!" said the mother, rising and listening.

Lampikis entered immediately. Taking off his cap, he sat down upon a sofa and drew a long, deep breath. He appeared thoroughly worn out and very absorbed.

"You are a little late, my chicken," said his wife, gently.

"Who says there are no miracles in our days?" muttered the diamond merchant, making the sign of the cross, and paying no attention to the remark of his wife.

"Why, papa?"

"Nothing, nothing. Have you picked the stones I gave you?"

"Yes. They are all arranged."

"The necklace must be ready in three days."

"Why?"

"Because it must be. Is anything else ordained for me to see in this world?"

"What is the matter, papa? You talk strangely to-night," Tarsitsa asked, taking his hand.

"Nothing, nothing, my child. Let us have dinner."

"Tell us at least, is what has happened good or bad," said Vasilakis.

"It is not time yet for you to know anything about it," replied the father.

"You are strange, papa. At first you keep your secrets from us in a deep and mysterious way, and then, after an hour has passed and you have excited our curiosity, you open the leaves of your heart like a lily."

"My son Vasilakis, don't be so inquisitive," said his father; "and yet I will excite your curiosity a little more. Look here!" he added with a kindly smile. Then he took from his pocket an immense diamond ring and a fork inlaid with precious stones. Both were worth many thousand piastres.

"Mama, what splendid stones!" cried Smaragda.

"What a tremendous brilliant!" Vasilakis exclaimed.
"Whose is it? Tell me!"

"It is ours, Kyrios Vasilakis. It belongs to us."

"Ours! Those diamonds are worth thousands! Who gave them to you?"

"The same person who gave me the snuff-box which changed our fortune and made us gentlemen instead of boatmen," said the father, smiling.

"What! The most blessed patriarch!" cried the son, in amazement.

"Yes, the patriarch Gregory," replied Lampikis, reverently, once more making the sign of the cross.

"Do you really, truly mean, papa, the blessed patriarch?"

"Let us sit down to dinner, children," said the father, putting the diamonds back in his pocket.

Kyrios Lampikis, taking his seat at the head of the table, began to eat like a hungry man, while an animated discussion ensued among his seven children, whether the patriarch Gregory had really returned to life and given their father such precious things.

The mother, who knew her husband, remained silent, apparently careless and indifferent. Her silence would cause the solution of the mystery more quickly than if she imitated her children.

"But did you see the patriarch with your own eyes? What did he say to you?" insisted Vasilakis, who had not put a crumb into his mouth, and was all excitement to penetrate his father's secret.

"He told me," the father answered, addressing his two sons, "that in the evening day after to-morrow you must be ready for a great undertaking — that we shall leave the diamonds and take up again our former occupation with the oars."

"With the oars! What do you mean?"

"The oars; once more the oars. Take care to keep the secret. Don't let a word go out of this house of what I have told you to-night and what you have seen. Now I am going to sleep, and all day long to-morrow I shall stay with you to finish the necklace. Good-night, my children," he added. Then, nodding to his wife to follow, he withdrew to his chamber.

CHAPTER V

WHAT THE OAR MEANT

AFTER Barthakas had conducted Andronike to her apartments, he returned to his own almost delirious with joy. He found his pupil more developed than when he saw her last and humbler, or at least in his power.

Then he stood upright in front of a full length mirror in his room and, surveying his magnificent robes, began to indulge in loud and hearty laughter, and shrug his shoulders violently. A stranger seeing him would have supposed that like Adonis he was taking delight in his figure. It was not so however. Though Barthakas was a knave, he was intelligent enough to know himself. He was only laughing at the tricks of destiny. Destiny had raised him to rank and wealth. To fully complete his happiness, it now cast at his feet her, for the sake of whom he had passed wakeful and weary nights, her whom he loved, whom he hated, in the presence of whom he felt fear and shame, and yet whom he passionately desired.

A momentary seriousness soon took possession of the unnatural teacher. It seemed to him that his pupil, thus appearing before him, announced the end of his felicity.

His sleep that night was broken and disturbed by evil dreams.

When the banker visited him on the morrow, Barthakas did not fail to seek information as to the dealer from whom she had been bought. Berikoglou was forced to tell the truth, and say he had obtained her from Hadji Mousa.

During four successive days he paid her no visit. He followed this course to inspire her with confidence. She was in his power; slowly and safely then, preventing her from communication with the rest of the world, and wearing out her sad heart by the tediousness of solitude, he hoped to bring her to himself. He felt a wild satisfaction that he had drowned Thrasyboulos, and removed a powerful rival from his path.

On the fifth day he asked permission to pay her a visit. He had in readiness many garments and ornaments of pearls, opals, and diamonds to present her.

The first moments of Andronike in her affliction were excruciating. The heart of woman, when she really loves, is a gulf the depth of which man cannot measure. Her whole existence becomes only an ebb and flow of ceaseless hopes. Her heart opens to ten thousand desires, and the purpose of all these desires is only to find a way whereby she may hold her lover in everlasting bonds. How black the universe appears to such a soul after it has lost the object of its longing, no one can express.

She shed many tears. She reasoned with herself and pondered over the cruel news in every way ; but as she saw the ring, and remembered that Barthakas knew word for word their conversation at the waters of the Styx, she could not question that Thrasyboulos during his last moments had revealed all to the teacher.

Yet on the other hand, when she recalled the death of her father and brother, and the infamous way in which Barthakas had lied to Andreas Lontos, she was again in doubt.

As she became more quiet, she tried to discover how he had attained such rank and wealth. She was full of loathing at his apostasy, and her old aversion became more intense. Unfortunately Andronike could not conceal her sentiments or disguise her face. Whomever she loved, she showed it at once ; whomever she hated, she could not treat civilly.

Barthakas found Andronike dressed in mourning, whereby her attractiveness was increased. Again he spoke words of comfort, and pretended to respect her affliction. He talked of Thrasyboulos warmly, enthusiastically of the achievements of the Greeks, and disdainfully of the outrages of the Turks. After a short visit he took leave with an affectation of sorrow and respect.

"I understand you well, Satan," Andronike murmured to herself as soon as he went out. "Your quietness is the prelude of diabolical plans." She tried forthwith to devise some scheme for her escape.

Wherever in that palace she turned her eyes, she saw only followers of the Koran. The only Christians who entered there were Berikoglou and Lampikis. Surely she had nothing to hope from the former. The latter as yet she did not know well, although Barthakas continually sent him for her to select new presents.

Finally the visits of Barthakas became more frequent. His conversation changed. Often he remarked that he wished to convert his property into ready money and go with Andronike to Europe. He promised her that there she should enjoy the highest society, and said that he himself designed to assume the title of prince and take the name of some distinguished Greek family.

His passion grew stronger and threatened to burst control. Only the fear with which she had inspired him on the night when she lashed his face prevented him from proceeding to violence. Finally he decided to propose marriage on the very day on which he should hang round her neck the costly necklace that Lampikis was making.

Therefore, as he was setting out to bury the head of Ali Pasha at the gate of Selivria he told the diamond merchant that the necklace must be ready in three days without fail.

On entering the apartment of Andronike during the absence of the pasha to show her some diamonds, Lampikis found her alone with none of her maid-servants near. They began to talk. That day for the first time he informed her that he had known the patriarch Gregory. He told her that his good fortune was due to him, and that he had a strong affection for his nephew Thrasyboulos.

Then Andronike opened her heart without reserve. He was astounded at learning who she was. He felt as if the patriarch himself were bidding him help her, and swore that he was ready from that moment to sacrifice his last diamond for her deliverance. Andronike gave him the brilliant and the fork which so excited his family. She promised him also further rewards if they succeeded in effecting her escape. Lampikis accepted the task as a religious duty.

They agreed that the attempt should be made on the night of the day on which Barthakas was to present her the diamond necklace. Her rooms looked out only on the Bosphorus. The waters of the strait washed the foundations of the palace, and her latticed windows were about forty feet above. In his boat Lampikis was to bring a rope, which she could pull up by a cord, and then climb down. He was to wait for her below.

Her servants were not suspicious, and were feeling kindly to her, as she had been generous with presents. Only courage on both sides seemed necessary for success.

CHAPTER VI

CHIVALRY

IN a small house at Pera near the Taxim lived Luigi Casteli, chief cashier of the banker Berikoglou. As we have seen, he had left Scio, penniless, a few months before its destruction, and crossed to Smyrna. The Catholic archbishop of that city gave him letters of recommendation for Constantinople, and by means of them he obtained the good will of the banker.

On entering this humble dwelling, we find Casteli, the husband of Angerouca, his former flame. Under this same roof we shall find also Kyria Phrancoulis and Loula, her second daughter. The surprise of their presence is easily explained. When the slave markets of Constantinople were crowded by many thousand inhabitants of Scio, Casteli often went there thinking he might meet some one of his acquaintances or relatives. On one and the same day he came upon Angerouca, Loula, and their mother, though in the hands of different dealers. The price of the three amounted to ten thousand piastres. With great exertions, he got that sum together and paid their ransom.

His grief was keen at seeing that once opulent family in such a condition. His former affection awoke, and his conscience made him bitterly lament the evil reports he had once spread about Angerouca. He asked her hand in marriage from her mother, and espoused her soon after.

The Catholic now conducted himself toward Kyria Phrancoulis like her own son. He showed her respect and devotion, and economized all he could from his salary to contribute to her comfort. Married life often transforms the character of a man. Casteli now became sober, industrious, and faithful in the discharge of the duties he had assumed. Employing every means to discover the fate of his wife's scattered family, he learned that Pantelis and Diamanto were married, and that, by the help of the French consul, they and Lorentzis had sailed for Trieste.

The treasures of Ali Pasha of Yanina had already come under the control of the Armenian banker. Arnaout Pasha had indeed delivered over a small proportion of

them to the imperial treasury, but had appropriated all the rest to his own advantage. In all the negotiations between Arnaout Pasha and Berikoglou, Casteli was the intermediary, so he made his own profit and paid his debts. Though he did not see Andronike, he heard of her often from his employer, who called her, as we know, Avgerine. He was also acquainted with Lampikis, who did much business for his master.

On the day following their excitement, the whole family of the diamond merchant worked on the necklace for Arnaout Pasha. The father had controlled their curiosity by promising to satisfy it as soon as they finished the work on which they were engaged.

When at last the day's labor was done, and they sat down to dinner, he told his children all about Andronike. It is needless to describe the interest all felt when they learned what had happened to the betrothed of Thrasyboulos.

"We shall do something grand if we rescue Andronike," cried Vasilakis; "but where in the world can we hide her? In our small house a stranger would be discovered at once. It would be ruin for her and for us too."

"That is the greatest difficulty of all," said Lampikis. "If we can find no other place, we must bring her here; but my mind constantly turns to Signor Casteli as the only man I can think of who is likely to help us."

"Casteli!" exclaimed his wife. "That is impossible! In the first place it was his master Berikoglou who gave her to Arnaout Pasha, and in the second place Casteli is a Frank, and the Franks hate us worse than the Turks do."

"I know he is a Frank; but I do not believe he is a fanatic. His wife is an Orthodox Greek, and her mother and sister live with them. They belong to one of the richest and best families of Scio, where he used to know them. In fact, he rescued his wife and her mother and sister from the slave market here. It took every para he could scrape up."

"Probably he knows Andronike then," said Kyria Lampikis. "At any rate, it is about certain that his wife and her family do. If he could only be trusted, his house would be the safest place in the city. Who would think of Andronike being hidden at the house of the chief cashier of Berikoglou!"

"The best thing to do then," said Smaragda, "is for papa and mama to make a call on the Castelis. Then they can refer to Scio and feel their way. When they think best, they can mention Andronike and watch."

This idea was approved by all, and father and mother set out at once for Pera. No plan could have been more sagacious or successful. The guests were received cordially, and as soon as they mentioned Scio, they touched full hearts.

"Did you ever meet a certain Andronike?" Lampikis remarked to Casteli.

"Signora Andronike! Ask Kyria Phrancoulis, in whose family she lived for months!"

"What, Signor Casteli! Is your mother-in-law Kyria Phrancoulis? I did not understand that," exclaimed the diamond merchant. Turning to her, he said, "Then you remember both Kyria Andronike and Kyria Diamanto?"

"Indeed I loved them both like my own children. Diamanto is married to my son Pantelis, and they are now in Trieste; but I know nothing about our beloved Andronike," she replied.

"Then, my wife, there is no need for us to keep silent any longer. We are in good hands," said Lampikis, and he told all about the plan for the rescue.

Words cannot describe the mingled surprise and joy of the household. All overwhelmed Lampikis and his wife with affection and gratitude. It was agreed that immediately after her escape Andronike should be brought to the house of Casteli, where it would be comparatively easy to conceal her.

CHAPTER VII

A FALSE PROPHET

ARNAOUT PASHA's necklace consisted of a rose clasp of small diamonds with a dazzling cluster in the middle. The two chains were rows of solitaires.

As Lampikis placed it before Barthakas, the latter took it in his hands, turned it in every direction, and appeared exceedingly good-humored and pleased.

"I have a few other valuable stones, your Excellency, which I think would go well with this necklace," said the diamond merchant.

"These are very beautiful. This must be European workmanship, probably French. What is the price?"

"Twenty-five thousand piastres."

"Not less?"

"Perhaps I might make it a thousand less."

"I will take them. Show them to the lady at once. Tell her that they are for sale. Consult her opinion."

The diamond merchant immediately sought Andronike and told her everything. It was agreed for him to be that very night under her window.

Barthakas meanwhile attired himself in his most magnificent garments. He took with him his costly present, and entered the apartment of his pupil.

"My darling Andronike, do you know what day of the month this is?"

"Yes, Kyrios Barthakas, the twenty-seventh of October. Ah, I understand! My birthday! I had entirely forgotten it."

"Nevertheless I had not forgotten. I was always accustomed, when we lived so happily together in that blessed land of Arcadia, on this day to give you a present small but proportioned to my means. Retaining this custom, to-day I have been bold enough to bring you this small souvenir. Honor me then by accepting it, my good Andronike." He offered her the rich necklace in a casket of silver and ivory.

"Kyrios Barthakas, I am much obliged to you, but I cannot accept such a costly gift. I shall never be able to repay you."

"I do not want to be repaid, my beautiful Andronike. Unless you accept it, you will give me a mortal wound. Do you know the chief reason why I offer it to you?"

"No, Kyrios Barthakas."

"To appease my conscience. You see at what a height I stand to-day. How can I approach you and speak without deep blushes, for I was a hireling in your father's house? You, my darling, were the beginning of my success. What do I say? You are the inspiration of my learning. The teacher is taught. Whatever I learned, whatever I know, it is on account of you that I know it.

Then when I owe you so much, will you still deprive me of the moral satisfaction of discharging part of the heavier debt I owe our intercourse?"

"What use are such jewels as these, Kyrios Barthakas, to one plunged in sorrow and tears?"

"Your sorrow and tears cannot be eternal. Time, new experiences, change of scene, weakness of memory, the transition from one age to another, fate itself, if you will, utterly transform a man. Believe me, the day will come, my beloved Andronike, when in your transformation you will think either that you have been new-born or that a new soul has entered your body."

"Believe me, Kyrios Barthakas, my soul will never change. My sorrow will never cease. The walls of a monastery shall be the refuge of my remaining days."

Andronike pronounced these words gravely, and Barthakas realized that the chord he struck was not the right one.

"I believe you! I believe you! Or at least I will agree with your ideas. But let us not leave the subject. I beg you, I earnestly beg you to accept this casket."

"Grief does not need ornaments, Kyrios Barthakas."

"It does not need ornaments, but it does need consolation."

"You are right. It needs consolation," said the young woman, with a bitter smile. "The greatest consolation to the heart of the afflicted is found in doing good. If then you offer me these diamonds, not to adorn the black robes of my misfortune, but to assist the countless Christian victims who have been rendered homeless by Turkish despotism, I will accept them, and with them I will bless you forever."

"You are a woman beyond price. You are an angel of goodness. Accept them and use them as you will."

Andronike took them and thanked him.

Here the conversation changed. It turned to different subjects, and the most European courtesy appeared to reign between slave and master.

Soon a deep silence prevailed, during which the pasha appeared very thoughtful. He had come with the intention of proposing marriage to his pupil, but had been so disarmed by her proposal to enter a monastery that he was at a loss what to do. Finally he began again. "Do you

know, my dear Andronike, that very probably in a few days we shall set out for Paris or London?"

"I know nothing about it."

"In the Divan there is much talk of sending me there as ambassador. The few languages that I speak have created such an opinion of me among these cattle that my appointment is almost sure."

Andronike looked at him fixedly.

"If in fact I am appointed, our position becomes difficult and intricate, beloved Andronike."

"Your words, Kyrios Barthakas, are so obscure that I do not understand them."

"I will explain myself better, precious one," continued the pasha, toying nervously with his string of amber beads. "When one seeks to gain the affection of the world, its esteem, its respect, above all its attention, the first and most important thing is for one to make himself known to that world. This being once accomplished, the rest is nothing. Do you ask me, why I wish to become known and esteemed in the world? The question is inevitably presented to every man, especially to every Christian, whether he shall appear useful or useless to society. The man who amounts to nothing resembles the weeds that thrive among mountain rocks, and bring forth leaves and die, accepting thanklessly and to no purpose the bright dew of the morning, never serving as food to the animals or as any benefit to man. When, however, the fact is recognized that we were formed by God in some way to serve humanity, then we perfectly understand that we are performing a good and holy action by seeking to be of use. If our dispositions are good, if we are inclined to assist the sufferer, the helpless, the poor, how can we accomplish it if we are destitute of means and power? And how can the means and power be acquired by the capable, by those who, while young, spring at once over the heads of the crowd into a higher and broader horizon?"

"Now your eloquence has plunged me into still deeper darkness, Kyrios Barthakas," Andronike cried, with a forced laugh.

"Patience! A little patience, sweet one, and our conversation will become more clear," said Barthakas, without heeding in the least the irony in her eyes.

"The goal of every man's thought," he continued, "is

distinction. One man seeks it by his talents, another by wealth, another by learning, another by the sword. Millions of men from childhood to old age struggle for such distinction. They strive to emerge from darkness and become known to the community, but almost all fail and die in darkness. We are like flies, entangled once for all in a spider's web and dried up on it. Yet again, what does not a single moment sometimes bring about? Fate in an instant often exalts a man to a height whither neither his own labors nor the sacrifices of others could carry him. For example, take you and me. I, a simple servant, without any labor or exertion, am about to become an ambassador, and afterwards who knows! You, who like Artemisia, fought at Thermopylæ beside Diakos, you, the great lady of Peloponnesus, are sold as a slave in the slave market."

Andronike opened her great eyes and looked at him panting.

"Do you mean, heavenly girl, that now you must be left forever in obscurity? Can I believe that you desire it? If so, it is my duty to obey you, though your fate is pressing you higher, not, however, for the sake of offering you peace and pleasure, but to make you a child of mercy, a comfort of the unfortunate, a healer of human wounds. Andronike, my darling Andronike, by our holy faith, by the faith of Christ, I realize what is ordained for you better than you do yourself. When we are set apart for duties of such dignity, then, my good, my virtuous Andronike, let us also make sacrifices. A very great career demands a very great sacrifice. As far as we are able, let us banish from our distracted breasts old-time sufferings. Let us in the bliss of the present and of the future find forgetfulness of the past."

Andronike was terribly perplexed; but she endeavored to control her discontent and anger. A single unguarded word might overthrow all her plans for escape that night.

Barthakas took her silence for assent. He closed his eyes, and like a pythia continued with still more grandiloquence. "Yes. In the Sibylline books my soul has read that with you I have been ordained to play a great part in the enlightened circle of Europe. You are a woman who will wield wealth and power, not in luxury and empty dreams, but in works of beneficence. Like the shining hair of Berenice, your memory will glitter through

future ages. Let me, beloved maiden, lead you by the hand to the mansions of the leaders, to the abodes of the learned, to the palaces of kings. What perfection will you display in such schools! Never will Hymen adorn his altar with more fadeless flowers than the moment when the three graces, incarnated in your single self, shall salute him."

"Kyrios Barthakas, have you forgotten that I am a Christian? Have you forgotten that you have renounced Christianity and voluntarily accepted Islam?" the distracted girl interposed with great dignity.

"Beloved one, I was expecting this question just as the lame man expects to hear, 'Why are you lame?' My Andronike, you know that religion is of two kinds, — inward and outward. Furthermore, you are not ignorant that it is better for one to have the former than the latter. I put on Islam in order to enjoy the first. In what does religion consist except in good actions, generosity, and beneficence? How could I acquit them while a penniless and obscure Christian? Yet in the depth of my soul do not the Crucified and the ever Virgin dwell? As proof of it, see my amulet. My amulet is wood of the true cross, which I have never ceased wearing on my breast. Do you remember it, my child, in the days when I was your teacher?" He showed her a small amulet.

"I believe you. I cannot but believe you, for he who renounces Christianity for materialistic Islam is the most contemptible of men," Andronike soberly replied. "But you appear to be an Ottoman, and are about, as you say, to be sent as ambassador of the Sublime Porte to Europe. How then can you marry me without taking me to a mosque and employing an imam? You understand that I would prefer death a thousand times rather than consent to any such step."

The countenance of Barthakas glowed at this reply. He thought that he had gained his prize, that his pupil was inclining toward him, and that they were separated only by religion. "I can marry you according to our religion, the eternal religion of Christ, before the patriarch, and in the presence of the vizir himself."

"Kyrios Barthakas, do not play with the Turks. You live among them, and I am surprised that you do not know them yet. Look out for your head!"

"A dead man does not bite," he said, closing one eye and shaking his head with meaning. "Our Turks are finished. I am surprised that you should speak to me thus, you who have fought with them, and have seen them close by just as I have. We Christians can lead these wretches by the nose. To-day the reins are in our hands, and all we need is a little patience and dissimulation to leap into the saddle. But do not let us wander from the subject. I announce everywhere, my brilliant Andronike, that I am making every effort to persuade the Padishah and our Divan to permit me to marry a Christian. I shall make them all understand that of necessity I must take a wife with me to Christian countries. Those stupid Franks will then be convinced for the first time with their own eyes that in Turkey the fair sex is not oppressed as some faithless travellers represent. Then, when I disclose to my sovereign the advantages which the presence of such a majestic and virtuous woman can secure for our monarchy, and when I make it evident to him that there, in the hospitable salon of an attractive lady, the affairs of a nation are decided more quickly than in formal councils, by the Crucified, I am sure that the Padishah himself will desire our marriage. Sultan Mahmoud is devoted to reforms. Make him well understand the advantage of a thing, and not only does he do it, but he rewards liberally. Suppose, however, for a moment that I fail. So much the better. I have wealth, means, my former acquaintance in high circles. I will take the title of Prince Palæologus, or some other name, and we will go to Paris or London, saying we are descended from the Byzantine emperors. We shall gradually be reckoned among the real princes of Europe. The Greeks will become accustomed to calling us by this name, and we ourselves shall begin to believe in our right to it. Then, when that solemn hour shall strike, that sceptre-destroying hour when this monarchy is overwhelmed and the Byzantine empire is resurrected, who else will the Great Powers select to occupy the throne of Byzas than me whom they will believe descended in direct line from a race of rulers! And then, my glorious Andronike, in this capital where you were sold as a slave, your beautiful head with unutterable glory will wear the crown of the wise Theodora, of the illustrious Pulcheria, and of Saint Theophania."

Andronike felt that unless she gave him some slight encouragement her position would be worse than on the flagship. She remained thoughtful for a time, and afterwards said, "Kyrios Barthakas, my heart is still sore from the afflictions which one after another in so short a time have befallen me. I realize that no one is left me in the world, and that I must finally resign myself to some place and to some sort of life, but before I decide, I have need of much reflection. I desire the respite of a month, and I doubt not that you will grant it to me."

"Not only one month but two, my darling Andronike, for I myself understand that our marriage cannot take place for six months at least. Your sorrow is my sorrow. I have entered on this conversation to-night only to study your opinion. Reflect, my darling, and consider your situation as you will," cried Barthakas, overcome with joy, "and you will see that none can offer you more splendid and more varied advantages than divine Providence through me places at your feet. If, after mature reflection, you decide, my Aphrodite, to accept me, your Hephæstus, if Heaven has truly designed you, the goddess of beauty, for me, the humblest of men, let the world know that it was done to manifest more strikingly the immensity of your virtue. It was done to offer you a man's faith and devotion and boundless love, something in truth very rare and difficult to find in this lower world."

Thus Barthakas discharged the last arrow from his quiver. He pressed with passion and kissed with burning lips the hand of his pupil. He showered upon her many endearing names. Then taking his turban in both his hands like a true worshipper of Mecca, he turned, and slowly left the room.

It was already midnight. Andronike was almost dead from anxiety and fear. The sight of her father's assassin was a thousand times more repulsive to her than the admiral Kara Ali himself. She called for warm water as if for a bath, so her servants remained in the adjacent chamber. Then she fastened the door on the inside. With the speed and daring which up to the present she had always shown, in ten minutes she was outside her cage and below in the boat. An hour later she was in the arms of Loula and Kyria Phrancoulis!

The house of Signor Casteli during the next few days was like a tiny theatre. Each inmate narrated what he had himself seen and endured. So varied and so eventful was the story of each that one ceased talking only to give an opportunity to some other to begin.

Andronike received minute details in reference to Thrasyboulos. She had written to the bankers M—— in Odessa, in whose care, she was informed through the patriarchate, the property of the murdered Gregory had been deposited. They answered that Thrasyboulos, after the battle of Dragatzana, had fallen into the power of the Austrians, that he had escaped from the fortress of Munkacs, returned to the Peloponnesus, and at last accounts was in Misolonghi.

She abandoned her garb of mourning, which the infamous teacher had so deceitfully persuaded her to put on; but she was lost in endless conjectures as to how her enemy had obtained possession of the betrothal ring, and had learned about their oath.

Lampikis, rejoicing at the success of his generous and hazardous undertaking, and munificently rewarded by Andronike, resolved, as he was in easy circumstances, to leave the capital before the Turks found out what he had done.

Andronike earnestly encouraged him in this design. With his entire family they embarked, about the beginning of June, 1823, on an Ionian vessel for Ithaca. Their voyage lasted almost three months, being prolonged by the calms prevalent on the Ægean, by frequent contrary winds, and by the Ottoman fleet that seemed everywhere. Finally in September they landed in safety.

Signor Casteli remained at Constantinople. Business was brisk, and he wanted to take advantage of circumstances, especially as he had a fine situation with the Armenian banker.

Kyria Despoinouca with Loula went to Trieste to her sons, Pantelis and Lorentzis, who, through the aid of their relatives and compatriots, had founded a commercial house.

The rage of Arnaout Pasha was indescribable. He was awakened from the most delicious dreams to be informed of his pupil's escape.

The ladder hanging outside the window left no doubt in

his mind that the dove had flown to the opposite shore of the Bosphorus. The height was great, and what she had done seemed to him more daring than if he had climbed Pompey's Pillar.

All his palace was in commotion. Eunuchs, slaves, horses, dogs, boats, were sent in every direction in pursuit of the fugitive, but the search did not begin till two or three hours after Andronike had quitted the walls of the harem.

Whom to suspect! He was unable to form any idea. He knew that Andronike could have made no acquaintance at Constantinople, for she had been brought almost direct from the slave market to his palace, and there had remained all the time closely confined. Andronike a few days later, in order to divert his suspicions from Lampikis, wrote him that she had eluded his hands, thanks to one of his servants. But his servants were very many. He suspected them all, threatened them all, examined them all, and as he could not find out the truth he grew frenzied, his rage became madness, and finally despair. His eyes were not opened until the family of Lampikis sailed from Constantinople with Andronike; but then it was too late.

CHAPTER VIII

LORD BYRON

THE year of 1823 was drawing to its conclusion, and the world seemed amazed at the events of the Greek struggle. The death of Markos Botsaris, the failure of the two sieges of Misolonghi, the burning of the Turkish fleet by Canaris and Miaoulis, the arrival of Lord Byron, and of many other distinguished philhellenes, at last roused Sultan Mahmoud. He understood that it was no longer a question of punishing a revolted province, but of preserving his own tiara. Therefore he commanded Arnaout Pasha to depart without delay for Egypt, and to communicate to the viceroy of that country his imperial will that he should at once set his fleets and armies in motion and destroy the rebels, whom neither Chourshid

nor the Scodra Pasha nor Omer Brione until then had been able to overthrow.

On January fifth, surrounded by soldiers, Lord Byron entered Misolonghi in the midst of a discharge of firearms, shouts, and applause, and every sign of excessive joy on the part of the inhabitants.

Was there a Greek who did not hasten with emotion to behold that hero who by his martial stanzas had recalled him to the recollection of the West? By his pathetic strains he had reached and awakened the heart of slumbering Europe and filled it with enthusiastic sympathy for suffering Greece.

To that afflicted land, in its delirium, Lord Byron seemed one of those spirits which, escaping from the silent tombs of its ancestors, had flown to the West and there, assuming a British form, had sung its mournful elegies and uttered in verse the sorrows of their tortured hearts.

"Where is the brother of the modern Leonidas?" was his first question to the Archbishop of Arta, who with Mavrocordatos advanced at the head of the people to receive him.

Konstantinos Botsaris then appeared.

"Blessed mortal! You are the brother of a hero whom time will never forget," he said. Then turning toward the crowds, "Greeks," he cried, "you see in your midst an Englishman who never ceased to study the writings of your ancestors, who always prayed for your deliverance, and who now comes with you to inflict vengeance upon your tyrant, and for you to pour the last drop of his blood."

His arrival at Misolonghi was one of those strange triumphs rare in history. In nothing did it resemble that of Titus and Vespasian, whose togas dripped with Jewish blood, neither those of Trajan, Hadrian, and the two Antonines, who oppressed humanity with every sort of taxation to erect their monuments, neither those of Belisarius and Theodosius, whose entry the heads of Persians, Parthians, and Gauls preceded, borne on spears. It was a triumph simple as the laurel of the ancients. It was the reception, with natural enthusiasm, of a man who, like an angel from heaven, inspired in us the brightest hopes. In truth, the Greek reverently believed that Lord Byron was able to break his chains at once, and that he had been chosen

and sent by revered Great Britain herself for that express purpose.

The doors of his house were blocked by soldiers. The streets under his windows were rendered impassable by a tumultuous crowd. The walls of his reception room resembled an armory rather than a poet's dwelling. Swords, yataghans, daggers, scimitars, pikes, guns, powder-flasks, pistols and every kind of weapon, crowned with laurel and myrtle, and in all fantastic designs, then constituted the furniture and adornment of wealthy Greek houses.

Lord Byron glanced at the weapons of the hoplarchs, their Albanian attire, and the stalwart and imposing build of the men. He could not refrain from exclaiming, "Are these people the Greek bondmen whom we call degenerate!"

Nothing was ever more beautiful than his face. His countenance indicated the brilliancy of his mind. His hair, which hung in natural locks, was gray and his moustache blond. His chest was well rounded and prominent, his waist supple, and his complexion delicate and pale.

The only physical defect of Lord Byron was his left foot, which was naturally deformed. In consequence he limped a little, as also did three of his illustrious contemporaries, Talleyrand, Soult, and Sir Walter Scott. He always attributed this deformity to careless treatment by an uncle, but in truth he was born lame. He suffered so much in consequence as to think himself the most unfortunate of men whenever his attention fell upon his foot. He always spoke compassionately of lame people, or of those who had any trouble with their feet and might become so.

Lord Byron's character was that of a typical poet. He never followed the models which others had set before them, nor did he conform to any fixed system. The excellences and defects of his character were of the same unevenness and variety as were his ideas when committed to paper.

Sometimes he seemed pensive, morose, silent, forbidding in appearance, and exceedingly haughty. At others he was vivacious, gentle, witty, gay, full of anecdotes and good humor, passing from one mood to the other in a moment. While leading the general conversation, suddenly his memory would recall unpleasant experiences, and he would at once become silent and a prey to melancholy. Then his eyes would moisten, he would rise uneasily, and withdraw to his apartments or walk slowly, with hands folded behind

him, from one end of the room to the other without paying the least heed to persons present.

Meanwhile his poetical emotion would awake, and whatever he then wrote was beautiful and inspiring. In a single day he would be transformed into two or three different men, each with a character the direct opposite of the rest. From a philanthropist he would become a miser, from a man of society a misanthrope, from a grave clergyman a frivolous boy. From the noblest and loftiest ideas he would descend to the most debased and ignoble. His writings bear the same stamp. "*Childe Harold*" is the faithful picture of the one man and "*Don Juan*" of the other. Lord Byron was a volcano, sometimes quiet, sometimes in eruption, but always burning.

His heart was naturally generous and tender to the misfortunes of others. Poverty, sickness, mental ills, made an impression upon him equal to the pathos with which afterwards he portrayed them in his poems. His purse was then always open. Whatever assistance he could give, he hastened to bestow. He withdrew into himself if in any way he was repelled, or met ingratitude or ill desert where he had conferred benefits.

The beauties of nature, the changes of the sky, the monuments of past generations, affected his mind more than did the magnificence of modern discoveries.

He had the unstudied and natural manners of a true English gentleman. Yet many persons considered him cold and repellent, and others found him heartless. This difference of judgment arose from his constantly varying condition and mood. Of nervous temperament, when he was under the control of mental depression or was wandering in his ideal world, the stranger found only a figure moving mechanically and not the real Byron.

Although still young, his quick perception, the travels of his youth, his divorce, and his active imagination had rendered him prudent and world-weary so that he himself often said, "I am a young old man." He acted as if aged. Carefully and thoughtfully he would narrate what he had to say. He would begin fluently and soon become excited, then he would hurry on like a stream, passing lightly and with unequalled grace from wit to philosophy and from philosophy to wit. Words flowed at times like a mountain torrent which he seemed himself unable to restrain.

He had consecrated all his genius to that land on which he was ordained later to die, a land that lived in history, but to his fellow-countrymen seemed dead. He studied it profoundly. From its monuments and mythology he derived his most beautiful poems. Its breezes, its natural features, the traditions of its heroes, and its present condition raised a tumult in his soul and gave wings to his genius. "The Giaour," "The Bride of Abydos," "The Corsair," and more than one other poem are the result.

Who will not ask, "Could so changeable a character, when acting as chief of an insurrection, which had as many half-savage leaders as the Lernæan hydra had heads, have been able to direct it and to persevere to the end?" Would he not soon have lost heart and gone away? An untimely death removed him, and it is impossible for us to answer.

However let us not forget that in great projects Byron was firm as iron and showed no inconstancy. This he proved many times. Till the day of his death he was always inflexible in his political and religious opinions. Furthermore, after having centred the attention of the world, would he have abandoned us? Would he not surely have persisted and endured every danger and annoyance without complaint? This became evident even in his brief stay. Certain other philhellenes, with childish criticism, upbraided and contemned us because among us they did not find the ordinary comforts of civilized life. He, on the contrary, surveyed the condition of the Greek with the eye of a philosopher and soldier, and the more he studied him, the more he admired him. He marvelled at our endurance of hardship and hunger. He shared our sports and exercises. He was amazed that we could sleep under the thick fleeced capote and upon the dry branches on the drenched ground, and be always ready with our clumsy weapons to answer the call of battle whenever it echoed near us.

Our general condition inspired respect and not contempt in his noble heart. Thereby he was reminded of ancient Sparta. Captain Scott, on whose vessel he had come to Greece, told him it was better to return to England, enjoy his wealth and fame, and take his seat in Parliament, rather than to shed his blood for the savage, quarrelsome, skin-clad Greeks. Lord Byron listened in patience, and his only reply was a gentle, sarcastic smile. Though an aristocrat of aristocrats, he was ready to become one of us.

CHAPTER IX

DRAWING NEARER

THE wound of Thrasyboulos was very serious. Not only was he confined to his bed, but there was great fear that his right leg would have to be amputated. Carl and Lampros took care of him and were constantly at his side.

On the arrival of Lord Byron at Misolonghi, he begged to be placed near the window so that from a distance, at least, he might also catch a glimpse of the glorious man.

How soberly he watched the enthusiasm and joy of the rest. He was racked by bodily and mental pains and breathed with difficulty. The fair tints of health had fled from his cheeks and left only the pale, worn and repellent traits of disease.

The pure air which that day he breathed for the first time seemed to give him life. The shouting crowds, the movement of the soldiers, and the discharges of firearms made him start uneasily several times and try to rise.

Below his dwelling was a café in which the Suliots and other soldiers, dressed in the fustanella, were gathered, playing cards or smoking.

Thrasyboulos amused himself with looking on and listening to the witty remarks of Lampros, who stood near.

"What has happened, friend Lampros? Look! Why are the people running?"

The old armatolos looked out of the window. "A man in Frank clothes, with great shining buttons, is walking with one of the captains."

"Is n't it the lord?" Thrasyboulos asked.

"I don't know, master. He is coming in this direction! He is coming to this house! He is knocking at the door! He is some great person."

"Coming here! Who is it? I hear a knock. Hurry, my Carl."

Lampros hastily arranged the seats and furniture. When some one knocked, he opened the door wide, smiling, placing his hand on his heart and bowing to the waist.

"Kyrios Thrasyboulos," said the captain, "this person is Fletcher, the valet of Lord Byron. He has a letter to

give you which was intrusted to him at Zante for your own hand."

Lampros was greatly disturbed on learning that this man with the glittering buttons was only an ordinary servant like himself.

Thrasyboulos took the letter, but before looking at it, he asked Fletcher about Lord Byron and the condition of western Greece. They soon afterwards went away.

"So then that fellow is a servant, and I showed him such respect," said Lampros to Carl. "The Franks deck out their footmen more than they do themselves. How can one tell now, Carl, which is master and which is servant?"

With the eye of a lynx Thrasyboulos examined the seal on the letter. "It is the seal of my own ring! It is the writing of my betrothed! Then Andronike has fallen into the hands of Barthakas," Thrasyboulos muttered to himself, not daring to break the Spanish wax on the letter, while the cold perspiration started on his feeble frame.

"What is the matter, effendi? Are you raving?" the armatolos asked.

"Lampros, open this letter."

"Yes, effendi."

Thrasyboulos took it in his trembling hands. First, he looked at the signature and kissed it many times. Then he began to read.

The letter was as long as a memoir, for in it Andronike again told all that had happened to her, from the beginning to the end. She had sealed it with the ring, which we know Barthakas had returned to her in Constantinople, when he wanted to prove that her lover was dead.

"Carl, please go to the house of the lord and ask Fletcher from me to do me the favor of coming here a moment to-morrow if he can."

Carl went out.

"Come close, Lampros. It is time for me to trust you with a profound secret."

"Say, on, my master. You know my heart."

"Captain Andronikos, your former master, was not a man but a woman."

Lampros fixed his old eyes upon him attentively. "It is time for you to leave the window, effendi, for there is too much fever now in Misolonghi."

"Don't be troubled, Lampros, for I haven't any fever. I am only telling you that Captain Andronikos was not a man. Did n't you ever suspect it?"

"No, effendi. He was handsome as a woman; but how could I know what was underneath?"

Thrasyboulos smiled, and in a few words told who Andronike was. Then he read him that part of her letter which explained the necessity of her putting on the dress of an *armatolos*.

"That infernal dwarf! Ah! if I had only known all about it when I saw him at Patras! Only one shot and down he would have dropped! And now he is a pasha!"

The resentment of Lampros seemed greater than that of Thrasyboulos.

"Give me pen, ink, and paper. Get ready to go to Zante and bring my betrothed here."

"As you please, my master. I am ready to die for you. Hurry to get better, so you may leave Misolonghi the sooner. The air here is like poison. As soon as you can go to the Islands, you will be all right."

Thrasyboulos wrote his letter, and that same evening Lampros left for Zante.

CHAPTER X

TOTIS AND SASS

THE *seraï*, where the Governor of Misolonghi had his head-quarters, served also as the artillery barracks. There too lived the English engineers who had come to teach the Greeks. Thither likewise had been carried the different machines for gunmaking which the philhellenic committee of London sent, and which never were used, but were left untouched until the destruction of the city.

One day towards noon Carl and one of his Suliote friends, named Totis, went out to walk. The latter led the little son of Botsaris by the hand. Thrasyboulos had been left under the care of an old woman. It was the first time for many days that Carl had gone out for a breath of fresh air. They went into a *café* and had a drink. The Suliote did full honor to his entertainer, and had become almost tipsy by the time they passed in front of the *seraï*.

"I am going in for a moment to see the cannon," said the Suliote.

"It is not allowed," said Carl.

"What is that to me," the Suliote exclaimed. Wishing to show Carl that he was somebody, he proceeded with an insolent strut toward the serai.

The sentinel stopped him, but Totis endeavored to enter by force. Lieutenant Sass, a Swede, came up that moment and also stated that no one could enter without permission.

"I say I am going in! Who are you to prevent me!"

"No! You can't go in. That is the order!"

"An old hen you are, I say. Let me go in and get permission from my lord."

"No! No! My lord does not live here. Halt!"

"Halt yourself, I say. Don't lift your hand, I say."

The Suliote then tried to enter by force. The Swedish officer prevented him, and, when he saw that he paid no attention to kind treatment, gave him a push.

"Do you, I say, strike me! Look here!" and he laid his hand on his yataghan.

"No," said Sass. "You are not going in," and he drew his sword.

"And I say you won't stop me! This is the way they use the yataghan, I say." In the twinkling of an eye Totis drew his weapon and with his herculean strength struck off the left arm of the Swede. Not yet satisfied he instantly discharged his pistol at him and stretched the unfortunate lieutenant mangled upon the ground.

The soldiers of the artillery rushed upon Totis, and after giving him several wounds, succeeded in securing him and confining him, together with Carl and the son of Botsaris, in the serai.

As soon as the other Suliotes heard about it, they ran there, and a general fight would have ensued if in the mean time Totis had not been released.

The engineers thereupon hurried in a body to the house of Lord Byron, bringing Carl and demanding permission to leave Greece at once and return to England. "We came to work and to serve Greece, or at least to die fighting the Turks, but not to be assassinated in this fashion."

"You are right, and I am arranging now to get the Suliotes away from Misolonghi," said Lord Byron. "They

are the curse of the place. A few days more and we will have quiet here."

"My lord, we will not stay a day longer in this tigers' den," said the horrified engineers. "Examine this man here, and see how, in a moment, Totis murdered Sass."

"Who are you?" Lord Byron asked Carl.

"I am the servant of Kyrios Thrasyboulos, who fought at the side of Markos Botsaris."

"Which is my lord who is famous for his rhymes?" a woman's voice was heard calling out. At the same moment Kyra R—— appeared, holding a letter in her hands.

Carl recognized her and smiled.

"Ah! Are you here, my little Carl, and Kyrios Thrasyboulos too? Show me my lord so I may give him a letter from Kyrios Trelawny."

Byron took the letter, which was really from Edward Trelawny, who, wishing to amuse the poet, had sent him Kyra R—— with a long description.

Unfortunately she found the strange being at one of those moments when he was so nervous and so enraged with the Suliots, that, as soon as he had glanced over the first page of the letter, and got an idea of its contents, he closed it angrily and, turning to her, said, "Do me the favor of coming another day, for now I am exceedingly busy."

The features of Kyra R—— contracted with displeasure. After casting a bold glance at Byron and the engineers, she went out in an offended manner, and waited in the street below for Carl.

Misolonghi sincerely regretted the unfortunate Sass. He received a ceremonious funeral, and many inhabitants followed his remains. So did the Suliots themselves in a body and fully armed.

That same evening the engineers left for the Ionian Islands, with a fortnight's advanced pay, though Lord Byron did his utmost to retain them.

These troubles left Byron in a very nervous condition. He endeavored however to get on with the Suliots as well as he could, and they, thinking his wealth was exhaustless, daily increased their demands, constantly gathering in crowds under his windows. Finally, he announced that he himself should quit Greece unless these unendurable mountaineers left the city. They were despatched to the east, under the command of Konstantinos Botsaris, but not

till the poet had paid them three thousand Spanish dollars out of his own pocket. Such was his mental excitement that, on the fifteenth of February, while he was talking with one of his men, he suffered from an epileptic attack which lasted several hours.

Carl was returning to his quarters, when Kyra R—— seized his arm.

“Who was it that opened that letter, Carl? Was it the lord?”

“Yes, Kyra R——.”

“Has that crooked fellow written so many rhymes and led such a life? He does n’t show it. Truly now, where is Kyrios Thrasyboulos?”

“In his bed, sick.”

“Sick! What is the matter with my brother-in-law?”

“He was wounded at Carpenesi, and since then does not get any better.”

“Where is he?”

“At the serai.”

“Let us go quick and see him. After being treated so, I would have paid him off, but as he is wounded I won’t hurt him.”

“You can’t see him to-day. He is very sick, and is expecting his betrothed from Zante.”

“His betrothed! Who is his betrothed?”

“Andronike.”

“Andronike! Holy Mother! My own betrothed was named Andronikos!”

“Your betrothed is his betrothed. Your betrothed was a woman and not a man. You will understand all about it in a few days, Kyra R——.”

“Look here, Carl. Be careful how you joke!” The Suliot struck Carl a light blow on the waist.

“I am not joking,” said the old Hungarian, with a laugh.

“Come, let us go to Thrasyboulos.”

“You cannot see him to-day, lady. To-morrow.”

“Go ahead, my little Carl! I can’t see my brother-in-law! Very well. You have found a woman you can’t cheat.” Taking his hand, she forced him, willing or unwilling, to direct her to the abode of Thrasyboulos.

CHAPTER XI

KYRA R—— AT MISOLONGHI

ALREADY about forty days had passed since the veteran Lampros set out to bring Andronike from Ithaca. Andronike had at once replied to her lover, saying she expected to leave the island the next day on an Ionian brig with the *armatolos* direct for Misolonghi.

Thrasyboulos looked for her daily, but, as time went on, and he heard nothing more, he became terribly uneasy. He knew that the sea between the Ionian Islands and the Grecian mainland was infested by hostile vessels into whose hands Lord Byron came near falling as his friend, Count Gamba, had fallen. He was further disturbed on hearing that his servant Carl was in the company of the Suliote who assassinated Sass.

While he was grievously ill, and tormented by these anxieties, suddenly the door opened noisily, and Kyra R—— burst in and threw herself into his arms. "Kyrios Thrasyboulos! My Kyrios Thrasyboulos! My brother-in-law, so terribly wounded!"

"Kyra R——! How are you here in Misolonghi?" he muttered, in astonishment.

"Stop, and I will tell you everything, Kyrios Thrasyboulos. After you left us in the cave, I was tooth and nail with Kyrios Trelawny. Odysseus, who had betrothed him to his sister Tarsitsa, was furious when he saw how much Trelawny preferred me. What did he do, then, as soon as he had the four cannon from Mavrocordatos? and what cannon! Holy Mother! He planted them at the mouth of the cave, where winged devils couldn't get at them. Now how does he treat me? He takes Gouras and Trelawny, and off he posts to Athens. Ah, Kyrios Thrasyboulos, if you had seen the Englishman! He wanted to make me his wife, and I had given up all expectation of your brother; but don't be angry! You would have heard of me as Lady Trelawny! My nature is like that, and I stand by your brother. Before Kyrios Trelawny left for Athens, he gave me a letter for my Lord Byron; but what a clown he is! Ask Carl how he treated me when I gave him the letter!"

“And now shall you remain at Misolonghi?”

“Indeed I shall! How you have changed! Tell me how you were wounded. I heard of the way you cut the Turks down at Carpenesi.”

Thrasyboulos told Kyra R—— about the expedition to Carpenesi, and afterwards about Andronike and Diamanto, adding that he expected his betrothed every minute.

At first, Kyra R—— did not believe him. Then, when Thrasyboulos read her part of his long letter, in which Andronike narrated all her experiences, and described in detail her sojourn in the Corycian Cave, Kyra R—— turned red and became thoughtful. She rose and approached one of the windows, where she remained a long time motionless. Afterwards she bade Thrasyboulos good-by, very coldly, and went out and did not return.

Kyra R—— was an original character. In her conversation, actions, and entire bearing, she was as untutored as running water, utterly ignorant of etiquette or hypocrisy. For a long time she had been hunting a husband. She wanted one who was younger, of better family, better looking, and also richer than herself. Any stranger, enjoying these advantages, who came to the Corycian Cave, excited her heart and her desires. Already her hopes of Andronikos, Thrasyboulos, and Trelawny had been blasted. She decided to lay siege to Lord Byron. Trelawny had given her such a description of his friend, and represented him as so easily falling in love, that she readily had left the cave with the letter of introduction. She was persuaded that in a few days she would gain the heart and hand of this renowned and most wealthy man.

Her first reception, as we know, was somewhat cool; but she was by no means daunted. After some days she returned to the dwelling of Lord Byron. The tragic death of Lieutenant Sass, and the disorders of the Suliots, had made him sick, and he received nobody. His servant Fletcher politely conducted her to the apartments of Houseïna.

This Houseïna was the mother of the beautiful Hadijeh, the little girl, eight years old, for whom Lord Byron showed so much compassion. Most of the child's family had been slaughtered. Lord Byron called her his adopted daughter, and intended to send her to England to be brought up by his sister Lady Augusta, and to become the companion of his own daughter Ada.

In these apartments were then about twenty other Ottoman women of all ages and several of great beauty. They had that day come to entreat the lord to use his influence with the Greek authorities, so they might be allowed to leave Misolonghi, where they were in constant terror of falling victims to the first disturbance.

"And do you mean that my lord has a harem like this?" shouted the Suliot, as soon as she had glanced at the company of Ottoman women. "Who is your hanoum here?" she asked. Houseïna arose, and begged her to speak more softly, as Lord Byron was somewhat ill.

"I would rather remain unmarried all my days than to have to do with an English clown who has a harem of thirty Turkish women. Shame to the man!"

Casting a contemptuous look at the Ottoman ladies, who resembled frightened doves in the presence of a vulture, she went out and soon returned, greatly disappointed, to the Corycian Cave.

CHAPTER XII

THE DEATH OF LORD BYRON

THROUGH Trelawny, Odysseus was trying to attach Byron to his party. Finally he recognized that he could in no way draw the noble philhellene from Misolonghi. Then, since he had a strong desire to make his acquaintance, for the loan agreed upon in England was soon to arrive in Greece, he sent urgent letters from Trelawny, inviting both Mavrocordatos and Byron to attend the congress at Salona.

The object of this conference was to reconcile the leaders of eastern and western Greece. Thus, means might be devised for uniting in one all factions, for extinguishing strife in the Peloponnesus, and for checking the formidable expedition of the Egyptian Ibrahim.

Lord Byron had somewhat improved, and had begun to take short rides on horseback, when other political troubles again disturbed his health, and forced him back to his bed. When the letters came, he and Mavrocordatos determined to set out for Salona as soon as the former should be in better health.

The state of Lord Byron continually improved; but he was so eccentric and hypochondriac from weakness as to become almost unbearable to those about him. He resembled a badly brought up and quarrelsome boy. He himself felt this, and very often asked pardon from those he maltreated. Nothing could he enjoy but horseback riding, which seemed beneficial to his health.

On the ninth of April, he mounted his horse and rode out from Misolonghi. He was very serious, and preoccupied by reflections on the projected congress, and many other schemes.

He had already gone a long distance from the city walls, when the sky began to grow black, and a light rain to fall.

His head was bowed on his breast, so he paid no attention, although his horse changed his slow gait to a gallop on account of the heavy thunder. In a little while the rain became more violent, and soon fell in torrents. The poet then turned and galloped back toward Misolonghi.

Meanwhile fickle April suddenly shone out with the sun of spring. The rain ceased, and the drenched form of Lord Byron felt a delicious sensation in the lukewarm rays of the afternoon.

He returned to his dwelling with the same slow step with which he had left it some hours before. His clothing had dried on his feeble body.

That same evening some friends came into his room. They found him stretched upon the divan, suffering from fever and slight pain in the joints. At first he was rather cheerful, but by degrees became thoughtful and silent.

"What are you thinking about, my lord? Why are you so melancholy?" the physician asked.

"Nothing. Only about a prophecy which a gypsy made me when I was a boy."

"Really! What was it?"

"When we were in Scotland, my mother, who had great confidence in chiromancy and astrology, asked a gypsy famous for his predictions what my future would be. After he had carefully examined the palm of my hand, he looked at me, and with an impressive voice said, 'Look out, young lord, for your thirty-seventh year. Look out!' Now to tell you the truth, gentlemen, it is difficult for a man to know what he must believe and what he must not believe. I have had so many reasons for dying before my time, and

so many reasons on the other hand for not dying. For example, although you will laugh, I look upon Friday and Saturday as unlucky days. Up to the present, anything I have undertaken on those days has never turned out well. But I do not judge by my own presentiments alone. Think of my friend Shelley. How many times did he say to me, 'I shall die in the water,' and was he not buried a little while ago in the waves of the sea?"

His guests looked at each other, and said nothing in opposition to his ideas, fearing they should excite his suffering nervous system. They only changed the conversation, and soon withdrew to leave him to rest.

He slept a heavy sleep, drenched in perspiration and parched by burning fever.

On the following day he suffered from pain in the bones and back of his head. Nevertheless he did not abstain from taking another ride on horseback.

On returning, he felt worse, for his saddle was damp from the shower of the day before. Again he slept a feverish sleep, and the next day his disease assumed a more serious character.

Dr Bruno wished to bleed him, but he refused with aversion, and his faithful Fletcher ran for Dr. Millingen.

That physician also came and made the same proposal, though in a milder and gentler way.

"I am not willing," Lord Byron replied angrily. "Of all my prejudices, my strongest is against bleeding. My mother, when she was dying, made me swear at her death-bed that I would never be bled. And then does not Dr Reid himself say in his essays that less slaughter is effected by the lance than the lancet, that minute instrument of mighty mischief?"

"Your observations, my lord, apply to those who have a relaxed nervous system, but not to those who are suffering from inflammation," the physician insisted.

"And who are nervous, if I am not? Do you think that your words do not apply to me? Bleeding a nervous person is the same thing as unstringing a musical instrument whose tones are already half extinct from lack of the necessary vibrations. Before I am sick enough for that, you will realize in what an excitable condition I am. If you bleed me, you will surely kill me. Do with me as you will, only do not bleed me. I have had many inflammations and

fevers in my life, and especially in my youth, when I was more robust and had a quantity of blood, but I got well without bleeding. This time also I will follow my system."

The two physicians looked at each other; they exchanged a few words in a low tone, and then spoke again. "My lord, will you give us one promise?"

"What is it?"

"That if to-morrow you are worse, you will not hesitate longer to be bled."

"Very well, I promise. Still I hope I shall be better," Lord Byron said with a sarcastic smile, closing his eyes. Soon afterward he added, "Doctor, I am afraid they have given me the evil eye. Upon your life, see if there is not some ugly old witch who can come and examine me. I am sure that some one has given me the evil eye."

"My lord, you confuse me and make me laugh."

"Very well. Laugh as much as you want to, but to-morrow bring me the best known witch. I want to see if my sudden sickness is not really from sorcery."

The physicians withdrew.

"Fletcher."

"My lord."

"I am afraid those doctors do not understand my disease."

"My lord, then get the opinion of another doctor. Let me send at once to Ithaca for Dr Thomas. He knows your constitution, and he tended you such a long time at Malta. Besides he understands the climate of Misolonghi much better than these people do."

"No, not yet. They tell me that I have taken cold, that it is a simple cold like those that have a thousand times attacked my life."

"My lord, I have been with you twenty years, but I do not remember any such cold," replied the faithful servant.

"Neither do I, Fletcher. O my God, how hot I am!"

He took the medicines which the physicians had prescribed, and slept more easily that night.

Dr. Millingen returned early next day. He brought with him a witch whom he had told just what to say, but, seeing that Byron had forgotten, did not bring her in.

"Ah! I am much better to-day, doctor! A little while ago Dr Bruno was here and he saw that there is no need of my being bled."

"Will you give me your pulse, my lord?"

"See! Am I not much better?"

The doctor took the pulse with one hand, and held his watch in the other. He counted the beats, and his face became very grave.

"How do you find me, doctor?"

"A little better. What afflicts me so profoundly, my lord, is that you are playing so carelessly with your life."

"What do you mean?"

"Your incomprehensible aversion to bleeding has made us lose much precious time. We only hoped to prolong your life for a few hours, my lord, and I do not undertake to guarantee even them, unless you permit us to bleed you at once. Neither Dr Bruno nor I are responsible for the consequences. You will tell me that you do not care for your life. That is true, but who can guarantee that your disease shall bring immediate death? It may suddenly change its course and attack some other part. It can bring paralysis of the brain, and you may lose your reason."

"What do you mean, doctor?" said Byron, half rising. His weakness or rather his prejudice seemed cured at once. "That I shall go mad? I know that I can kill myself as soon as I know that I am going in that direction. Come on, however," he added angrily. "Here is my arm, you devilish butchers! Take as much blood as you like, but have done with it. Did I not tell you a thousand times that I should die in my thirty-seventh year? Now don't you believe the gypsies?"

His blood was very dark, and the bleeding brought little alleviation. On the contrary, his fever increased the following night and his strength diminished.

Next day he was bled twice more in the morning and once in the afternoon. "He was so faint," says Fletcher, "that he would have fallen to the floor, if I had not held him in my arms."

"Keep wet cloths constantly on his head," said the doctor to Fletcher, "and poultices at his feet."

"Must they be put at both feet?" Byron asked.

"On the inside above the knees," added the physician, smiling.

"Very well — While I live, I will not permit any man to see my lame foot," cried the sick man, forcing a smile to his pale lips.

"I can't sleep, Fletcher, and you know that I have not

closed my eyes for many nights. I am not afraid to die. I am ready, more ready than many think."

"No fear about that, my lord," said the wretched Fletcher, with a breaking heart.

The following day a consultation was held between his two physicians and Drs Loucas Baïas and Freiber. Their opinions did not agree, but after much discussion Drs Bruno and Baïas prevailed, and an antispasmodic potion was given him.

"Your efforts to save my life are in vain, I am afraid. I must die. I feel it. I am not sorry. I came to Greece to die. My property, my mental powers, my all, I have consecrated to her. Let me entreat one favor of you. Do not permit my remains to be carried to England. Let my bones decay here. Let them bury me in the first corner of Greek land, without pomp or tumult."

A little while afterwards, turning to his servant, he said, "I am afraid, my poor Fletcher, that you will be ill from sitting up night and day."

"I shall not leave you, my lord, until you are better. But I beseech you, my lord, let me send to Ithaca for Dr Thomas."

"Send, but send quick. I am sorry that I did not let you send sooner. I am sure these physicians here do not know what is the matter with me."

Fletcher went out. He fulfilled his master's order, after informing the other physicians, and then returned to the chamber.

"Have you sent, Fletcher?"

"Yes, my lord."

"You have done right, for I should like to know what is the matter with me. I have begun to be afraid that I am pretty sick. Probably I shall die suddenly, Fletcher. So I wish to give you certain directions, which I believe you will follow with your usual faithfulness."

"My lord, this is only your idea. There is no danger."

"No! no! I have got almost to the end. I must tell you everything without losing time."

"Let me run for paper and ink, my lord," said Fletcher, terrified at the pallor which spread over the wasted face.

"No! no! my God! You will lose time. We have n't time. I am close to my end, Fletcher. Hark! Listen! My poor, beloved child! My darling Ada! O my God, if I

could only see her! Give her my blessing, and to my dear sister Augusta and to her children. Go to my wife, Lady Byron, and say — say to her something, you know. You and she are friends!”

Lord Byron was here terribly moved, and lay gasping.

“I have not understood a single one of your last words, my lord.”

“My God! Then all I have said is lost. Is it possible that you don’t understand me?”

“No, my lord. I entreat you to repeat once more that last sentence.”

“It is too late.”

“It is not too late. Your forgiveness, master.”

“God’s forgiveness and not mine. Shall I ask forgiveness? Forward! No cowardice! Let me be a man to the end.”

Lord Byron tried to say more, but could not. Only from time to time issued from his teeth the words: “My wife! My daughter! My sister! Greece! You know all. You know my feelings.”

His last sentences were unintelligible. Finally he added, with a groan, “Now I must sleep.”

“From that moment,” says Fletcher, “he did not awake nor move hand or foot for the space of twenty-four hours, although at intervals he strangled for breath, so I was compelled to raise his head. About six o’clock on Easter Monday, the nineteenth of April, my master opened his eyes, and then closed them at once without any sign of pain. ‘O my God!’ I cried, bursting into tears, ‘I am afraid my master is dead.’”

The physician took Byron’s wrist, and said, with indifference, “You are telling the truth.”

CHAPTER XIII

ALL THINGS MEET EXCEPT THE MOUNTAINS

THE death of Lord Byron produced sincere grief among all classes of the inhabitants of Misolonghi and of all Greece. In so short a time to lose the centre of their hopes was an unspeakable and irreparable calamity, — a calamity which the Greeks both realized and lamented more and

more. The idea that death had removed him before he had begun the accomplishment of his philhellenic plans appeared so sinister an omen as to bring paralyzing discouragement on some of those who were directing the storm-tossed and struggling Ship of State.

The markets and public buildings were closed. All amusements ceased. Mourning was universally worn for twenty-one days. In the churches and religious houses prayers were offered for the repose of his soul. The batteries of the forts fired thirty-seven funeral guns, one for each year of his life.

Edward Trelawny, the bosom friend of Lord Byron, arrived while Misolonghi was plunged in affliction.

Thrasyboulos, meanwhile, was confined to his bed, and in the greatest distress, because his betrothed did not appear. As he had received no letter for two and a half months, he wanted to go himself to the Ionian Islands as soon as he gained a little strength. The death of Lord Byron had given him an additional shock.

"What is the matter with you, my friend?" Trelawny exclaimed, on his first visit, thunderstruck at the change in his face.

"I am utterly wretched. I was wounded eight months ago, and the physicians cannot cure me. They prevent the closing of the wound, they say, so as not to be obliged to cut off my leg. How are Odysseus and his family, and Gouras?"

"Well enough. We are in this world only to suffer. Who could have believed that poor Byron would have died so soon?"

"A national calamity, Mr Trelawny. Greece never can shed enough tears for his memory. It is the mysterious will of Heaven."

"While I was sealing his papers I read many of his letters from England. They all said that nothing but his name caused the Greek loan to be made so quickly, and that on his account a multitude of Englishmen are on their way here. I am sure, Kyrios Thrasyboulos, that when they learn of his death, they will return to their native country."

"The loss to the nation is immense. It is a strange fact that our greatest disasters always fall on us at Easter. On Easter, 1821, they hanged the patriarch Gregory and his Synod. On Easter, in 1822, Scio was destroyed; and now,

during Easter, we lose such a hero ! Before his death, he expressed the wish to be buried here. Why, then, is his body to be removed to England ? ”

“ Fletcher heard him say that he wished to be buried here. I, too, think the Parthenon is the fittest place in which to inter the dust of the most gifted child of Parnassus. But Lord Byron belongs to the great men of England. The people worship him, though the government and the priesthood have little love for him. His bones must be committed to the tombs of his ancestors. Here a single mischance might place them in the hands of your barbarous enemies, and then ! But we have kept his heart at Miso-longhi and the Greeks weep over it.”

“ You recommended Kyra R—— to him, but I hear he did not receive her in a very friendly way.”

“ That is true, but I had forgotten it. A strange woman is Kyra R——. Though I am betrothed to the daughter of Odysseus, she took it into her head to prevent my marriage. She descended to such tricks that I was compelled to tell Odysseus. However, he knows her and thinks she is half crazy, so he did not care. Still, in order to get rid of her, one day I hit upon the idea of sending her with a descriptive letter to Lord Byron. He did not welcome her very warmly. He was in one of his unapproachable moods. My betrothed wrote me that Kyra R—— returned to the Cave very angry at me, and thirsting for revenge, and accusing Lord Byron of keeping a harem.”

“ Bravo for the Suliot ! ” Thrasyboulos then narrated to Trelawny his own misfortunes and those of Andronike, with whom Kyra R—— had fallen in love.

Edward Trelawny burst into a loud laugh. “ What you tell me about Kyra R—— is like a novel. The masquerading among the stalactites of the Corycian Cave, and the Suliot’s making passionate love to a woman, form a first-class comedy.”

“ Kyrios Thrasyboulos ! To your health ! ” At the same moment the door opened and a man appeared, dressed in European style.

Thrasyboulos fixed his eyes on him. There was something familiar about his face, but he could not recall his name.

“ And where is Kyria Andronike ? ”

“ Will you favor me with your name, my dear sir ? I

know you, but I cannot recall your name," Thrasyboulos added.

"Kyrios Lampikis. Do you remember the snuff-box of your sainted uncle?"

"Yes! Yes, indeed! Come here!" and Thrasyboulos clasped him in his arms. From the letter of his betrothed he knew all Lampikis had done for her.

"I did not recognize you because you are dressed in European clothes. Have you come from Ithaca?"

"Yes."

"And where is my betrothed and Lampros?"

"Your betrothed and Lampros! Are they not in Misolonghi? They left Ithaca two months ago on the brig 'Hermilios.'"

"Two months ago! O my God! Surely I am fated to soon hear of some new disaster," cried Thrasyboulos.

"Probably contrary winds have driven them to the Peloponnesus."

"Probably they have fallen into the hands of the Turks," said Thrasyboulos, with horror. Kyrios Lampikis and Mr Trelawny tried to comfort him, but their words had no effect.

CHAPTER XIV

THE CIVIL WARS

WHEN Andronike saw the veteran Lampros appear before her in reply to her letter, her joy and surprise knew no bounds.

How often, when looking back upon the past, she had thought of the faithful armatolos whose sword saved her at Thermopylæ.

Lampros himself, finding Andronike in her woman's dress taller, handsomer, and more majestic than before, stood a long time with open eyes admiring her, and unable to utter a word. Finally he narrated all he knew about her lover.

Andronike, without loss of time, embarked on the brig "Hermilios," a Greek vessel, though flying the Ionian flag, to cross to Misolonghi. They weighed anchor at evening. At

daybreak they made out the land indistinctly, but at the same time perceived two Turkish frigates on the starboard.

On board the brig were the captain's family, as well as many passengers. Instead of improving the favorable wind he would have by proceeding toward the gulf of Patras, and continuing his voyage to its end, the captain was panic-stricken, and, altering his course, struck out for the open sea. The Turks at once began a chase.

The loan anticipated from England had created so much excitement among the Mussulmans that they were on the watch for it with even more impatience than the Suliots. So their vessels had been sent in every direction where it was thought likely it would pass. When the vessel of Andronike suddenly changed its course, the captains of the two frigates felt sure that this was the ship with the treasure. So they pursued it closely as far as Malta, in the harbor of which it found refuge. Then the frigates remained out of sight behind the island for a few days, and when the "Hermilios" came out, again began pursuit. This time the vessel entered the Adriatic, and, eluding its pursuers, escaped to Trieste.

From there Lampros proposed embarking on an Austrian vessel. Andronike, however, thought it was better to lose time and to stay on the ship, where, as the family of the captain was on board, they would naturally feel somewhat safer, than to trust the Austrians or other foreigners. Austria was then as hostile to the Greek insurrection as were the Turks.

Her impatience and anxiety gave her no rest, but what could she do? So near Thrasyboulos, and yet her evil fortune was again sending her far from him! At least in Trieste she had the joy of seeing once more Diamanto and Pantelis and Kyria Phrancoulis. The pleasure of being with them somewhat alleviated her distress.

Eight long months after leaving Ithaca, the vessel once more entered a Greek port, and anchored in the harbor of Navarino. From there it expected to sail in a short time for Misolonghi. Andronike was so weary of the sea, and was so near her birthplace, that she preferred to cross overland to the Isthmus of Corinth, and thence to pass to Misolonghi, rather than continue her voyage. So she and Lampros hired horses in Navarino and went on towards Demetzana.

Those months, during which she was far from the centre of politics and war, had greatly changed the condition of affairs.

The Peloponnesus was then the most pitiable region of Greek territory. One would have thought that the purpose of the insurrection had miscarried, for on the public stage were to be seen no men except such as had forgotten the common enemy, and with mad passion were seeking each one to overthrow the other.

In the Peloponnesus, only a few Turks were left, and three or four fortresses were held by them. But who thought of driving them out, and of taking defensive measures against the threatening expedition of Ibrahim Pasha? One man depended upon the English to lead us, another upon the French, and a third the Russians. One wanted to undermine all and place the crown on his own head, and another, the most ignoble, schemed to appropriate the loan which was being sent from abroad to help in the struggle.

Wealth, power, and promotion intoxicated, so to speak, those formerly simple men; each, while prating about patriotism, nationality, liberty, was working only for his own advancement.

The Roumeliot Greeks entered the Peloponnesus, and perpetrated enormities which left lasting impressions on the people's memory. They stole, plundered, and outraged. There was no atrocity they did not commit.

Such being the general condition of lawlessness and disorder, Andronike could not advance far into Peloponnesus. All the defiles, the beaten paths and bridges, were in the hands of one faction or the other, and the difficulty and danger were much greater than if held by the enemy.

"What have we done, Lampros? Now we shall never reach Misolonghi."

"Lady, let us go back to Navarino, and with a caique set out again for Misolonghi. Oh, these Roumeliots! A Turk is a gentleman compared with these dogs!"

"We are not far from Demetzana. Let us sleep there, and if we cannot go by land, then very early to-morrow we will return to Navarino."

"Yes, lady, if we can, but if one has an onion in his girdle, the Roumeliots will shoot him to get it."

The day was already declining, when they caught the first indistinct view of the city of Demetzana. Its three

hundred and fifty houses, built on a conical hill, along the side of which the narrow road is seen winding zigzag, occupy one of the most charming situations which the traveller can meet in the Peloponnesus. As he advances, he hears the soothing ripple of its crystal fountains, tributaries of the Erymanthus. The river is spanned by a stone bridge of modern but daring construction.

At a few minutes' distance from the bridge, they met a Roumeliot, armed to the teeth with costly weapons but wearing dirty and ragged clothes.

Andronike had covered her face with her veil as she was about to enter the city, and fixed her eyes straight before her.

"Where are you going with the lady?" the fellow boldly said to Lampros, who rode close at her side.

"To Demetzana," he replied dryly.

"One can't find a crumb down there. It seems to me, I say, that you have a pretty sultana on horseback."

At the same time he hastened his gait, trying to keep up with the horses that, on account of the bad pavement, could not go fast.

Lampros and Andronike laid their hands on their arms.

"Will you hire me, I say, to show you the way? Where can you stop at Demetzana unless some one shows you the way? My lady, you are as sweet as an Albanian. Look here, I say, have you any money with you? Give me what you like, I say, and I won't follow you."

Both kept on without answering. Lampros followed him with his eye, ready to fall upon him if he saw a sign of violence.

"What are you looking at, I say? At my moustache! Look, if you want to." Suddenly breaking off his conversation, "Here, you Wallachian, stop a moment," he shouted in a thundering voice to an old peasant who was passing near by, and carried a basket of eggs and a chicken in his hand.

The old man stopped in terror, pulled off his cap, and trembled from head to foot at the sight of the vagabond.

"Wallachian! What will you sell that chicken for?"

The Peloponnesian at once understood that his property was not safe from such a hawk, and said in his terror, "It was a chicken, my lord, and grew to be a hen."

"You don't understand me, godfather. I asked you,

what is the price? The price! The price, I say! And how much are the eggs? Tell me, the eggs, you Wallachian!" Then, seizing his weapons, he dealt the peasant a violent blow on the back. The poor fellow let his basket fall, and began to moan and curse; but his complaints made no impression on the ruffian, who seized the fowl, and with indifference continued on his way toward the city.

Several persons came from the neighborhood to the aid of the peasant. Andronike and Lampros stopped and threw him a piece of money, — the greatest consolation one could offer in such a case.

One hour afterwards they rode into Demetzana.

CHAPTER XV

THE POLITICAL IDEAS OF THAT DAY

THAT night Andronike learned much about the civil war. She became convinced that the wretched Peloponnesus was, without exaggeration, in a more deplorable state than during the worst days of Turkish despotism.

She stayed with relatives of Thrasyboulos, who welcomed her warmly. The next day before sunrise she went out eagerly to visit those charming fields which had witnessed the innocent and careless life of her childhood. Memory brought back with vivid colors all the mingled sweetness and bitterness of her youth.

Lampros was well acquainted with the story of her life. His high head was bowed upon his breast, and he respectfully remained a few steps behind as they approached the ruins of the tower.

"There, there, Lampros!" she said with agitation, when, on climbing the crest of the hill, she saw below her burned and roofless home. "There, my father and brother were murdered and left unburied!" She sat down on the ground and wept bitterly.

"Ah, Kyrios Barthakas," said the armatolos, with a groan, "won't the waves ever bring you into my hands? Such a vile jackal to cause the death of so many men! The more I think of it, lady, the crazier I grow that I did not know

him at Patras. Ah, Kyrios Barthakas, let your fate throw you once more into my clutches !”

“Come, Lampros,” said Andronike, rising and leading the way toward the abandoned garden.

They descended to the tower. It had become the haunt of crows and carrion birds, which darkened the sky and filled the air with their savage croaking as soon as they heard the steps of human beings. A thought, which in an instant froze the blood in her veins, flashed through the mind of Andronike. She realized that those slain there three and a half years before had first attracted that swarm of birds. In fact, on advancing, she found some bare and whitened bones not far from the place where she had seen her father and brother fall. She realized that these must be the remains of her own family. Who, during that awful period, thought of giving burial to another ?

Lampros helped her collect the bones. “Come,” she soon said, hardening her heart.

They left the tower and went to the place where her most precious possessions were hidden.

“Do you see that tree ?”

“Yes, lady.”

“Mark it well.”

“Yes, lady.”

“Make a mark with your knife. Cut three deep crosses.”

“I have done it.”

“Now come.”

“But what does this mean, lady ?”

“Never mind. You will learn sometime. I may have to send you here some day. Now come and help me carry these bones to the top of Saint Elias.”

“As you please, lady.”

Towards noon Andronike, like Æneas, carrying the bones of her father and brother, reached the top of the mountain. She kept on, although feeling sure that she would no longer find the aged hermit, the relic of that bloody insurrection of 1769.

Suddenly she heard a hoarse barking. Soon she perceived at the door the venerable man, holding a rope at the end of which an immense white dog was tied. Andronike recognized Papazoglou; but the hermit was now deaf and blind.

“Do you remember me, father ?” she cries.

“Who are you ?”

"The daughter of the demogeront Athanasiades. Do you not remember, three and a half years ago, after I had escaped from the Laliots, how you told me about the first insurrection?"

"Yes, yes," said the old man, turning his closed and sightless eyes toward her; and he folded her in his arms, with emotion.

"My daughter, my Greece will soon be free. Night and day I pray the Lord that I may not die before I see it free. I learn from the passers-by, at intervals, of the progress of the insurrection, the heroisms of our brethren, and the slaughter of the Turks. The joy which I feel renews my youth and prolongs my life."

"But now, venerable father, we have fallen into civil war, which is likely to destroy all that our dead heroes have gained with toil and fatigue."

"Do not fear. The finger of the Lord is upon us, let men do as they will. You are young. You will live longer than I, and you will see that God somehow, however the future now appears, will deliver and restore this nation."

Andronike related what had happened to her and to Thrasyboulos, to meet whom she was going to Misolonghi.

The hermit found in each event a purpose of divine Providence. When conversation turned to Europe, which with indifference witnessed the crimes of barbarism and took no action in behalf of the Christians, he said, "Woe, my daughter, to whoever expects other nations to form a country for him! One who has not lived in Europe cannot judge the Europeans. Few people know our sufferings, because few take the trouble to study the history of these distant countries. Those who are acquainted with them, do not bring them to the light, or else describe them as best suits their own interest. When the question is about one's interest, the voice of philanthropy, of the weak, of the poor, is drowned. Let us not expect our liberty from England or France or Russia. We ourselves must acquire it, or compel them, willing or unwilling, to let us have it."

"But, my father, how is it possible that Russia, which excited the other insurrection, and sent you here in 1769, can act heartlessly as she is acting to-day?"

"The policy of Russia, my child, is mysterious and profound. Before she moves, Russia neither betrays her plan,

nor hurries nor boasts; but none can hinder her arriving where she has set her will. She loves us, since we have the same religion; but, because of the Holy Alliance, she cannot openly take our part without coming into collision with Western Europe. Her present policy will blind her enemies, and enable her in the end to give us more substantial aid. Have not our people, when escaping destitute from massacre, found in Russia protection, refuge, comfort, and often position and high dignities? Is not Russia the only nation which protested against the slaughter of our priests in Constantinople? Did she not recall her ambassador last year, and threaten war upon the sultan, thus giving us opportunity to terminate what we had begun? Yet there is one other truth, my daughter. Though she pities us, and sympathizes with us, and desires the improvement of our condition, she never will permit us utterly to crush the Turk and plant our flag on Sancta Sophia. Then we should be encroaching on the boundaries of her ambition, or rather of her future. Russia wishes to reach the Mediterranean, for then she would be the ruler of the world. Therefore she never will allow us to ascend the throne of Byzas. Now, while the Turk is writhing on his death-bed, we must gain the good will of other states, so they may build up something which Russia does not desire, and which may serve as their bulwark against Russia herself. England and France will aid us in our ambitions, when they see in our union, our patience, our love to each other, those principles requisite to form a healthy and strong people. Woe to us, if we show any marked preference for Russia! Then they would prefer the Turk, and seek to prolong his days."

"It is all true, father. Would that we all might understand matters like your holiness."

After some further conversation, the aged hermit rose, and, granting the prayer of the young woman, chanted some burial psalms over the bones of her father and brother. Then they buried them in the little chapel of Saint Elias.

On the following day they bade their host good-by, and returned to Demetzana.

"What a wise man, lady, that old hermit is! How he did preach about the troubles in the Morea, and the tricks of France and England and Russia!"

"Do you know who he is, Lampros?"

"No, lady."

"Have you ever heard of Papazoglou, who fought in the first insurrection?"

"Yes, indeed, both Papazoglou and Orloff and Elphinstone! I have seen them. I was then on the mountains with my parents, a boy ten years old."

"Should you know Papazoglou if you saw him now?"

"No, lady. Why, that was fifty-four years ago!"

"That hermit, Lampros, is Papazoglou."

"Is it possible, lady? Why! Why! Why! Is that Papazoglou! Such a long time ago! How can such a little bit of a man give such good advice!"

CHAPTER XVI

ON THE OUTSIDE

AFTER quitting the hermit of Saint Elias, they hired horses at a large price for Calamata. The guide was a Maniat, and followed on foot. He was so plainly a ruffian that at their first stopping place, Tripolitsa, Lampros took his mistress aside and advised her to get rid of him.

Andronike followed the warning, and, after generously paying the guide, dismissed him, saying she might remain several days in Tripolitsa. The man carefully watched their proceedings.

The next evening the two travellers left the city with fresh horses, and rode all night. At dawn they found themselves at a steep ascent entirely new to Lampros, though he thought himself acquainted with every stone in the Morea.

"See here, fellow! Where are you taking us? This is not the road to Calamata," he cried to the guide.

"We have made a little turn, effendi, so as to be safe. All the road is full of goblins."

Lampros turned his head in every direction, rose in his saddle to get a better view, and grew still more uneasy on being unable to make out where they were going. On reaching the summit of the opposite hill he cried out in excitement, "You wretched Wallachian! You are taking us to Mistra! Yes, you fool! I see the Eurotas there below!"

"Yes, effendi."

"To Mistra," said Andronike, who could hardly open her eyes from drowsiness.

"Who told you, cursed Wallachian, to bring us here? What do you mean? Look out, I say, or I will crack your head like a nut!" and he drew his yataghan.

"No, lady! No, effendi! I only did it so as to escape the goblins."

"The goblins," repeated Andronike, and she fastened her eyes on the guide. He was of ordinary height, slender built, and his little eyes were half closed. A treacherous disposition seemed hidden under that stupid face.

"As soon as we came to the first cross-road outside of Tripolitsa I saw, plain as the hair of my head, dead Turks with green cloaks, white turbans, and great red slippers on the road to Neocastro. Thousands of dogs were following them." At the same moment the guide made the sign of the cross.

"Truly," stammered Lampros, making the same sign.

"At that same cross-road, lady, after we took Tripolitsa, about a thousand Turks were killed. They were escaping with their wives and children; but the Maniats got ahead of them and killed them all. From that time the road is full of goblins, and nobody can pass there at night."

Lampros could not conceal the fact that, despite all his courage, he believed the ghost stories of the guide, and his face grew sombre. The superstition of the time, the result of ignorance and early training, often struck terror to the heart among those otherwise dauntless heroes of the revolution.

Andronike was more troubled at the credulity of Lampros, than at the tales of the guide.

"Tell me how you saw those goblins," stammered the armatolos.

"On my soul, effendi, I am not telling you lies."

"He is right, lady. We must keep a long distance from those graves, because our people cut down a good many Turks treacherously."

"Are n't you ashamed, Lampros, to believe such nonsense? Turn your horse, and let us get into our road. I will pay you, Wallachian, for your stupidity. When you saw those ghosts, you ought to have told me, and not have brought me here," Andronike said angrily.

From the height they were looking down upon the plain

of Laconia. Mistra, built almost on the ruins of ancient Sparta, lay below, at the foot of Mount Taygetos, in a maze of cultivated fields and gentle slopes. The majestic Eurotas with its numerous rivulets, which the snow-capped mountain sends down by a thousand windings, lost itself where the eye began indistinctly to discern the waters of the Laconic Gulf.

"Lady, we are just opposite the shore. There is Mistra, and farther on is the bay. Down there is Marathonisi, where we can find boats for Misolonghi."

After a ride of ten hours from Tripolitsa, they entered a court, shaded with magnificent mulberry-trees, belonging to the khan of this city, in the acropolis of which the brothers of the last Constantine once found refuge.

After breakfast, Andronike lay down on a divan for a little rest. Lampros lighted a long narghileh, and, sitting under the shade of the mulberry-trees, was smoking quietly. Two Maniats soon came up. They noticed his haughty bearing and silver-mounted weapons, and asked him if he had ever before been in Sparta.

"I have known Mistra ever since I was a little boy," he answered briefly.

"Is that beautiful lady in the large room your relative, captain?"

Lampros rubbed his forehead and nodded in the affirmative.

"She seems like a great lady. She has splendid weapons too."

"And why are you here at Mistra?" the other asked.

The armatolos then told them about the vision of the guide, and added that that very evening they were to set out for Marathonisi.

"The lady then is not afraid of goblins," said one of the men, looking at his companion.

"Ah! The lady has smelled powder. She was at Zeitouni with Diakos, at Gravias with Odysseus, at the massacre of Scio, and on the flagship which Canaris blew up."

"Is she a Suliot?"

"No. She is an Arcadian. She comes from the hills above Demetzana." He pointed with his hand to the north of the Peloponnesus.

"Then she is from the Morea. Only the Morea raises such women."

At that moment the guide approached and began to tell about the phantoms of the preceding night. Meanwhile the significant look which he exchanged with the two Maniats showed that he was no stranger to them.

"These khans are full of goblins," said one of the Maniats. "Just after the revolution began many of the Turks tried to find a refuge inside; but the people went at them and broke their bones, parents and children. Afterwards they had to make exorcisms, and tried to purify the khan; but it was no use. No stranger can pass the night here. The rooms are full of everything awful."

"Truly?" said Lampros.

"Ask the keeper of the khan."

"You wretched Wallachian, why did you bring us to this khan?"

"Why? You told us, effendi, that you would not sleep to-night at Mistra, but would go right on to Marathonisi."

Lampros soon rose soberly and entered the khan.

At the same time the guide whom they had dismissed at Tripolitsa and who, hidden by the thick leaves of the mulberry-tree had listened to all their conversation from the little window above the seat of Lampros, showed his black head and made a sign to the three men to climb up.

CHAPTER XVII

THE REMISSION OF SINS

LAMPROS was sitting outside her room when Andronike awoke. As soon as he heard her moving, he entered in terror to inform her that the khan was likewise haunted, and that therefore it was best to begin their journey before night.

Andronike could hardly believe superstition was so deeply rooted in the heart of the veteran soldier, who more than once had seen himself lying wounded in a pile of the dead. She laughed while he told his story.

"Don't laugh, lady. You are young yet, and you don't know what witchcraft means. Ask me, who have seen goblins so often in my life."

"I neither wish nor intend, Lampros, to remain to-night in Mistra; not because I am afraid of goblins, but because I am afraid of thieves. So go and get ready for the journey."

Lampros soon returned to inform his mistress that the Bishop of Monemvasia was leaving that same evening for Marathonisi, and that he had arranged, for their greater safety, to set out together about eight o'clock. When the city was beginning to grow quiet, they left Mistra.

The Arcadian girl conversed with the bishop, an old man of seventy; but at every turn in the road she questioned the guide narrowly to make sure that he had not changed their direction. Always, when she ceased talking, she heard Lampros and the bishop's deacon discussing about ghosts, and she felt indignant at their superstition.

An hour after midnight the moon had driven most of the stars from the sky. It was bright as day. The Eurotas on their left gleamed like an endless crystal with its myriad reflections. Only the peaceful Taygetos, which they had begun to ascend, cast dense, black shadows and made the picture more intense. Already they had climbed some distance, and the gait of their horses had slackened, when a wild, piercing cry was heard from their guide, "The goblins! The goblins!"

The horses, as if they understood what the guide had said, stood still, obstinately refusing to advance.

"Don't you see them, lady? Don't you see them?" cried the guide. His sudden and positive manner created something like panic in the hearts of all.

"They are over there! They are over there!" he shrieked, and fled.

They actually saw, on an eminence fifty or sixty paces distant, white spectral forms which, in the shadow of the road, seemed alive.

"They are robbers," cried Andronike, "and not ghosts! Come, Lampros," she added, and she went forward a few steps.

The blood left the veins of the aged bishop.

"No, my lady! Stop, stop!" murmured Lampros.

The figures, five or six in number, seemed to have a human shape, and to hold their hands stretched out to heaven.

Andronike shouted two or three times, "Who are you?"

and threatened to fire, but received no reply. With her own eyes she saw the arms of the figures move up and down. Then she fired both her pistols. The reports echoed loudly from rock to rock, and then all was silent.

The bishop and deacon commenced to exorcise the ghosts, and even Andronike felt afraid. She sternly ordered Lampros to fire, and he unwillingly obeyed. No result followed his shot except that the hands of the figures seemed to move more rapidly in the air. When she saw the bishop, who a few moments before was scoffing at ghosts, making the sign of the cross, and pronouncing exorcisms, she began herself to tremble all over.

Five long minutes passed, and the spectres ceased gesturing. The exorcisms and prayers of Lampros and the bishop became more urgent, when a rustling was heard like a breeze among the bushes overhead on the high and rocky side. Andronike glanced toward the rear, and saw four or five men spring from the rocks behind. At the same time, she heard a voice she recognized, ordering them to tightly bind the veteran *armatolos* on whom they had first sprung.

She was in front of all, and the path was not wide enough for more than one horse to move at once. Fully convinced that she had fallen into the hands of bandits, no other course was left than to advance toward the figures or return and be taken prisoner. So she drew her sword, and drove her stirrups into her horse, urging him rapidly up the steep and stony ground.

As she passed near one of the phantoms, she struck at it with her sword, and found it was only a piece of white cloth on a sort of frame filled out by the wind. The arms of the effigy were moved by ropes, which had evidently been pulled by the robbers hidden behind the rocks. A little farther on she was stopped by two of the gang, who had remained in front to guard the pass.

Too late the worthy Lampros recognized how his superstition had deceived him. The Maniats had devised this trick to prevent any resistance on his part. Now, as they fell upon him, they found him not only disheartened, but without firearms, for he had discharged his gun. A noose, skilfully thrown over his breast, pinioned his arms to his sides, and left him helpless. His clerical companions made no attempt to defend themselves.

"Get down, my bishop," respectfully said Petros, the chief of the robbers.

"Wait, my son," replied the trembling bishop, leaning upon his shoulder to dismount.

"What have you got in your bag, father?"

"My purse with a little money, and my episcopal vestments."

"Give me the purse, my bishop, and give me the bag, too. Imagine that you are giving them for the widows and orphans!" The bishop gave up his purse with a groan.

"Now forgive us, bishop, and grant us your blessing."

The bishop was silent.

"We have no time to waste, bishop, I tell you. Give absolution quick, so I sha'n't be to blame," added the head robber, superstitiously.

"Receive absolution and blessing, my son."

"Now, please hand over your coat." They took it and also the overcoat.

"Bless this, too, bishop. Also give us your gown. You see there are a good many of us, and everybody ought to have something."

The bishop gave up his gown.

"Now let us have your shoes and your breeches. You have a watch, too, and papers and rings. Give us your rings. Excuse my clumsy fingers, my soul-father. It is from handling the gun," said the robber, considerately, as he stripped the metropolitan. The unhappy prelate was deprived of nearly all his clothing, and was compelled to pronounce a long blessing over each article as it was taken from him. Then they plundered the deacon.

"Now, our bishop, once more, like a good father, give us all absolution before you continue your journey."

The almost naked bishop, in a loud voice, several times pronounced the absolution for sin, and asked only to be set free.

"Ah, our spiritual father, wait! Give us your promise in writing that, whenever you are officiating in the church, you will not deprive us of the holy communion."

The bishop promised; but, as these modern Spartans were not satisfied with words only, the deacon drew up the written agreement, the ink-stand which he formerly carried in his girdle, and which the robbers had already taken, being loaned him for that purpose.

"Now," said Petros, turning to the guide, "for your share take the coat and shoes of the holy father, and here are three silver pieces from his purse."

Each then fanatically and with the utmost reverence kissed the right hand of the bishop, and earnestly made their apologies for the liberty they had taken in leaving him and his deacon almost naked in the midst of the wilderness.

The robbers dealt less harshly with Andronike than with Lampros. To the surprise of their captives they let them go, after they had taken away their arms and most of their clothing. Day was nearly breaking when the bishop, his deacon, Lampros, and Andronike together resumed their journey, without guides, barefoot, and defenceless.

After painfully wandering for several days, almost worn out, they all reached the town of Nesi, at the deepest recess of the Coronic Gulf. Twenty-four hours before their arrival, they had been overtaken by a young and fully armed Maniat, who rode a powerful horse, and whose saddle-bags seemed well stocked. With a reverence no less marked, but more acceptable than that of the robbers, he insisted on the half-dead bishop riding in his place, and he shared his provisions with the famished travellers.

The name of their new friend was Demetrios Couleas. Born in Mana, all his family except himself were robbers. When twelve years old he once accompanied them on an expedition. He was so shocked at the fighting and bloodshed, that he did not return home, but wandered several months in the Peloponnesus. Getting his livelihood as best he could, at last he became a servant in the school at Demetzana. There he picked up a little learning, and became acquainted with Thrasyboulos. In four years' time, he improved and developed so much as to become a paid teacher in the same school.

When the Greek revolution broke out, the fire of liberty, which was burning in every noble heart, inflamed him also. He sprang to arms, and followed the Prince of Mana in several successful sieges and expeditions. He remained a year at Misolonghi, and benefited by associating with the philhellenes there. A recent commission from the chiefs at Misolonghi to Petro Bey at Nesi was the cause of his being in Peloponnesus.

To the sudden appearance of this young man the four

wayfarers perhaps owed the preservation of their lives. No son or brother could have been more sympathetic and generous in their distress.

Andronike soon left Nesi by sea for Misolonghi; but not yet was she to see her lover. Just as her vessel quitted the Coronic Gulf, there came in sight the vast fleet of Ibrahim Pasha, son of the Viceroy of Egypt, which had already begun the blockade of the southern Peloponnesian coast. The Greek crew did their best to find a refuge in one of the tiny bays between Methone and the promontory of Kalos. There they gave their vessel to the flames and took to the mountains, for the Arabs were swarming in every direction over the land.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE GOVERNOR OF LESBOS

IN June of the preceding year Arnaout Pasha, as we remember, had been sent from Constantinople to Cairo. Five months afterward he returned to the capital, and there again held a high position.

Toward the beginning of 1824 he was appointed Governor of Lesbos. At this island the imperial fleet, comprising about two hundred transports and ships-of-the-line, had its headquarters. Chosreph, the capoudan pasha and bosom friend of Sultan Mahmoud, was its commander. He was then planning the subjugation of Psara, which had given asylum to the fugitive Sciots, and boasted of being the birthplace of Constantine Canaris.

The Psariots were informed of his project, and made ready to defend themselves. They also hired three thousand Albanian mercenaries under the command of a chief named Cottas.

Some days before the departure of the fleet, while Arnaout Pasha was conversing with the admiral, a little boat approached, flying the Ottoman flag, with three Albanians on board. One of the three was Kara Seïd Ali.

On seeing Barthakas he was troubled at first. Then reflecting that Barthakas could not know that Thrasy-

boulos was still alive, he came to himself and showed no concern.

These men came as emissaries from their commander Cottas. Before the Greek insurrection he had been the trusted confidant and adjutant of Chosreph. Afterwards he had again become a Christian, and fought against the Turks. The Psariots knew nothing of his former relations with the capoudan pasha. Now he had sent to his former master, offering to betray his present employers, and inviting the Turks to land at the strong and almost inaccessible place which the Psariots had intrusted to his guard. The terms of treason were quickly arranged between the admiral and the three messengers.

Barthakas invited his former groom to his palace, and the following conversation took place there in Turkish.

"Why did you deceive me, Kara Seïd Ali? Why did n't you drown that giaour?"

"Who told you, my pasha, that I did not drown him?"

"I myself have seen him alive."

The Albanian was confused and stammered, "I also have seen him alive. I was as astounded as you were, for I swear on the Koran that I drowned him in the middle of the lake with a large ball fastened to his neck."

"Have you really seen him? Where?"

"At Psara."

"At Psara! Is he now at Psara?"

"Yes. He commands a company of Psariots at the same outwork as our people."

The shrewd Barthakas tried to penetrate the heart of the Albanian and find out whether he was speaking the truth or deceiving him, but no clew could he find on the black and hairy face of Kara Seïd Ali.

"Why did n't you ask him how he escaped death?" he asked.

"Am I such a fool as to do that! He does n't know that I ever did anything to him, for he never saw my face; for it was night, and I hardly remembered him at all."

"Has he any woman with him?"

"I did not see any."

"And is he still at Psara?"

"Certainly, and he has no idea of leaving, for the Psariots have their minds made up to fight like fiends, and won't surrender."

"Look here, Kara Seïd Ali. Can you let me have him alive?"

"I don't know, my pasha, for as soon as the firing begins the first bullet may knock him under."

"I know that, Kara Seïd Ali; but can't you get him aside to where we are going to land and give him up to my men? I will order them to take him alive and not to kill him. If you do, you shall have a larger reward than before."

The Albanian promised, so as to get himself out of the claws of the merciless Barthakas; but at Psara neither Thrasyboulos nor his shadow had ever been seen.

On account of Thrasyboulos, Barthakas resolved to accompany the admiral on his magnificent fleet.

CHAPTER XIX

MODERN HEROISM

THE Psariots were suspicious that Cottas was playing them false; but dissensions, such as so often defeated the efforts of the Greeks, broke out in their councils. Besides, among the inhabitants the villain had a good deal of influence which it was not easy to counteract. Reefs and sunken rocks rendered the point he guarded so inaccessible from the sea that no disembarkation of the enemy was feared in that direction.

The intrepid Canaris urged an attack upon the fleet with fire-ships, but the opposite party prevailed in the council. The vessels were disarmed, and their sailors and guns brought on shore to fortify the land defences still more. To remove all means of escape, and oblige themselves to fight to the death, they took out the rudders from the vessels and completely dismantled them. These tactics might have been worthy of ancient Sparta, but the topographical features of the island and their superior naval skill made it imperative that these people of the sea should avail themselves of any advantage, and fight their powerful foes on the water before intrenching themselves on dry land to fight them there. On their ships

they left only the old men, the women and children, with a few sailors to protect them in case of disaster.

On each of the two tongues of the harbor they stationed fifteen hundred soldiers. At intervals they planted batteries along the almost inaccessible coast. They drew up a reserve of four thousand men on a commanding height, ready to move wherever the danger seemed most threatening.

On the first of July the imposing fleet of the sultan quitted Lesbos, and the next day at evening appeared off Psara.

A few frigates cruised round to reconnoitre, and exchanged some shots with the batteries, but afterwards returned to position.

The Turks passed the remainder of the night off the island. The lights and lanterns in the masts and rigging showed that Chosreph Pasha had taken precautions against any venturesome fire-ship.

At dawn on the third of July the fleet advanced in two divisions. The stronger division approached the well fortified entrance of the harbor, while the other drew toward the place where Cottas and his Albanians were.

On the vice-admiral's ship, which led the second division, stood Barthakas, holding a spy-glass and trying to discover Thrasyboulos among the Albanian mercenaries.

The men-of-war began a violent cannonade against the city. In the dense smoke the second division succeeded, unseen, in disembarking about fourteen thousand of the fiercest janissaries in a tiny, sandy harbor formed between two precipitous cliffs near the station of Cottas. Thirty Psariots with three guns had a position near. They tried to repulse them, but to a man fell bravely with their weapons in their hands after having first made great slaughter. Then the janissaries put to the sword the very Albanians who had not opposed their landing, but had received them with open arms.

When Kara Seïd Ali saw the treachery of the janissaries, and recognized the face of the Governor of Lesbos, with a bound he sprang down from a remote battery which the Turks had not yet seized, and ran toward the nearest point of the Psariots' line.

The islanders firmly resisted the admiral's attack, but when the janissaries, who had mastered the commanding

positions, swarmed up, they found themselves exposed to a cross fire. Surprise and confusion undermined their strength. They had repulsed the first division, but now did not know what to do. In those frightful moments of indecision Chosreph Pasha succeeded in effecting another landing toward the harbor. Thus the Psariots were pressed on every side.

Yet the victory was obstinately disputed. Finally about five hundred and fifty Greeks, passing over the dead bodies of their comrades, cut their way through and climbed to the top of a hill near by. Thence, at evening, they crossed to the fortress of Saint Nicolas, inside which crowds of women, children, and old men had already taken refuge.

Escaping from the janissaries Kara Seïd Ali reached the city dripping with perspiration. He entered the first house to which he came. There he found a man wounded in the foot. Near him stood his young and beautiful wife, an old woman evidently his mother, and two or three maid-servants, all of them well armed.

Taking him for a janissary they raised their weapons in self-defence, but Kara Seïd Ali persuaded them that he was not an enemy, and urged them to hastily leave the place, for the janissaries were not far away.

"Can you lift my husband and carry him to the fortress of Saint Nicolas? I will give you all these watches if you will," said the young woman to Kara Seïd Ali, showing him three gold watches.

"And I will give you this pearl," added the old woman.

The eyes of the Albanian glistened at the sight of the treasures.

"Will you come too?" the Albanian asked.

"We will follow you, and we will lend you a hand when you are tired."

"The castle is not safe, and we shall meet janissaries. I will carry him on my back down to the boats."

"How can the boats leave without rudders! No! To the fortress of Saint Nicolas, and we will go too!"

The Albanian regarded the watches and the pearl, and without a word took the man on his back, and with the women left the house.

To reach the fortress one must either go in a straight line, in which case he would be obliged to cut through the ranks of the Turks, as the five hundred and fifty Psariots

had done, or he must make a large detour which would require many hours.

Kara Seïd Ali chose the second course, and arrived opposite the tower a little past midnight.

It was impossible to get in, for the Turks surrounded it on every side, and were expecting to make the final assault the next day. There was not time to go back, and death was sure as soon as daylight caused them to be seen.

"We better go to the boats, my Gialouris," said the young Psariot to her husband.

"I have an idea, my wife. I remember a large fig-tree near by on the right. You climb up into the tree, and I will stay at the foot. If the Turks come, just give me a shot so that I may not fall into their hands, and you will draw their bullets into the tree, and so we shall die like real Psariots."

This was the best possible advice under the circumstances. They sought the fig-tree at once.

As soon as the day dawned, from the top of the tree they saw bands of janissaries rushing repeatedly against the fortress of Saint Nicolas. During all that fourth of July fresh Ottoman forces were landing on the island, but the besieged maintained a desperate resistance.

Meanwhile from his elevation Kara Seïd Ali clearly descried his former master seated with his attendants on a rock out of gunshot, turning his glass in every direction, and surveying the combat.

The guns of the fortress repulsed three furious assaults, but finally the ammunition of the Psariots began to fail; and at the constant appearance of fresh forces from the fleet, they knew that they must either surrender or die.

About two o'clock in the afternoon one of the commanders asked the besieged which they chose, surrender or a glorious death.

"A glorious death is better than slavery," cried men and women together.

A great quantity of powder had been stored in a deep mine just outside the fortress.

A stalwart sailor leaped from the wall with a lighted torch in his left hand, and his sword in the right, and ran toward the mine, but when only a few steps away, he fell under a shower of balls.

"Another! another!" shouted a lad of fifteen, and like

lightning he followed to seize the torch of immortality. He too was shot dead before he had accomplished anything. In the same way an old man was stricken down, who had formerly been a brave seaman on the Russian fleet which burned the Turkish ships at Tchesmeh. Three others tried in turn, but before they reached the stored up powder, they also met death.

For a few minutes the Greeks ceased firing. Kneeling down, they raised their hands toward Him who had set before them this martyrdom for freedom and Christianity.

The Turks thought that they had stopped firing in order to surrender. From every direction they poured against the fortress shouting, "Allah!"

Then a white flag waved on the battlements bearing the words "Liberty or Death!" and at the same moment the earth quivered and a tremendous and repeated roar filled all the horizon.

The fortress of Saint Nicolas, blown into the air, hurled toward the firmament or buried beneath its jagged rocks six thousand Turks and the Psariots, soldiers, women, children, and old men who had been inside.

CHAPTER XX

A WOMAN'S PROTECTION

At the moment of the explosion in the dense smoke Arnaout Pasha was separated from his retinue and began to run as far as possible from the frightful spot. At last he stopped directly under the tree on which Kara Seïd Ali and the Psariots had climbed.

Seeing him approach, the wounded Gialouris rallied his strength, rose, and waited, keeping his body hidden behind the trunk. As soon as the cowardly Barthakas came near enough, he grasped him by the throat and choked him with his sailor fingers tighter than the rope of a hangman.

With mad thirst for revenge Gialouris was pointing his sword at the heart of Arnaout Pasha, when, with panting breath, the latter managed to say, "Don't kill me! I am a Christian! I am a Greek! They made me a Turk by force!"

"You are a Greek! The Greeks don't wear turbans."

"I did not always. They took me at Patras. Zaïmis, Lontos, are like brothers to me!"

"Bah! Arnaout Pasha," cried the Albanian, leaping from the tree, "I say, this fellow isn't any cousin of Lontos."

"My Kara Seïd Ali! Allah has sent you! Glory be to Allah!" and he peered toward the fig-tree, in whose thick leaves and branches he perceived pistols and knives without being able to make out how many and what people were there.

"What are you, Turk or Christian?" asked the Albanian.

"Just what you are yourself, Kara Seïd Ali. You know well enough."

"I am an Albanian hawk. Whoever gives me the most money, I fight for him."

"Stick your knife into him, my Gialouris. Don't you hear? He is a pasha. What are you keeping him for, Gialouris? They turned all Psara into ashes," cried the wife of the Psariot.

The Psariot was in doubt whether to listen to his wife and drive his sharp sword somewhat farther toward the black heart of Barthakas, or to yield to his earnest entreaties.

"Keep still! What are you shouting for? For the Turks to come and set you free?"

"I am not shouting, only don't kill me! I am the famous Barthakas, the teacher of the daughter of the demogeront of Demetzana. I speak seven languages, and so they made me a pasha. I am Pasha of Lesbos, and in secret I am always doing good to the Christians. Make me your slave, but don't kill me. I am rich, and can pay my ransom, and you can exchange me for a hundred of your own people. Will you gain by taking away the life of a man who has n't a para with him?"

"I wouldn't kill him, captain, for I know that he is really very rich. For a small affair he gave me ten thousand piastres once."

"Climb up into the tree. Quick! If we escape, you shall escape too. If a Turk comes over here first, you shall die, and then we. Good mother, don't take your eye and your hand off of him. I trust him to you, and I know what a snake he is."

Barthakas, the Albanian, and the Psariots hid themselves in the leaves of the fig-tree as the smoke of the explosion gradually cleared away. Gialouris reassumed his position at the foot of the tree behind the thick trunk.

"How did you happen to be in this tree, Kara Seïd Ali?" Barthakas asked in Turkish as soon as his fright began to diminish.

"They paid me to carry the wounded man, and to stay and fight near them."

"But were you not with Cottas and the other Albanians?"

"I was; but when I saw the honorable way in which you treated them, I jumped down about thirty feet and ran away."

"I did not hurt anybody. The janissaries are wild beasts everywhere."

"You are worse than they are — you have killed more people. At least they do it in war."

"How can you speak to me so?" stammered the pasha, stifling his resentment.

"It is easy when you change your religion so fast. When you were at Yanina, weren't you a Turk and a caftanji? Why did you just say that you were a Christian?"

"When a small boy I was a Christian, but the Turks took me and made me a Mussulman."

"All that is a lie. Nobody but you brought the Laliots into the tower of the demogeront and cut down all those people. You went with the Turks of your own free will."

"Who told you those lies, Kara Seïd Ali?"

"Thrasyboulos told me."

"I see that you know each other pretty well," said the aged mother of Gialouris, who understood Turkish, and was listening with interested curiosity.

"Yes, I knew him at Yanina," cried the Albanian, patting the shoulder of Barthakas familiarly and looking him sarcastically in the face.

Arnaout Pasha forgot his fear and felt his pride deeply touched. "Bravo, Kara Seïd Ali! Bravo! A fine way you have of treating your former master. And what became of Thrasyboulos?" he continued in Turkish, changing his tone, while nodding to him to be careful.

"What became of him! Do you want to know? Didn't you tell me to drown him?" looking the pasha in the face.

"But he was a true pallikari, and I had fought with him at Dragatzana, and I had a blood covenant with him, and he paid me well, so I did n't kill him, but spared his life and Carl's too, and now he is at Misolonghi."

Barthakas did not utter a word, but gnawed his lips convulsively.

"Before we came to Psara we were at Misolonghi, and I saw him again. He was severely wounded at Carpenesi, where he was with Markos Botsaris, but he is better now. Oh, I know all your secrets! How you were a teacher at the tower of Demetzana and how you brought the Laliots; how you tricked Lontos at Patras; how you stole from Kyria Vouvoulina at Tripolitsa; how you laid hands on all the treasures of Ali Pasha, and caused the death of Chourshid Pasha; and how Andronike got out of your clutches."

"And was Andronike herself at Misolonghi?" asked Barthakas, and the hair of his head stood up.

"He was expecting her hourly from the Ionian Islands."

"Well, and did this ape do all that?" cried the old woman. "Bah! I would like to hang him from one of these branches."

"He is an ape, lady, with his crooked body."

"What lies you get together, Kara Seïd Ali! You believe everything you are told. Don't believe it, lady mother! Don't believe it! When a man is rich and powerful all the little people bark at him from a distance."

"Look here, you dwarf! Do you say I lie? Did n't you give me ten thousand piastres to drown Thrasyboulos and Carl in the lake? Is that a lie?" angrily asked Kara Seïd Ali, twirling his great moustache.

"What are they talking about so loud, mother?" asked Gialouris.

"They seem to know each other pretty well. It's a pity I don't understand Turkish," replied his wife.

"They do know each other well," said the old woman. "Do you see this monkey, my boy? He has killed many Christians, and robbed many other people, and so has become pasha. Ask Kara Seïd Ali to tell you. He is a renegade too."

"Is that so! Stop his mouth then! Why should we keep him? These renegades are worse than the Turks."

"Don't believe it, my good man! For Christ's sake,

are you so stupid as to kill a man without proof? I am a Christian like you. This fellow is a Turk. See my talisman with a bit of the True Cross. Since boyhood I have had it round my neck. If I was a Turk, what good would it do me? Nothing but accident makes me a pasha. I can pay you two hundred thousand piastres for my freedom. I have relatives all through the Morea and Roumelia. Karaïskakis, Markos Botsaris, Lontos, Mavrocordatos, are all of them my relatives."

"Don't believe him, captain. It is all a lie. Only he is rich."

"Ah, you accursed slave! This Albanian was my groom and ate my bread, and now see how he treats me."

"Don't be insulting, I say; and didn't you eat the bread of the demogeront?"

"Beautiful creature," said Barthakas, turning to the wife of Gialouris and softening his tones, "I beg your protection. I see how blood thirsts for revenge, and you don't care whether it be of the innocent or the guilty. See here! In the old days of our fathers the protection of a beautiful woman was like the protection of a goddess, and no one violated it. If you take me under your protection, I promise to make you a great lady. I am very rich, so why do you want to kill me?"

"Let him live a little while, Gialouris. That Albanian knows how rich he is. Perhaps he will make up to us the thousands we have lost," said the young woman.

"If you see the Turks coming along here, then finish him; for if he once gets out of our hands, he would be the first man to kill us."

Men and women then fell into deathlike silence. Each was wondering whether he would save his life or not.

Barthakas, moreover, said to himself that if good fortune let him go this time, he would hereafter be a faithful Turk, for his crimes were so well known to the Greeks that he could hope for no position among them nor perhaps escape punishment.

About nine o'clock that night thick darkness enabled the family to descend from the tree. They tied the hands of Barthakas with a girdle and pulled him along. The Albanian again took Gialouris on his back, and all started for the shore on the other side of the island, where they hoped to find some boat and embark.

CHAPTER XXI

A BATH

THE shore was at no great distance. There the family of Gialouris found other men and women who had come for the same purpose. Toward dawn they perceived a boat full of people, drifting hither and thither on the smooth and glassy sea. It was one of those Psariot boats from which before the catastrophe the rudders and sails had been taken.

"Why should we wait here for the Turks?" said Gialouris. "Let us take to the water and reach it."

"Do you know how to swim, Kara Seïd Ali?" the old woman asked the Albanian.

"Like a dolphin. From a little boy I am in the water. I have caught sea-urchins at Prevesa as easy as a louse."

"And you, do you know how?" she asked, turning to Barthakas.

"No, lady mother. Never in my life was I in the water up to my ankles."

"Now he is going in, I say, up to the neck," Kara Seïd Ali added dryly.

"Oh, the wretch! He will drown me! I am done for! I see through it! They will drown me!" Barthakas began to moan piteously.

"Be quiet! Keep still! Off with your clothes. Kara Seïd Ali, do you and Mantho help Gialouris. The rest of us will look out for this fellow," said the mother.

"Since he don't know how to swim, why should we take him with us? Let me stick my knife into him and get rid of him," said the Psariot again.

"I can swim a little! I can! Don't kill me! If the others help me I can float. It is a sin to lose the thousands I promised you. My sweet lady, I have implored your protection. Don't let them kill me!"

"Off with your clothes, you humpback! What are you crying to me for? Off with your clothes! The Turks may appear on the hill, wherever they are now," said the young woman, who, with the other women, had already thrown off her heavy island robe and retained only a light chemise.

Mechanically he also took off his clothes.

"I say, humpback! You have a bunch like the ostrich," said the Albanian, astonished at the sight of his bony and deformed body.

The others, who thought only of the danger before them, paid not the slightest heed to his words, but plunged into the sea as quickly as possible.

"Jump, pasha, into the water! I am waiting to jump in!"

"No, holy mother! I never was in the sea! Oh, I shall drown!"

"Jump! jump, I say! I haven't time to wait," the Albanian cried once more.

Barthakas approached the water and at once shrank back, crying, "No! no! Kill me, but don't drown me! Oh!" he groaned, grinding his teeth and shaking his head as if in hydrophobia.

"Why is the fool afraid of the water? This is, I say, how to jump in!"

The Albanian, who stood behind, seized him by the neck and, lifting his little body like a pup in his strong right hand, slung him into the midst of the group of women, who, like mermaids, were waiting for him in a semi-circle.

Arnaout Pasha gave a shrill cry before falling into the water, and then there was a loud splash as the Albanian sprang in immediately afterwards.

For a moment the unhappy ex-teacher was lost in the depths of the waters, then like pumice stone reappeared on the surface. His eyes were closed, his hair was plastered over his face, his mouth foamed, and he panted noisily and violently to recover his breath which, on being thrown in, he had retained as long as he could.

The Psariots seized him, more dead from fear than from the bath which he had taken on that beautiful June morning. They supported him, and proceeded like creatures of the deep towards the ship. At intervals they shouted to the sailors to wait for them. From other promontories of the island other swimmers were trying to reach the same ship.

After no little exertion they climbed on deck, their strength and breath almost gone. As Barthakas then saw himself in that crowd of Christians he realized that for the present all hope of again seeing his palace was

lost. Kara Seïd Ali, himself in the same position, had to show the utmost good-will and devotion to the Christians, or else he would have fallen a victim to the desperate circumstances into which his co-religionists had driven them.

Fortunately the captain of the ship was a certain Angelicaras, a relative of Gialouris. As soon as he heard about Barthakas, he ordered him to be thrown into the hold among the ballast.

The appearance of the Greeks on the ship was most pitiable. The passengers were mostly old men, except some who had swum to the vessel and had reached it naked and starving. They could impart no direction to it, for it had neither rudder nor sails. There was no jolly boat with which to tow it, and not the slightest breeze agitated the Grecian Archipelago. Their food was exceedingly scanty, and they were upheld only by the hope of meeting a Greek or European vessel. Five successive days they remained in the same situation. On the sixth, toward sunset, they counted fifteen ships coming directly toward them.

At first their uncertainty was agony, but when they recognized the vessels as belonging to the Grecian fleet, and signalled them to approach, joy and hope revived. As night darkened the horizon they lighted a great lantern on deck to show where they were.

About nine o'clock the Greek vessels were near, twenty-five war-ships and thirty merchantmen, which were proceeding to Psara to help the unfortunates of the island and to meet the Ottoman fleet.

With noise and tumult they sprang into the boats on every side. In an hour all the worn-out refugees and sailors of the rudderless vessel were on the decks of the different merchantmen, and had found food and clothing.

Soon after they sailed away for Hydra, Spetza, and Nauplia. The men-of-war continued their course toward Psara, towing the dismantled vessel with them.

Barthakas remained in the hold, for in the universal confusion of that night of rescue, when each was thinking only of his own safety, who was likely to remember their valuable captive? Besides the passengers of that vessel were scattered on ten different merchantmen, which had already set sail for different islands.

CHAPTER XXII

THE HEGOUMENOS BENJAMIN

THE vessel in whose hold Barthakas lay was of about five hundred tons' burden. The place of his confinement, low, narrow, and damp, made him so horribly sick that his face was that of a corpse.

They had thrown in front of him a basket with dry bread, and given him a jar full of dirty water, and for several days allowed him nothing else. His quarters were directly under the cabin of the captain.

Already the Greeks had filled the vessel with combustibles, and from prow to stern had covered the deck with a quantity of pitch and rosin. During the first part of his imprisonment the terror of the unhappy pasha was so great that he considered death as this time absolutely sure. Nevertheless after some days he perceived that the rudderless and mastless vessel was moving with surprising speed. He also noticed that profound silence had succeeded the groans and laments of the Psariots on board, and that the sailor who looked after him had not appeared for three days. Now he began to shout for some one to come to his help, but who was there to hear? The vessel, as we know, was being tugged. Everything conspired to drown his screams, — the rattle of the ballast and the fuel, the whistling of the wind and the rippling of the water in the wake. Then he struggled to break his bonds and escape from his prison.

The Greek fleet harbored for several days at Psara, and there had an engagement with the Turkish fleet. Contrary winds prevented a decisive victory, but the Turks withdrew to Samos, and the Greeks collected their forces and prepared to sail in pursuit. They had got ready seven fire-ships, the largest of which, the very one in which Barthakas was a prisoner, had fallen by lot to the intrepid Constantine Canaris.

Barthakas had already broken his bonds and partially opened the door of his prison, and was all ready to go out, when, in the captain's cabin, directly under which he was confined, he heard footsteps and soon afterwards people

talking. A resonant voice was saying, "The catastrophe of Psara is not only a triumph for the enemy, but a disgrace to the Greek fleet. The dissensions of the Psariots, Hydriots, and Spetziots brought it about. Did n't I then foretell the consequences, and insist on never letting the enemy approach the island, but preventing him by our fire-ships? Who listened to me! Poor Psara! I do not mourn so much for the friends and relatives whom I have lost as for Psara."

"You are right, Captain Kanaris."

"Am I right? Do you know, Captain Sactouris, that this very moment the seraglio of the sultan is adorned with the heads of five hundred Psariots, with twelve hundred ears and thirty-five Greek flags? You know that worse things even will happen at Samos, where Chosreph Pasha has gone, unless we prevent him. When I say prevent him, I mean we must attack him in the open, and at the same time try to blow him up with our fire-ships. Here is this vessel, for example. You see it. It shall avenge the fall of Psara. I hope to blow up Chosreph at Samos just as I did Kara Ali at Scio."

"The fire-ships will do the business," said Sactouris. "Let's go on deck. At what time to-night shall we start for Samos?"

"At eight. There are five of us captains here, yourself, Captain Vaticiotis, Captain Raphael, Captain Tzapelis, and myself. If each of us blows up one Turkish ship, and then we all make our appearance with our thirty-five small vessels, it won't be surprising if nothing is left to-morrow of that terrible fleet of Sultan Mahmoud. Yet it consists of one hundred and thirty transports, two two-deckers, sixteen frigates, fourteen corvettes, seventy brigs, and thirty schooners, — altogether about two hundred and sixty sail. I want you here, brothers, for our success and the Turkish loss will be enormous. There will be some atonement then for the ruin of Scio and Psara, for the transports are loaded with cavalry, infantry, and stores."

"At eight then for Samos."

"At eight. Stop! Why are you in such a hurry? Nicolas, bring some mastica. I will give you a glass of raki. I can't offer you anything else, for I took possession of this fire-ship only to-day, and on a fire-ship one does n't find much of anything except fuel."

"A glass of raki is all right, Captain Canaris. Let us drink only to our success and to the deliverance of Samos," said Raphael.

"They are planning to treat that island just as they did Scio and Psara. I hear that the inhabitants have all taken to the hills."

"We will make them come back quick," said Canaris. "Your health, brothers, and good luck."

"Amen, brothers," they all cried, and clinked their glasses.

"How many sailors are with you, Canaris?"

"This time twenty. Eight of the same men were with me when I burned up Kara Ali."

"And your lifeboat?"

"A longboat only."

The above conversation paralyzed the unhappy Barthakas. He learned that he was in the hold of a fire-ship commanded by the hero of Psara. He shook from head to foot on realizing his position. He racked his brains thinking what to do. About nine o'clock, after the Greek fleet had started for Samos, he decided to come out of his prison rather than become a holocaust for the Samians.

Constantine Canaris was on deck as usual near the helmsman, when Barthakas stuck his head out like a mouse. No one was there except a sailor with a fierce, savage face, who was preparing the dinner of the fire-chief.

"Hallo, pallikari! Did you sprout like a radish from the keel? Who are you?" the sailor asked with absolute indifference.

Barthakas hypocritically turned his head in every direction, and then asked in a low, hollow voice, "Are the Turks gone?"

"What Turks, I say! The Turks never put foot on this fire-ship! Who are you, sir?" cried the sailor, laughing loudly.

"A Christian! A Christian! Where am I?"

"Captain Canaris! Eh, Captain Canaris! Come down! Some one is inquiring for you," the sailor shouted with a mocking laugh.

"Somebody is inquiring for me?" Canaris asked in surprise, and he descended to his cabin. "Haven't you gone crazy, Nicolas?"

"No, my captain. Look there." Taking the candle he threw the light toward the corner of the cabin, where the pale and repulsive head of Barthakas protruded like a fantastic mask.

"What! Christ and the Panaghia! Who are you, I say?" demanded the astonished Canaris.

"A Christian, my admiral. A son of our orthodox and holy Church!"

"How did you get here?"

"The Turks shut me up. I have n't breath enough to speak!"

"Take him outside. Give him something to drink. He can hardly breathe."

The sailor took Barthakas outside, and at the sight of his deformed and half naked body could not help exclaiming, "What a dwarf!"

The pasha, as we know, was most scantily clad, as he had fallen into the sea with the Psariots and Kara Seïd Ali.

"Twenty-five whole days and nights have I been inside with bread and water and chains! My Panaghia! How did I live! I can't believe it yet!"

"But who shut you up down there?"

"The Turks! Those dogs of Turks! Is there any doubt about that?"

"This vessel was never in the hands of Turks," said Canaris at a loss.

"Was never in the hands of Turks! There were so many Christians of us on this ship anchored in the harbor of Psara! The Turks captured it, and put them to the sword, but shut me up down there. I had cursed them for their vile actions, and they meant to torture me to death. I don't understand now how Christians are here instead of Turks."

"The fellow is telling the truth, Captain Canaris. As soon as he stuck his head out, his first word was, 'Have the Turks gone?'" said the sailor. Canaris became thoughtful. He puzzled his head to remember when the vessel was in the hands of the Mussulmans.

"Give him some clothes, Nicolas. Then come and eat," he said to Barthakas.

The Governor of Lesbos washed his hands and face, and slightly recovered from his painful experiences.

"What part of Greece are you from, and what's your name?"

"I am from Larissa in Thessaly. My name is Benjamin Parthenios. I was hegoumenos of Iveron, one of the largest monasteries of Mount Athos. When the insurrection broke out, we rose too and beat the Turks. Then after the destruction of Cassandra we were scattered. I was at Misolonghi, at the disaster of Peta, at Thermopylæ, and where was n't I! As the proverb says, 'I have eaten powder with the spoon'!"

Canaris stared at him, and said, "Then you are one of the fighters?"

"One of the fighters! In such a conflict who is n't one of the fighters!"

"Do you know where we are going?"

"No, captain."

"We are going to blow the Turks up."

Barthakas started.

"Early to-morrow we shall be at Samos. The Turkish fleet is there outside, two hundred and sixty-three ships. We are fifty or sixty. If you go on deck you will see everything. First, we shall fight them, and then attack them with fire-ships. This vessel is one of the biggest. I am making it ready for the capoudan pasha."

"Captain, may I ask your name?" said Barthakas, who, although he half recognized the fire-chief, was not quite sure.

"Constantine Canaris, Father Benjamin. Lucky that you should be on this same vessel! So you were fasting for a long time in the hold, like a hegoumenos in his cell. After dinner you shall read us some prayers, Father Benjamin."

"At your orders, captain."

As Barthakas felt that, willingly or unwillingly, on the morrow he would be in the fight and in the fire, he felt the little blood still left him dry up in his veins. After dinner the false hegoumenos repeated by heart some prayers and psalms of David, which he remembered from his Christian days, and to which the sailors listened with devout attention. He ended with prayers for the success of the fire-ships and for the destruction of the entire Ottoman Empire. Then all the sailors except the watch went to their berths.

Gravely pacing the deck with his hands folded behind him, the renegade once more, after so many days, breathed the pure, fragrant night air. The silvery form of the moon, the phosphorescent glimmer of the wake, and the murmur of the waves rippling against the hull, gave him new life. His cowardly heart in his longing to live began to be tortured by remorse for his crimes, and meanwhile he could discover no manner of escape from the dangers which surrounded him on every side. How often did he repent at having left his sweet Lesbos, that land of peace, in which he was enjoying every pleasure! At last he lay down near the helmsman and fell into a troubled sleep.

The next day while the warm Ægean sun was approaching noontide, and in its heat almost boiling the pitch on the fire-ships, all the Greek fleet in close array drew near the lofty mountains of the country of Pythagoras. It was the eleventh of August. Chosreph Pasha, with his powerful men-of-war, had quitted Scio, and was sailing to the same destination, leaving his transports not far from Ephesus to embark the troops for Samos.

"Do you hear firing?" Canaris asked the shipmaster.

"Yes, Captain Canaris."

He turned his glass and gazed in every direction. "Sactouris is not in sight," he said to himself after a little. "Signal the Spetziots and ask where he is."

The order was obeyed, and they answered that the Hydriot admiral was in front at the head of three ships, and fighting with twenty Turkish transports which were conveying troops along the island to Carlovassi.

"The cannonading is from them then. Let us see what will come of it."

During the day the Greek vessels came back, bringing with them three transports full of janissaries and Youruks who were being despatched to Samos. The Greeks put them all to the sword. The other transports had been sunk by the Turks, who saw their danger, and fled in their many-oared ship's boats to land.

The capoudan pasha was at Aghia Marina. About dawn the next day he appeared off the Greek fleet which lay in the harbor of Vathy at Samos. However two fire-ships started out and compelled him to retire, whereupon he commenced firing.

On anchoring, the hope of soon being able to disembark

gradually restored Barthakas to himself. Three times he asked Canaris for permission to land, on the pretext of wishing to visit some relatives at Samos, but the latter sternly replied that he should allow no one to go on shore before the battle.

The timorous Barthakas then began to scheme how he could manage to get to the pier opposite, which was only a few paces distant.

The capoudan pasha, ashamed that with such a powerful armament he was unable to destroy the Greek fleet, returned on the sixteenth of the month with forty-two ships-of-the-line and offered battle.

"Up with the anchor! Up with the anchor! To the sails! Quick," shouted Canaris.

"Th-the s-s-sea i-i-is b-bl-ack w-w-wi-th Turks," stammered Barthakas.

"Pray again, hegoumenos, for a victory."

The false hegoumenos fell full length so as not to see, and begged God to deliver him from that iron hail which was hissing around him. The fortress and the Samian batteries had begun to fire, as had also a body of volunteers who were stationed on the ruins of the ancient temple of Hera now called Colonæ. They all fought with great effect against the flagship, which had taken position opposite.

The Greek fleet quitted the harbor, and the thunders of cannon shook the sea. So hot was the battle that in a few hours the Turks had fired five thousand balls, and the Greeks a third as many.

"What are the Hydriot fire-ships doing? I don't see one stirring. Get up, hegoumenos. What are you lying there for? You have prayed enough. You must help too. You are accustomed to powder! How have you lost your senses!"

"On l-l-land, n-not on w-w-wa-t-ter."

"You will get used to it little by little. Take the spy-glass, climb up there, and look out for the black ships. They are the fire-ships. Watch their movements and tell me."

Staggering, Barthakas obeyed the order of the chief; but as he ascended the poop, where he was more exposed than anywhere else to the storm of balls, the wretch could hardly stand on his feet.

"What do you see?" Canaris asked.

"T-t-the s-sm-smoke w-w-won-t l-l-et m-me s-see a-ny-thing."

"Do you take the glass," said the chieftain, turning angrily to a stalwart Psariot. He sprang forward like a shot, and snatched the glass from the hands of the counterfeit priest.

"Go to the cabin and sit down, father. Sit down! You are not made for war, only another time don't boast."

"O-o-on l-l-lan-d, C-c-cap-t-tain C-c-an-a-a-ris."

"Captain Canaris! Captain Canaris!" some one roared with a sea-trumpet from a vessel approaching them.

"Who is calling?"

"Captain Sactouris."

"What is it? Why don't the Hydriot fire-ships attack the Turks?"

"Let us start ourselves! I don't know why in the devil their sailors won't start. I promised every man a hundred piastres, but they would n't budge. If you don't hurry, the Turks will crowd us with their monstrous ships."

"Bravo! Forward, pallikaris! Signal that other Psariot fire-ship to follow! Forward! Forward! Glory to-day for the Psariots! Remember the fortress of Saint Nicolas! Remember ruined Psara!"

"Forward! Forward!" cried the sailors, and bringing their vessel close to a huge Turkish frigate they lowered their lifeboat from the stern. Meanwhile the other fire-ships followed.

The Turkish bullets fell like hail. Happily little harm was done. According to the saying of Lord Byron, "The time to fear the bullets of the Turks is when they don't take aim."

Barthakas roused from his stupor just as a loud whiz and a thundering crash were heard. A ball had traversed the prow from side to side, peeling off two large planks and throwing him down from the ladder which led to the deck. The wretch supposed that his last hour had really come.

"Hurry to keep the water out! The poor hegoumenos has been killed! The ball probably carried him off," Canaris muttered, peering down and showing some regret on his strong, warlike face.

"They are running away! They are running away! They have recognized the fire-ships. What a pity! All the Turks have turned! Are n't they frightened though!" cried one of the sailors, joyfully.

In fact, on seeing the fire-ships, the Turks ceased firing, and, reversing their rudders, took to flight. "There is n't time for us to go far," said Canaris. "We will chase them a little way and come back. The sun has set." Two hours later Canaris put out his terrible torch on reaching the Strait of Dar Boghaz, which separates Samos from Ionia, where the rest of the Greek fleet was moored.

Barthakas, who at first thought himself killed, recovered his senses. No longer hearing the roar of cannon, he crawled on deck humbly, and hanging his head down, threw himself at the feet of the chief.

"Get up, my hegoumenos," the latter said good-naturedly. "You told me you had seen a good deal of fighting, and so I kept you on the vessel."

"War on the sea is one thing, and on land another thing, my son. Yes, I have found it out! My little sword has cut off no few Turkish heads. But the sea takes hold of you and tosses you about, and the cannon thunder so! Who can stand it!"

"To-morrow morning then we will land you on the island, Father Benjamin, for I see you will not be of any use and can't hold out. This vessel will burn up sooner or later. Can you swim?"

"Just like lead to the bottom," he replied smiling.

"You are right then in being so afraid. You know that when we set fire and fasten the fire-ship, we all have to jump into the sea and reach our skiff by swimming."

"No! Is that so?"

"When we fastened it, what would become of you? Who would remember you then?"

"Let me once tread on the dry land and never again, my Panaghia, may you let me put foot on the water," said Barthakas.

"It is night now, but to-morrow morning we will land you."

He slept peacefully that night. His escape from so imminent danger seemed to him like a dream. Now his only concern was how to get at once from Samos to his beloved Lesbos.

CHAPTER XXIII

A FINE STORY

BARTHAKAS was landed not far from Scala Nuova, where the Turkish troops were encamped while waiting transportation to Samos. During the night his distorted figure appeared before the captain of the only Turkish corvette in the harbor, which was already weighing anchor to follow the fleet. He sent word who he was, and was immediately received on board. Afterwards he decided that he would be safer in the flagship than if he tried to reach Lesbos, which would necessitate his passing through the Greek fleet.

Chosreph Pasha, the triumphant destroyer of Psara, was now in a state of anger approaching frenzy at his last defeat. His head throbbed, and his lips were white. One moment he was ready to order his flagship to head an attack upon the infidels, and the next he recoiled, remembering what had befallen Kara Ali in the bay of Scio. The name of Canaris inspired him with a terror akin to awe. His dinner was waiting before him, but he paid no heed. The picture of that day's encounter was indelibly burned into his mind. Three of his splendid men-of-war, with one hundred cannon and a thousand men, had leaped into the air and been devoured by the voracious sea, leaving on the surface only a few floating relics. Not a single boat had he been able to capture from the giaours. In his arrogance and pride it was unendurable!

In this state Arnaout Pasha, Governor of Lesbos, found him as he entered.

"What! Arnaout, are you alive?" he cried, standing up.

"I am alive," Barthakas replied, with a grim smile.

"Where do you come from?"

"From hell. I know all there is in the other life. I have been there and come back."

"I can't believe that you are really alive. I thought that you were buried long ago in that frightful cemetery of Saint Nicolas."

"And do you think that I didn't go up into the air! I did go up; and do you know where I fell? Into the very

middle of Canaris' fire-ship. I was on it when he burned your frigate. How I escaped from his talons, only the Prophet and I can tell."

"What do you mean? Sit down, sit down, pasha! Why! Why! What a dog that Canaris is!"

"A dog! Neither the ancient nor the modern world has produced anybody like him. He let me look through his spy-glass," he added with a laugh and a shrug.

"Sha'n't I ever have him in my hands? I will roast him alive! So he lent you his glass! Tell me, my dear Arnaout Pasha, your history as quick as you can. I am impatient to hear it!"

The two pashas sat down to dinner, and Barthakas began his narration.

"When the Psariots blew up the powder magazine of Saint Nicolas, I saw a sudden flash of light and heard a roar. The sea seemed to open and swallow up the island. I was stunned, made deaf and dumb, and held as in a vice. What became of me I don't myself know. I only know this, that after many hours, when I came to myself, I found I was mixed up in the branches of a tree where were concealed one Psariot, my Kara Seïd Ali, and three or four women."

"What are you telling me! Why! Why! Such things are miraculous!" exclaimed the admiral, stroking his beard.

"That is nothing to what follows. Listen, capoudan pasha. Kara Seïd Ali recognized me, and at once told the Psariots who I was. Imagine my situation! Think of those knife-stickers, who saw their country destroyed before their eyes, learning that I was the Governor of Lesbos. One clutched me by the throat; another put his horrid dagger close to my heart; another tore out my hair; another stuck his hand over my mouth. The traitor Kara Seïd Ali enraged me most of all. He was worse than the rest. As for the women, were those creatures women or devils?"

"How did you escape death?"

"Before finishing me, they left my mouth open for a moment. I did not lose my wits. I must tell you the truth, — when hard up I am as sly as a dog. I talked to them well. I handed them all I had upon me, and promised them half of Lesbos as my ransom, if they would spare my life. Finally I convinced them that they could exchange me

for a hundred of their own people. We travelled all night, and reached the seashore toward morning, where we saw a large vessel some distance off.

“‘Let us swim out to it,’ screamed the women.

“What sea calves they were! Before I could turn round, they were in the water. ‘What are you waiting for, pasha?’ one of them yelled. ‘Jump into the sea.’ I did not know how to swim. Another kind of death faced me. That traitor Kara Seïd Ali seized me in his hands and hurled me about eighteen feet into the sea.”

“Ah, dear Arnaout! How we will chop that fellow up! Into bits! What then?”

“Let me put my claws on him!” resumed the renegade, drawing a long breath. “So be it! Despair renders a man cunning. In an instant I learned how to swim, and with the help of the rest we reached the vessel. It was packed with Psariots. What do you think they did to me? They threw me into a narrow, damp hole under the captain’s cabin, with chains on my hands and feet, and gave me only bread and water. There I remained, my dear friend, just forty days and forty nights!”

“Horrible! Oh, the giaours!” the capoudan pasha murmured, convulsively clenching his fists and moving uneasily on his sofa.

“Listen a little longer. The Greek fleet met that vessel, and took off all those murderers to carry them to Hydra, Spetza, and Nauplia. In the tumult they forgot me. After a few days they converted the vessel into a fire-ship. It is the very one which burned up the frigate and which Canaris commanded.”

“What are you telling me!”

“Yes. They loaded it with pitch, rosin, every inflammable substance, and got it all ready. By good luck, before they started they held a council in the captain’s cabin. When I found out where I was, and where it was going, I gnawed at my chains to get free. In fact, the evening after we started, while Canaris was at dinner, I sprouted up before him like a radish, as his servant said.”

“It is lucky that he didn’t chop you into a thousand pieces,” Chosreph interrupted uneasily.

“On the contrary, as soon as he learned who I was, he invited me to his table.”

“What sort of a man is he, Arnaout?” the capoudan

pasha interrupted, with a scowl. "Of course he is a sort of dull giant."

"On the contrary, he is vigorous, nimble, of perfect self-possession, and uniform good nature, without pride, of average height, with downy moustache, and eyes sharp-sighted as the hawk's, but mild and fascinating."

"That is strange! I thought he was a sort of savage."

"You misjudge him. He treated me with all the courtesy due my rank. He offered me the best he had, and then we fell into a long conversation about the insurrection. What shall I say! The man has something to say on his side. 'We only want our liberty and nothing else,' he kept repeating."

"Yes! Liberty! The cursed giaours!"

"I passed some fine days on that fire-ship, Chosreph, and I grew rather fond of Canaris. Day before yesterday arrived and the battle began. The bullets crossed from prow to stern and from stern to prow, like threads in cloth. It was then, my friend, that I admired Canaris. If he had been the devil himself at a marriage or a ball, he could not have moved with greater indifference and calm. Should a Mussulman appear inferior? I climbed out on the jib and with a spy-glass watched that scene of battle. Canaris pretended not to see me, but, notwithstanding, his eye kept moving like the tail of a bird. Ten times my eye caught his as he stood admiring me from the side. Not to be tedious, I had good luck. A thousand balls took the hair from my ears as it were, and yet none of them touched me."

"Bravo, pasha, bravo! Joy to the Prophet that he has such followers!" shouted Chosreph, with enthusiasm.

"In the evening at dinner the brave Psariot could not refrain from scattering a few laurels on me because of my conduct. On the other hand he reproved me at having so exposed my life. Then he added, 'Do you see this ship? To-morrow I will burn your admiral with it, just as I did Kara Ali.'"

"Oh, the man! Let him come on!"

"'I am sorry,' he said, 'for you to have the pain of being present at his funeral; but Chosreph destroyed Psara. As long as I am alive and have a ship, I will pursue him and find him, even if he hides himself in his palace on the Bosphorus.'"

Chosreph became pale and anxious.

"Truly, my dear admiral, the other day he uttered no

name but yours. He bellowed like a bull, he growled like a dog, he kept seeking the flagship and crying, 'Chosreph! Chosreph!' Then when he did not reach it, but saw the failure of Zampalis, he was afraid that the Greek fleet would suffer, and so postponed his intention and turned on the frigate. He was like an eagle descending from a height to seize a dove. I sat down on the deck and mourned the destruction of our own people. Finally I sprang into his boat. He told me that he was ready to disembark me, and let me go where I would. He warned me however not to board your flagship, for its fate was determined. 'Sooner or later I shall blow it into the air,' he added."

"Oh, the fiend! He will do it! What a devil! The fire-ships of nobody else stick like his! I will go on board another vessel, Arnaout, and will raise my admiral's flag on a different one," said the capoudan pasha, with consternation.

In fact the next day Chosreph Pasha took up his quarters on a frigate without any distinguishing flag, in order that he might escape the pursuit of the Greek fire-chiefs.

"I say, Chosreph, let us leave these sea-devils, sail over to Lesbos, and amuse ourselves there this winter. Do you know what Canaris told me? Hereafter they don't intend to waste their powder on cannon, but are expecting immense stores from England and France. As soon as they arrive, they will prepare thirty or forty fire-ships. Then they will devote one fire-ship to each of our men-of-war. Thus in a single day they will not leave one of the Padishah's ships in existence. Afterwards they will go to Constantinople and burn it."

"I believe it, for all the Franks help them. What would you, Arnaout Pasha! It is kismet! It is written that we should remain in Europe only four hundred years. The time has come! Would that we were able to return now to beautiful Lesbos! But how can we proceed in that direction where there is such a host of Greek ships? It is better to turn southwards toward Cos, and there join the Egyptian fleet, whatever may happen. You know how I abominate Mehmet Ali and Ibrahim Pasha, whenever I think of how they robbed me of Egypt, my promised land! But, patience! We are better off with them than if we allow the enemy of the faith to destroy us."

The admiral then ordered the other ships to follow. That night, after so many days of suspense, Barthakas first slept a calm and unendangered sleep.

CHAPTER XXIV

ODYSSEUS AND GOURAS AGAIN

WE can barely allude in our story to that splendid series of successes which the Greeks gained over the Turkish fleet before the end of the year 1824. The Egyptian vessels were then under the command of Ibrahim Pasha, son of the Viceroy of Egypt, and of a Tunisian admiral. United with the forces of Chosreph Pasha, the whole formed a naval armament like that of Xerxes. The Hydriot Andreas Miaoulis, in naval genius and daring the Nelson of Greece, rivalled Canaris and caused Ibrahim Pasha to cry with a spasm of rage, on seeing Hydra in the distance, "Ah, my little England! Shall I never hold you here in the palm of my hand!"

Meanwhile Barthakas was constantly changing from the flagship of Chosreph to that of Ibrahim, and back again to that of Chosreph, according to which he considered the safer, without ever being able to effect his return to Lesbos.

About the end of the year, Chosreph, unable to get on well with Ibrahim, and weary of seeing so many useless battles, one morning left behind a large part of the fleet, sailed to the Dardanelles, and anchored in the Golden Horn. Ibrahim, with whom Barthakas had remained, then departed to Crete, and from there to the Peloponnesus, so as to effect his formidable disembarkation. He made his appearance, as the reader remembers, in the very region where we left Andronike, to whom we now return.

Andronike and Lampros climbed to the monastery of Saint Elias, hoping to go thence over land to Misolonghi. While preparing to continue their journey, they received news that the Vali of Roumelia, with a picked army of twenty thousand Albanians and Epirots, had arrived without resistance in front of the famous city.

The despair of Andronike could go no further. She was not thinking so much of herself as of her sick lover, whom it was impossible for her now to reach by land or sea.

Andronike passed three whole months in the vicinity of Demetzana, and in the cell of the hermit of the Prophet Elias, without a letter or any means of getting forward.

At last one evening she said to Lampros, "To-morrow get two horses ready."

"Where for, lady?"

"Athens."

"For Athens!"

"Yes. We have tried every other route. Foolish as it seems, and in the opposite direction, yet we will go there!"

"It is madness for a woman to attempt it, lady. No, in Christ's name!"

"I shall put on man's clothes again. You will go, and I will say I am your son."

"Lady, remember Zeitouni!"

"Hush! Get the horses ready. I don't want advice."

"As you please, lady, but —"

"'But' what?"

"My heart foretells great trouble. Why don't we, lady, keep on the hills till things become more settled, and then start? The Turks are everywhere in Roumelia and the Peloponnesus. Ibrahim, with his ships or soldiers, won't let a soul pass. Do you want to fall into his claws?"

"I know it, Lampros. I have seen death often, and have mocked it; but my Thrasyboulos is in danger, and I am going to die at his side. Let them kill us both. Stay here if you want to."

"I leave you, my lady! I am thinking only of you. Powder is burning in the plain, and I am staying on the hills only for your sake. Haven't you seen me in battle? Was I afraid of anything in the world except the goblins? What can I say to you, lady? My soul tells me we shall have bad luck."

"All Greece is there. What are you afraid of, Lampros?"

The next day Andronike started for Athens. She was provided with sufficient money and wore the most unpretentious costume of a pallikari.

Time fails us to describe the experiences and perils of their journey. Almost to their own surprise, in safety they reached Athens on the fifteenth of June. Attica was the only part of Greece now somewhat free from the enemy.

They dismounted at an inn near the Clock of Lord Elgin. When Lampros began to describe the state of things in the Peloponnesus, and narrate some of their own adventures, the inhabitants poured out from every part of the city to see them.

The second day after their arrival, a light armed Roumeliot, standing opposite Lampros, said to him, "Your face, grandfather, is not strange to me; but I can't recall you."

"It seems to me that I have seen you somewhere; but how can one remember the many faces he sees!"

"Were you ever anywhere in Roumelia?"

"Wasn't I with Odysseus and Botsaris and—"

"With Odysseus! In the cave? At the Black Hole?"

"Surely I was at the Black Hole, as you call the Corycian Cave, with my effendi, the nephew of the patriarch Gregory."

"Yes! Yes! Now I remember you! How are you, comrade?" He threw his arms round him, and kissed Lampros on the mouth.

"Who are you yourself?" the armatolos asked him in surprise.

"I am one of the soldiers of Odysseus. Don't you remember me when you were with Kyrios Thrasyboulos? Don't you remember how Kyra R—— made eyes at him, and laid hold of Trelawny by the fustanella?"

"You are right. Now I remember you. Did you leave the cave some time ago? What is the news from Odysseus and Kyra R——?"

"Odysseus! Don't you know? Gouras holds him as a prisoner up here. Kyra R—— is at the cave with Trelawny and Kyria Elene."

"Odysseus is a prisoner on the Acropolis?" Andronike asked impetuously.

"Yes. Who is your gentleman?" the Roumeliot asked in turn, giving her a friendly glance.

"My son. He is my only son," replied Lampros.

"Why didn't you say so before? Here's to you, my pallikari." He approached her, and throwing his arms around her, pressed his thick moustaches on her face and gave her a resounding kiss.

Andronike was confused, and her cheeks became red as a rose. Lampros shook his head, not knowing what to say.

"And why have they put him in prison?" Andronike forced herself to ask in the effort to hide her displeasure.

"Why? They can say that he was a traitor, and had dealings with the Turks."

"Can any one who wishes go and see him?"

"I think so; but I don't go myself for I was his soldier once, and I hate Gouras and pity Odysseus very much."

"Come, father, let us go to the Acropolis. I want to see the Parthenon and the Propylæa."

"The boy is learned. I don't know anything myself about these tumbled down churches," said Lampros, turning and bidding the Roumeliot good-by.

In any other circumstances, Andronike, among the ruins of the highest ancient art, would have been overcome with delight. But now her long series of misfortunes crowded upon her memory. She walked oppressed by the fear that some new disaster was about to fall upon her.

She passed by the Propylæa, the Erechtheum, the temple of Nike Apteros, the Parthenon, and proceeded toward the farther end to the Venetian tower where the hero of Gravias and Thermopylæ, the swift-footed Odysseus, was a prisoner. Guards were stationed outside the tower. By means of a little money, Andronike and Lampros succeeded in entering the part where Odysseus was confined.

The untimely death of Lord Byron had indirectly occasioned his miserable situation. If the Congress of Salona had taken place, and the illustrious poet had come there, surely Odysseus would have become reconciled with the Greek government, and the intrigues of his enemies would have been unable to undermine him.

As it was, the members of the government were his implacable enemies. They gave him neither pay nor rations, and openly stirred up his soldiers to desert and abandon him. Haughty and revengeful, he then began to plot with the Turks, and opened communication with Omer Brione, the torturer of Diakos.

This did not continue long, for his self-respect awoke. He realized that his glorious name was dishonored. So one morning, on the twentieth of April, at the head of a detachment, he threw himself into the arms of Gouras, his former proto-pallikari, by whom he felt sure he would be protected and saved.

Gouras imprisoned his old-time master in that same Acropolis over which he had made him chief of guard. By cruelty and ingratitude he had become the dictator in eastern Greece.

Odysseus was sitting in chains on the ground. He was

sick and greatly changed. His head was bowed upon his knees when Andronike with Lampros appeared before him.

"Do you know me, general?" she asked.

"Captain Andronikos!" he replied. "Where have you been, Captain Andronikos? After that battle of Gravias nothing was heard of you. Your brother Thrasyboulos was hunting for you. Did he find you?"

"No. He is at Misolonghi, wounded. For a year I have been wandering and cannot get to that city."

"Do you see my condition? Did you ever think you would find me like this?"

"No! Surely, and I am distressed! I tell you, general, from my heart I sympathize with you."

"I believe you! I believe you! But who does not pity me, except that wild beast Gouras! No man in the world had more patriotism or greater desire for the welfare and liberty of Greece than I! See how they have treated me! They made me crazy! Their persecutions, their plots, their intrigues, so involved me that I was blinded and made a truce with the Turks. Accursed, thrice accursed, be that hour! Hardly had Satan pressed me to it, when I repented. I felt sharper pangs than if I had slain my own children. Two paths lay open before me. One was to become altogether a Turk, and then I should have been most terrible to the Greeks, Captain Andronikos. No one else knows the by-paths, the holes, the caves and rocks of Greece, its means, its forces, its strength, its stores, and its men, as I do. The other was to return to the Greeks, to entreat pardon for what I had done; in some new battle to wash away all suspicion from my character, and then to withdraw to some quiet corner and pass the rest of my days there in peace. Only two months did I stay with the Turks, and then, as soon as I could, I hurried to the arms of Gouras. Do you remember what Gouras was before Gravias? My servant! My proto-pallikari! I brought him up! I took him, a mere peasant, and I shaped him, I moulded him; I appointed him chief of the guard of this Acropolis. I might add, twice I saved his life! Blacker ingratitude there is not in the world! What do you think he wants me to give up to him? All that I have in the Corycian Cave! In return for my liberty, he wants to rob me of my last obolos."

"It is pitiable, general! How is Kyria Elene? Where is she?"

"At the Corycian Cave. As perhaps you have heard, I married my sister Tarsitsa to the Englishman Trelawny. He is a worthy man, that Trelawny. He obtained three cannon. He planted them at the entrance of the cave and guards it with the men still faithful to me. For some time I have had no news from them. As long therefore as Gouras cannot dislodge him from there, and confiscate my property, so long he holds me here in strict confinement."

"If I only could be of service to you, general! Tell me how I can serve you."

The eyes of Odysseus were wet with anger. He lifted his noble head, and after some minutes of reflection said, "You can be of service to me. You know Gouras somewhat, and he remembers you as he remembers every true pallikari of Gravias. Tell him that you come from Calamata. Tell him that his ingratitude has filled all the hoplarchs with indignation. Tell him that his name will be accursed, that my enemies themselves pity me, and that all impute the blame to him, and say that the reason of his confining me is because I do not surrender my property to him. Add that it would be well for him to liberate me, for Trelawny has already written to England in my behalf, and sooner or later he will set me free. Let him know that volunteers are being raised in Levadia to come to my relief. Last of all, tell him that while the Peloponnesus is being deluged by the torrents of Ibrahim, and western Greece by those of Reshid Pasha, it is not even wise that the east should be devoured by civil wars."

"I will do, general, as you tell me. To-morrow morning, very, very early, I will go to Gouras, and I will say many other things too. I swear it. I will make him as afraid as I can."

"Only fear can move the rascal. But let me keep silent! Come every day to see me!"

It was already evening when Andronike went out from the prison of Odysseus. At the door of the tower she encountered Gouras conversing with three or four persons.

"Who are you?" he cried in a tone of thunder.

"Good-evening, captain. Don't you know me?" she asked, approaching him.

"Good-evening. Who are you? Why! Captain Andronikos! How did you come here?"

"Yesterday I arrived from Calamata."

"From Calamata! What is the news? How are things going on down there with Ibrahim?"

"I have very many things to tell you. I am especially commissioned from the hoplarchs to communicate to you something very important."

"Really," he said thoughtfully.

"At what hour can I see you to-morrow?"

"About ten in the morning. I will expect you."

"Without fail," she said, saluting him.

Gouras raised his hand to his forehead, and reflected for a long time. Then he began to pace slowly back and forth on the Acropolis. Full night had come on.

"What are you thinking about?" one of the men asked him.

"Nothing. Let us enter," he whispered, and he pulled his fez down to his eyebrows.

Three of his companions were Mamouris, Papa-Costas, and Triantaphillinas. The fourth, a servant of Gouras, carried a glass lantern.

As they entered the prison, the hero of Gravias raised his pale face and looked at them like another Marius.

"We have come, Odysseus," Mamouris soberly began, "for the last time to ask you where you keep your treasures."

"I have no treasures. What I had I expended for the nation. Who paid my soldiers? The government?" he replied.

"We know that you do have money," Papa-Costas persisted.

"You are wrongly informed."

"I advise you to confess," the same man repeated.

Odysseus fixed his eyes on the ground and kept silent.

"Why don't you order Trelawny to surrender the cave?" asked Gouras.

"Trelawny is master of the cave, and he will never obey any one's order to surrender it. Did I not give him directions? You know him well enough. Do you know what an Englishman is?"

"And are you resolved not to tell us anything more to-night?"

"When I don't know anything, how can I tell you?"

"It appears that you won't listen to kind treatment."

The haughty Odysseus cast contemptuous glances at his former humble servant and kept silent.

Papa-Costas then took from his pocket a pair of iron pincers and said, "Look here! I intend with this to pull out your teeth, one after the other, if you don't confess."

"You are able to pull them all out. You have tied my hands."

"And if they were free, who would be afraid of you? We also are Greeks," said Mamouris, shrugging his shoulders in coarse braggadocio.

"You are Greeks! You are worse than the Turks!"

"So then you will confess," said Papa-Costas, approaching the unhappy man.

"Shame, brothers! Shame on you," he exclaimed sadly.

"Confess! You will confess, Odysseus!" said Gouras.

"You too, my boy Gouras!"

"Your boy! No, I am your master," boasted the insolent chief of the guard.

"Tell us, or out go your teeth!" the base Papa-Costas exclaimed, again approaching.

The fettered Odysseus rose like a giant, planted his back against the wall of the tower, and expanding his breast struggled to break the chains from his hands.

"You may find it out from God," he said.

"God sent us to revenge the men you have killed," said Mamouris in a harsh, incoherent voice.

"My enemies sent you!"

"What are you waiting for, Papa-Costas?" the cutthroat Mamouris asked again.

"Hold him from behind!"

Mamouris threw himself upon Odysseus, dragged him away from the wall, and grasped him tightly from behind in his two arms.

"Gouras! Gouras! Don't you remember how many times I saved you from death? How can you suffer this? Oh, cowards! Cowards!"

Triantaphillinas, a low and brutal man, full of hate for Odysseus, because once he had been beaten by him, seized his moustache and chin in his two horny hands, and tried to open his mouth.

Papa-Costas plunged his pincers in the mouth of the sufferer and wrenched out two teeth.

"Confess, or I will pull them all out," he cried.

"Tell us, Odysseus," said Gouras, who was holding his head.

Odysseus moaned in his agony. The wild beast of the forest might have been moved at the groans of that valiant soldier. None of the assassins were touched except the servant, who shook with a convulsive shudder. The hardened and indifferent murderers looked on.

"Will you tell us?" Mamouris asked once more.

It is too horrible to describe the scene further. Gouras and his companions were frenzied by avarice and infuriated at the obstinate refusal of Odysseus to reveal where his treasures were hidden. They dealt blow after blow on the hapless prisoner. His moans gradually became less frequent. His eyes opened and closed; his head quivered and rolled from side to side; he gave one last deep groan, and all was over.

"We have finished him," said the chief executioner, foaming with rage. Then Gouras became very thoughtful. He did not utter another word, but tugged nervously at his moustache.

They tied a rotten rope to the arm of Odysseus, cut it in two, and threw his dead body down from the Acropolis, fastening the other end of the rope to one of the south windows of the tower. Thus they tried to make it appear that it had been broken by Odysseus in an attempt to escape.

The next day the entire city of Athens was in a ferment at the news of his death. Although the report was given out that he had fallen and been killed while attempting to escape, appearances disproved the story, and few believed it.

Andronike was on her way to Gouras when she learned the news. "I don't believe it, Lampros. It must have been some one else," she said.

"Let us go and see for ourselves, lady."

"Let us go, Lampros," she replied, breathing hard. Together they went to the foot of the Acropolis, to the place where the dead body of Odysseus lay in the dust, surrounded by a crowd of people.

As she recognized him, the young woman turned her face away and wept.

"Poor son of Androutsos," whispered Lampros.

"Let us flee, Lampros! I shall not go to Gouras. What can I do now? Let us leave Athens and start for Miso-

longhi by land. I think our own graves are there. Either we shall enter the place, or at least only one gate will separate my dead body from Thrasyboulos."

In fact, that very evening of the seventeenth of June, while the ill-fated Odysseus was being buried humbly in a corner, Andronike and Lampros departed.

The crime of Gouras did not remain unpunished. In the following year, 1826, he was shot while walking with his patrol, and fell dead without a murmur. Some persons maintained that the ball came from the Turkish lines. Others asserted that he was killed by a soldier who had been a bosom friend of Odysseus, and had sworn to revenge his former master.

Kyria Gouras, that beautiful maiden whose marriage the Acropolis announced with salutes from its cannon, and for whom the Parthenon and Erechtheum were illuminated with fireworks, was buried in the Temple of the Erechtheum, where she was staying with other of the chief Athenian ladies. About five months after the death of her husband, a ball from a Turkish cannon struck one of the pillars, threw down a large portion of the famous temple, and crushed them all in the ruins.

CHAPTER XXV

LOVE BECOMES FRIENDSHIP

EIGHT days after leaving Athens, Andronike and Lampros reached the river Momos, not far from Misolonghi. Just as they were about to cross, they met Kyra R—— and her donkey boy face to face on the bridge.

"Can I believe my eyes? Lampros! Lampros! And you, too!" she cried, raising both hands to her head.

"And how is your health, Kyra R——?" Andronike asked.

"So you ask about my health! Isn't your brother lost? Do you know now? Kyrios Thrasyboulos took me for a fool, and told me that you were not a man but a woman! Ha! ha! But, my pallikari, you don't wear fine clothes any more! You haven't changed a particle, except you are a

little tanned. Now tell me, on your soul, are you a man or a woman?"

"What sort of a question is that, lady?" Lampros replied, soberly.

"Don't get angry, Lampros! I have my reasons for asking. Are you a man or a woman, Captain Andronikos?"

Andronike began to laugh heartily.

"Don't be always so sly! Don't be angry, but take it well, and tell me without joking, are you a man or a woman?"

"When we are inside Misolonghi, you shall know, Kyra R——. I cannot at present satisfy your curiosity."

"If we are ever inside of Misolonghi! Don't you know how closely it is besieged by the Turks? I wonder if Thrasyboulos is still there! I left him last summer very sick in that same Misolonghi."

"When were you in Misolonghi?" Lampros asked.

"After he had sent you to the Ionian Islands to bring his betrothed. Don't laugh! You are a woman! I am angry at last! You are not a woman!"

"Then you were in Misolonghi and saw my Thrasyboulos! When was that?" Andronike exclaimed.

"Your Thrasyboulos! Then you are a woman after all!"

"And was Thrasyboulos very sick, Kyra R——?"

"Somewhat. He was badly wounded at Carpenesi. I left him confined to his bed. Carl is looking after him well. And have n't you seen him yet? Have n't you been to Misolonghi yet?"

Andronike then told Kyra R—— all her history from the time that Barthakas became a teacher in their tower until the death of Odysseus. Although the Suliot had learned part of this from the letter Andronike had sent to Thrasyboulos, she was none the less overcome by excitement, and cried, "What! The caftanji of Chourshid Pasha! Could that humpbacked son of a donkey do all that? A frightful history, lady! Did any one else ever have anything like it?"

Kyra R—— was dressed entirely in black for Odysseus. She seemed greatly changed in all but her manner of speech. She told them that Kyria Elene, the wife of Odysseus, had been compelled to surrender the cave to the forces of Gouras. As for herself, she said that she was tired of adventure, and ready to die.

"Who could have believed that after all our sacrifices through these years, our revolution would be crushed," said Andronike. "To-day Ibrahim Pasha is master of all Peloponnesus except Corinth and Nauplia. Reshid Pasha has overrun the Greek mainland with his armies. We ourselves are destroying and assassinating each other."

In her emotion, Kyra R—— began improvising after the Suliot custom: —

"Pallikaris, maids and youths of kleptic sires,
Lofty mountains, crystal fountains, you have here;
But in youth, with sword in hand, like flowers you die.
Yet no wild lament you hear, nor mother's moan,
While you water with your blood the sombre cypress-trees.
Quick awoke the nation's soul, when Freedom called;
And it soared and soared on high, half way to the sky;
But the black-winged ravens came and drove it far away.
Noble lady, let us enter darksome Misolonghi's streets!
Let us go and die there too, and let our own sword flash!
Let us bid farewell to youth, which once did charm."

"Yes, ladies," said Lampros; "let us go into black Misolonghi and die there free. We have seen the good days of liberty. Whoever lives is going to see slavery again."

"Do you think, Kyra R——, that we shall be able to get into Misolonghi?" said Andronike.

"Let us see! To-night let us stay at Amourani, and to-morrow, as soon as it begins to be light, let us climb on foot to the top of the hills. From there we shall see what to do. I am going to put on man's clothes too." So the next day they climbed the lofty mountains of Aracynthus.

"Why! why! why! What fire and smoke! What hosts of soldiers and ships!" cried Kyra R——.

Below them lay the armies of Reshid Pasha, burning all the woods and villages around Misolonghi, and the formidable fleet of Chosreph Pasha, investing the city by sea.

"Utterly impossible to get in," said Andronike.

"We must burrow on the mountains, and, as we find a chance, approach little by little until some dark night we will manage to work in."

"That is the wisest way," replied Andronike.

For almost three whole months Lampros, his mistress, and Kyra R—— were obliged to wander and hide among the thick shrubs and caves of the mountain. At last, on the twenty-fifth of September, they entered Misolonghi.

BOOK V

CHAPTER I

THE THIRD SIEGE OF MISOLONGHI

THE anxiety of Thrasyboulos at the protracted absence of Lampros and the non-arrival of his betrothed had become anguish. After seven months the ship "Hermilios" had arrived, and from her captain he learned about their wanderings to Malta, Trieste, and Naples, and their landing in the Peloponnesus. So from moment to moment he had expected to see them enter Misolonghi. This expectation had been increased by the arrival of the young Demetrios Couleas, who had come overland, and who assured him that Andronike set out some time before for the same destination.

The unskilful treatment of his wound by the physicians, as we have said elsewhere, had aggravated its painful and serious character. Not till the beginning of 1825, did he begin to feel somewhat better and prepare to leave the city.

Meanwhile, toward the beginning of that same year, Reshid Pasha, now Vizir of Roumelia, arrived to undertake the third siege. He was accompanied by Tachir Abas, the famous prefect of Yanina, and by the haughty Ismail Pliasas who had won the battle of Peta. All these commanders, with twenty thousand men, invested Misolonghi, thirsting to avenge what Omer Brione and the Scodra Pasha had formerly suffered before its gates.

In addition Reshid Pasha was expecting by sea the immense Egyptian, Lybian, and Turkish fleets, and from the Peloponnesus the drilled and disciplined armies of Ibrahim Pasha. With such forces he counted on placing Greece once for all under the heel of the sultan. Never did the horizon of a city hang with blacker clouds and echo with louder thunderbolts than that of Misolonghi. The garrison did not comprise more than four thousand soldiers; but the

city contained the graves of heroes, of Botsaris and Byron, and was defended by the bastions named after Rhegas, William Tell, William of Orange, Franklin.

What had become of Omer Brione, who during the first two years was the hero of the Sublime Porte? That fierce and ungrateful bey, who, trampling over the heads of his former masters Ali and Chourshid, had been appointed Satrap of Yanina, had incurred the displeasure of his royal master. The sultan suspected that his conduct was directed by regard for his own interests rather than for the welfare of the empire. So he was removed from the high pashalik of Yanina and given an inferior position.

Reshid Pasha, perhaps the ablest vizir who had arisen in Turkey since the days of the great Keupriuli, had been invested with unlimited powers. Drawing the lines of the siege as close as possible, on the thirtieth of May he dug his second parallel six paces distant from the Greek ramparts, and constructed two new batteries, one toward the west and one directly opposite that of Marcos Botsaris. To hasten on the completion of his intrenchments, following the example of Vechet Pasha at Scio, he collected six hundred Christian peasants from the fields of Macedonia and Thessaly, and by blows and torture compelled them to dig the trenches.

The bombs of Reshid Pasha speedily wrought great havoc in the city; but the enthusiasm of the men, women, and especially of the children, who climbed daily on the walls and stoned the Turks, showed the Vizir of Epirus that he would not purchase Misolonghi at a cheaper price than had the Scodra Pasha and Omer Brione.

Thrasyboulos, though limping, was always at the ramparts with Carl. He seemed almost happy that Andronike had not arrived at Misolonghi, for its fate was most uncertain, despite all the resolution of the besieged.

The tenth of June was a day of joy. The Greek flag was sighted off the harbor. Captain Demos Nencas arrived with seven ships, and his presence turned the blockading fleet to flight, and opened up communication with the fortress by sea. This joy was, however, of brief duration; for exactly one month later Chosreph Pasha was descried in the horizon. He had escaped, though defeated in a battle with Admiral Sactouris off the island of Andros. In that engagement the Hydriot commander had destroyed the flag-

ship with its entire crew of eight hundred men, as well as a second frigate, two corvettes, and a brig. He had also driven fifteen other vessels on the rocks of Eubœa, Tenos, and Syra, and had captured twelve transports with soldiers and stores. But Chosreph's fleet was still formidable, comprising eight frigates, twelve corvettes, and twenty other smaller vessels of war, which, notwithstanding all their losses, were strong enough to furnish immense assistance to Reshid Pasha.

To further augment the overwhelming forces of the enemy, Yusuph Pasha of Patras had sent thirty-six floating batteries. These were able to intercept the communication of Misolonghi with the neighboring islands, and to come up close to its walls.

The position of the besieged changed at once for the worse. Provisions began to fail. Their military stores were half exhausted, and they were absolutely cut off from the rest of the world, both by land and sea.

The bombardment grew terrific. The neighboring forests and villages became a mass of flames and smoke. The floating batteries, fighting with the smaller Greek vessels, forced their way as far as the island of Scylla. The Turks now filled the trenches in front of the bastions of Franklin, Rhegas, and William of Orange with boughs, bags of earth, rubbish, and trunks of olive-trees, over which they proposed to march to the assault.

A flag of truce appeared. Soon Tachir Agha and six other beys arrived to demand the surrender of Misolonghi upon honorable terms.

The Greeks replied laconically, "Arms are the only agreement between Turks and Greeks."

What a night followed! The desperate Greeks erected seven new batteries along the shore, opened counter-trenches, threw out new defences at the weaker points, and burned a great part of the material with which the enemy had filled the main trench.

A great part of all that Reshid had gained was lost. The next day the batteries on the shore compelled the fleet that had caused such havoc in the city by its bombs to retire. The greatest quiet now succeeded the movements of the Turks. One might have supposed they intended to abandon the siege. This inactivity was only apparent. On the twenty-eighth, there was a prolonged peal of thunder,

accompanied by irregular earthquake shocks, and at the same time a large part of the bastion of Botsaris leaped into the air. It had been undermined. The Turks rushed in from every direction to the breach, and planted their crescent flag.

An obstinate hand-to-hand fight ensued, which lasted three hours, and ended with the withdrawal of the Ottomans.

Reshid Pasha, none the less, sent envoys demanding the keys and offering an amnesty.

The Greeks in reply sent him a very courteous letter, and four bottles of rum for him to encourage his standard bearers with at the next assault.

At last the Greek fleet arrived. The winds had ceased that so long detained it around the Peloponnesus. It was under the command of the two famous admirals, Sactouris and Miaoulis.

The next day, the third of August, these two advanced toward their old acquaintance Chosreph Pasha, between Misolonghi and Cape Papas. The battle did not last long. After three fire-ships had been launched upon him, the cowardly butcher of Psara hoisted sail, took to flight, and did not stop till he reached Alexandria, where he unwillingly threw himself into the arms of his implacable enemy, Mehmet Ali. The other commanders imitated his shameful example; some of them followed him, and others fled to Ithaca.

The sky of Misolonghi on its seaward side grew brighter, but the black clouds dissipated there, only gathered thicker toward the land. Reshid Pasha was not a man to retreat. He now commenced a bold and original undertaking. It was to build a high mound of earth, one hundred and sixty paces long and ten wide, and constantly push it forward until, on reaching the bastion of Franklin, he should be able from it to command the very centre of the city.

Like Cheops and Cephrenes, who employed their thousands of Egyptians to raise hills of earth in the construction of the pyramids, so in the space of two weeks, by the forced labor of Christian peasants, Reshid Pasha brought his mound to completion. By a desperate battle he gained possession of the bastion of Franklin, and connected his mound with it.

The Greeks, who had opened ditches and raised embankments on both sides of the captured bastion, working night

and day with tireless zeal, so strengthened their defences that the seraskier, who looked upon Misolonghi as already in his hands, found himself soon taken between two cross fires.

On the thirty-first the Greeks advanced from every direction upon the lost bastion, to expel the enemy. Otherwise the Turks would have been able to push their formidable mound to the very heart of Misolonghi. After a fierce and deadly struggle, they drove out the Turks and regained the bastion. At the same time they levelled off the main part of the mound, or its point of junction with the Greek defences.

The hallelujahs of the pasha were changed to fear and despair. The sultan, in his firman appointing him seraskier, had bidden him bring the keys of Misolonghi or his own head.

Reshid persisted with still fiercer determination. Under cover of a furious bombardment, having obtained reinforcements from the neighborhood of Salona, and impressing other Christian diggers from the villages, with obstinate perseverance he again joined his mound with the bastion of Franklin, and got everything ready for a general assault.

This the Greeks had been expecting a long time. Now, obtaining more definite information from some Albanian deserters, they dug deep counter-mines, and proceeded to telescope in every direction. The seraskier hastened on his preparations for the assault. He ordered an attack at various points, thinking the besieged were planning a general sally.

The twenty-first of September arrived. The assailing horde rushed to the onset, followed by horsemen armed with whips. The Greeks resisted for many hours, and gradually drew their foes in the direction of the bastion of Franklin. Then came the explosion of the mines. The earth shook. The bastion and the top of the mound were rent and as by a thunderbolt the bodies of the Mussulmans and the rocks beneath were hurled into countless fragments.

This unlooked-for catastrophe turned all the survivors to flight. The Greeks, by a cannonade and a sortie, completed the victory, and for a time broke up the third siege of the city.

Now the gates toward the land were open like those toward the sea. Many a hoplarch brought reinforcements;

others near Vonitsa cut off and seized the stores of Reshid, and captured one hundred and thirty camels, eighty mules, and thirty horses.

The situation of the seraskier had assumed an unexpected form. Most of his Albanians deserted; provisions began to fail him; his marshy and miry camp engendered disease; and the timid Chosreph with his fleet had forsaken him once more. So he determined to remove his camp to a distance from Misolonghi, and give his army a chance to recruit until the long-awaited-for Ibrahim Pasha of Egypt should arrive.

On his retreat the exulting Greeks climbed their battlements and shouted in derision after the baffled seraskier. "Where are you, you buffoon? What has become of your Asiatic victories? Why don't you come on and try one of those general attacks which you have threatened so often? Better go and get comfort from your Prophet!"

Thrasyboulos took an active part all through the siege. Disregarding the entreaties of Carl, and all the advice of his physicians, he refused to spend a single night in his bed. He was always at the ramparts, exposed to every hardship, and deprived of rest. His wound opened afresh. Feeling that a general assault was at hand, he preferred to die rather than absent himself from the field of honor. Therefore, on that last decisive day, he took so active a part that, as soon as the bastion was blown up, and the barbarians overthrown, he fell fainting upon the ground.

Carl took him upon his back and carried him to his room. The next day the physicians positively stated that the amputation of his leg was the only means of saving his life.

CHAPTER II

THE SURGICAL OPERATION

THRASYBOULOS lay stretched out upon his bed, exhausted, and pale as wax. His eyes were fixed and heavy from disease.

Near him sat Demetrios Couleas, holding and rubbing his hands; and on the other side of the bed stood his faithful Hungarian in a melancholy and dejected attitude.

A well kept cat and a dog were asleep close to each other, with unusual amiability, in the middle of the chamber. The room was plainly furnished. It resembled rather the abode of a pauper than of that wealthy Thrasyboulos whom we know. Many moments passed without a word being said. Finally a knock was heard on the street door.

"They are coming," Thrasyboulos whispered, and his dull eyes glistened and a faint flush gave expression to his face. "There are the doctors, Carl," he said; "go and open the door."

He buried his face in his hands as Carl went out.

"Courage, my friend, courage! It is your hard fate."

"I am not weeping, my Couleas, at losing my foot, but at losing Andronike forever."

"Why, Thrasyboulos? I don't see that. Andronike loves you with all her heart. She swears by your name. And then, too, she passionately loves her country, and an injury received in fighting for your country will never change her sentiments."

"That is not what I mean. If I survive, I must break off my engagement. It is wrong and ridiculous for a beggar like me to think of becoming the husband of such a beautiful and magnificent girl. I am penniless. Whatever I had I have spent, as you know, in buying food for the inhabitants during this siege. I have nothing left but my sword."

The conversation was interrupted by the entrance of Carl, who ushered in the three physicians.

Thrasyboulos shuddered at the sight of them, and again buried his face in his hands.

"I have brought two assistants with me," said Dr P——, the chief physician of the city. "You must harden your heart a little, and within ten minutes all your torments will be over, Thrasyboulos."

"Are you absolutely certain, doctor, that my life cannot be saved without cutting off my leg? Examine it a little more. Think of it! It is a crime for me to be lame all my life." Thrasyboulos was pale and overcome by fear.

"If I had not been absolutely certain, I should not have spoken so firmly, my friend. Don't be afraid. The pain of cutting it off will be even much less than what you have already endured. A soldier like you to be so afraid!"

"Yes, I am afraid, doctor. I am not so afraid to die; but

I am frightened at the mere idea of being lame and wretched, and hence useless all the rest of my life."

"No! Don't take things that way! Look at this wound, gentlemen," turning to his assistants, "and give me your opinion if a cure is possible any other way, if the delay in the operation will not bring on the consequences which I predict."

The two hard-featured men, wearing the fustanella, and appearing to be anything rather than physicians, approached the bed, threw back the bed-clothes, and began to scrutinize the wound. Very soon one of them took his handkerchief from his pocket, pressed it to his nose, and said, "Gangrene has begun!"

"My God! My God!" Thrasyboulos exclaimed.

"Let us not lose time," said his companion.

"Courage, Thrasyboulos, courage," Couleas forced himself to say, though finding the sight unendurable.

"I must make one remark, doctors. This fearful siege has made me penniless. Perhaps I have something left, but it is at Odessa, where it is almost impossible to get it, so you must take into account the fact that I have no means of paying you for your trouble. I have nothing left but my arms, from which only death shall separate me."

"Poor Thrasyboulos! All that I myself had, I also spent in this siege. You know that the last diamond which Andronike gave me I spent during your sickness," said the noble-hearted Couleas.

"And I too! Did n't I sell my clothes for my master?" added Carl.

The physicians looked at each other inquiringly.

"If you cannot perform this operation without payment, doctors, then let me die. That is what I prefer with my whole soul."

"No! No! Let me say a few words to you in private, gentlemen," said the chief doctor to his assistants, and they withdrew for a few moments to the other chamber.

The reader understands that these physicians had studied only in the school of experience. Perhaps neither of them could have written his name. Such was then the condition of affairs. Education was so precious that whoever had a smattering of it could become minister and general and president.

"Kyrios Thrasyboulos, we thoroughly understand your position, so we do not ask any payment for the present, but only a written agreement that after three years you will pay us three hundred piastres," said Dr P—— as they returned.

"Write it, and I will sign at once."

"I, as chief surgeon, have another small request to make."

"What is it?"

"Give me that pair of pets, your cat and dog. I want them for my children to play with. Where can a cat be found in Misolonghi now!"

"Take them too, and for Christ's sake, finish!"

The agreement was signed, and the chief physician took his surgical instruments out of a small box which he had with him.

"Bind my eyes," said the nephew of the patriarch.

"Don't be afraid! Only two minutes more! Drink a good glass of water."

Couleas gave him a glass of water, and then bound his eyes.

"Don't leave me, brother. I don't know, but my soul feels as if it were parting from my body. I am not myself," and he gripped him by the arm.

"Courage, Thrasyboulos. It is n't anything," he said, hardening himself.

According to the direction of the surgeon, Carl took his position behind his master, who sat upon the bed, and clasped him in his two arms. The well leg had been firmly fastened to the bed so as to remain immovable.

Then with a large saw Dr P—— commenced to cut, just five fingers above the knee.

The tortured youth opened his lips and clenched his teeth to breaking, while the horrible operation went on. Only the rough and apathetic faces of the physicians showed no emotion.

At last Thrasyboulos swooned, at the very moment when the leg was detached from the body.

At the same instant a loud knock was heard at the outer door.

Couleas, who needed a breath of pure air after what he had seen, hurried to the window. Below were Kyra R——, Lampros, and Andronike.

CHAPTER III

LETHARGY

"LADY, you have come at the worst possible moment! I am glad to see you! How are you, Lampros?" Couleas himself had come down to let them in, and spoke in a hollow tone.

"And are you here, Kyrios Couleas! What is going on? O my Panaghia! You are pale as death!"

"You cannot see Thrasyboulos for several days. Sit down here, and I will tell you everything."

"Is the master very sick, do you think?" Lampros asked.

"They told us that his wound had grown worse," Kyra R—— added.

Couleas in a few words told them all. Andronike buried her face in her handkerchief, and began to sob. So too did Lampros and Kyra R——.

"Who is the other lady?" Couleas asked the armatolos.

"She is a relative of Odysseus and an old acquaintance of Kyrios Thrasyboulos. There is Carl. Ask him about her."

Carl had come down to see who were there, and, finding Lampros with the two women, he at once understood the sad coincidence of their arrival.

Couleas went up and called the chief physician, while the two servants embraced each other.

"Lady," said Dr P—— roughly. Then interrupting himself, he turned to Kouleas and whispered, "What a beautiful woman!" while she held her face in her hands and kept on sobbing. "Lady," he repeated, touching her lightly on the shoulder, "you better have come to Misolonghi, and not found your lover alive, than find him now with only one foot."

"It is the will of God! When can I see him, doctor?"

"My two assistants are now restoring him to consciousness. You see he was sure to faint after such suffering and loss of blood. In an hour or two he will be better. Then he must have a long sleep. If he sleeps seven or eight hours, to-morrow or the day after, Carl must gradually inform

him that you are expected at Misolonghi in a few days. You cannot see him for a week. If your beloved Thrasyboulos has the slightest excitement or emotion it will kill him."

"Can I not now at least look at him from a distance, while he is unconscious? Only for one minute, doctor! I will give only one glance at his face! It is just seven years that we have been separated! I beseech you!" Her voice was again drowned in sobs.

"Do you promise that you will only look and not make a sound? Can you control yourself without fainting? We should then have two on our hands! I have lost all my day here, and I have a hundred other wounded people to see."

"Stay here! Stay here for my dear Thrasyboulos, and I will pay you all you lose from the others. He needs constant attendance, and a physician at his bed until he is out of danger. What! Are you getting ready to go away, doctor?"

"Yes, my lady. I have left all my directions, and I must go. Carl, bring down the cat and dog."

"Our pet Psipsica! We are going to give him our cat, Lampros, and then won't this old shanty be full of mice!" said Carl.

"What are we giving her away for?"

The Hungarian whispered into the ear of Lampros how poverty-stricken Thrasyboulos was.

"Stop, doctor! You are not going to take Psipsica and Mourgo. I will pay."

He took Andronike aside, and told her what Carl had confided to him.

"Doctor, give me your three bills, and I will pay," said Andronike, as she came back.

The doctor looked at her stupidly.

"Give me your bill, I say, and I will pay you."

One of the other physicians went up to the chamber, and soon brought the bills of one hundred piastres apiece.

"Here is your money in gold, doctor. Take, also, this diamond ring. I give it to you, and I beg you to remain here till my Thrasyboulos is out of danger."

On seeing the diamond, worth about five thousand piastres, the physician was confounded. He looked at it, and turned it in every direction. Full of delight, and lavishing thanks and promises, he started to go up to the other physicians.

"Can I follow you? Only let me look at him from a distance! I promise you!"

"Come, lady, but take care not to make any noise. Don't let him see you when he comes to, or you will send him at once to the grave."

Andronike went up, followed by Lampros and Kyra R——.

Thrasyboulos was still unconscious, and the bed-clothing, which covered him, somewhat concealed his fearful situation.

The two assistant physicians were rubbing his nose and neck with vinegar to restore consciousness. His face was unshaven, and his dark chestnut hair increased still more the pallor of his face.

Andronike was speechless and overwhelmed at the immense change in her lover. Then she was so overcome with emotion that she began to tremble and shiver convulsively. Her face took on a wild look, and she seemed about to fall senseless or to lose her reason.

"It is enough, lady. Come down. I am afraid you are suffering terribly," said Dr P——.

"No, nothing is the matter with me. Let me stay a minute longer," she whispered. Then going up to the bed, she bent down and kissed him on the forehead, took his hand and pressed it to her heart, all the time shedding bitter tears.

Finally the sick man gave signs of consciousness. Then the three physicians, after many entreaties, persuaded the sorrowing girl to leave the room.

"For three days at least, this man must not hear her name," said the chief physician to Lampros.

"Where am I? Oh, what pain this is! They are piercing my brain with burning needles!" moaned the sick man, with a deep groan, and a few moments afterwards he opened his eyes.

"How do you feel, Thrasyboulos?" Couleas asked him.

"Just as a man feels who has n't any foot," he replied, with tears.

"Don't cry, my friend. Don't take it so hard. You must keep your mind quiet so your body can get well."

"Horrible pain, my brother! You have n't an idea what agony I was in when the saw began to cut the bone. I feel as if I should lose my mind at the thought of it! Did they stop the bleeding well? Did they bind it up well?"

"Everything is all right. Now you must take a little chicken broth, and then try to sleep seven or eight hours, my friend," said the doctor.

"Chicken broth! A chicken at Misolonghi is worth ten piastres! Where shall I find ten piastres?"

"I got one for you, and in a few moments it will be nicely cooked," said Dr P——.

"Truly?"

"Truly; and I promise to send you one every day until you are perfectly well."

"You are a marvel, both as to science and as to philanthropy, doctor! I thank you!"

"I will leave you now for the present to the care of my assistant physicians. To-morrow morning I shall come and dress your wound. The thing, however, which I insist upon most of all, is that you try to sleep."

"I thank you, and am grateful to you, doctor. Carl, accompany the doctor, and take Psipsica and Mourgo to his house."

"Did you take that seriously, Thrasyboulos? I was joking you. What do I want of your dog and cat?"

"You are an original, doctor! I couldn't myself understand how it was possible for you to ask those pets from me at such a frightful time! I love that same Psipsica. Give the little creature to me, Carl. I should have felt very sorry if I had lost her."

The doctor departed.

"What a curious man! I felt such aversion for him when he asked me for my cat, that I was almost ready to forbid his cutting off my foot, rather than give her up. I have had her ever since I came to Misolonghi. It comforts me to pet her. How often have I spent whole hours listening to her monotonous purr, thinking of my beautiful days in Arcadia, of Andronike, of the villany of Barthakas, of the future, and of the present condition of Greece! To what a hell Fortune has changed my once happy life! Who knows what my Andronike is suffering! As for myself, I want to keep my precious one forever in my mind, and yet I dread to remember her, for I recall all she has endured."

Carl soon brought the broth. About sunset, the sick man, utterly crushed by bodily and mental agony, passed from sleep into profound lethargy.

CHAPTER IV

THE ILLUSION A REALITY

LAMPROS and Kyra R—— threw themselves down to rest. They were utterly worn out by their long wanderings. Couleas went away to his house, and the two physicians, who lived in the neighborhood, also withdrew. Andronike, however, obstinately refused to take any repose, and was determined to watch over her friend all night long. So she put on the clothes of an old nurse, covered her face with a white veil, and leaning her head on the bed waited in silence. Carl was asleep on a divan in the next room.

The Arcadian girl revolved in her imagination all she had endured. She recalled all her recent afflictions, and felt a sense of exultation in now sitting in safety near the man whom she so passionately loved. The sudden thought flashed through her mind that she too must be equally changed. She noticed a small mirror hanging on the wall. She had not seen her own face for weeks and months. She got up, and holding the watchlight approached the mirror. She was more beautiful than ever! The cold, clear water of the springs, the pure, transparent mountain air, frugality in food, activity and hardship, had colored and polished her cheeks like two apples of the Hesperides. Youth and health could not be pictured under a fairer image. Only tears, sorrow, and wakefulness, adding a pathetic expression to her deep, dark eyes, had increased the charms of her lovely face. She returned to her seat pensively, not self-satisfied, and yet not self-displeased.

About midnight the lethargy of Thrasyboulos yielded to a troubled and restless sleep. He began to breathe with difficulty, and in his fever to mutter incoherent words, among which she often caught her own name and that of Barthakas. During those moments the invalid was under the power of an evil dream. He saw Barthakas in his high rank as pasha of three tails, clothed with the costliest and most splendid Turkish robes, luxuriously seated in a glittering hall on a gorgeous divan, and holding Andronike in his arms, who seemed fresh and beautiful as the rose,

and was decked with pearls and diamonds. He thought he himself stood opposite, lame, leaning on his crutches, and dressed in beggarly rags. They jeered at and despised him. In vain he tried to remind his former betrothed of their oath at the Styx. In vain he showed his betrothal ring. Finally, however, Andronike began to be touched and to weep, whereupon Barthakas sprang up and ordered Kara Seïd Ali to drown him in the lake of Yanina. Thrasyboulos resisted, shouted, and prayed. As he was being dragged from the hall, struggling and in agony, he awoke. He felt a sharp pain in his leg, which seemed to run through all the marrow of his bones, and at the same time dispelled the dream from his excited fancy.

Andronike, with a loudly beating heart, retired a little behind his pillow, and remained immovable and outwardly calm. Thrasyboulos raised his head, tried to turn on the other side, but again was overpowered by drowsiness, and fell asleep.

Again he seemed to be clutched by Kara Seïd Ali, who was drowning him, when the patriarch Gregory appeared, clothed in white, and holding Andronike by the hand. Thrasyboulos, in agitation, was throwing himself at his feet when the form began to vanish like a shadow. With a start he awoke and half rose upon the bed. At the same moment the young woman, alarmed at his fever and difficulty of breathing, arose to call some one to her assistance.

At the sight of the tall, veiled nurse he opened his eyes wider, and fastened them upon her fixedly. Then taking her for a spirit consoling his solitude, he whispered, "Who are you? What do you want of me?"

The question ran like a flame through the veins of the young Peloponnesian. The sound of his voice poured an unspeakable joy upon her heart. Perhaps she would have lost self-control and thrown herself into his arms, telling him who she was, if the warning of the physician that she might kill him had not restrained her.

"How are you, sir?" the pretended nurse asked, carefully changing her voice.

Thrasyboulos raised his head upon his elbow on the pillow, and, still controlled by his dream, murmured, "My angel! My snow-white Andronike! Is it you?" He fell back and buried his face in his pillow.

Andronike thought she was recognized, and throwing

off her veil pressed her alabaster cheek on the burning face of Thrasyboulos, murmuring, "My Thrasyboulos! My darling Thrasyboulos!"

Her voice rang in his hearing, in the chambers of his heart, like that which bade Lazarus arise. His whole frame revived; he raised his face, and, laying his hand on the fair head of the young woman, "Is it you, Andronike? For God's sake, speak! Is it you yourself?"

"Yes, it is I myself, Thrasyboulos. I have come at last, but, oh, in what a state I find you!"

"Oh, my uncle Gregory! Oh, misery! How wretched I am!" He hid his face and burst into tears.

"Thrasyboulos! My being here will not harm you!"

"No, my Andronike! Is it you yourself? Are you not some deceitful phantom? Is n't it another dream? How many days of my life I have passed in such dreams! How many phantom Andronikes I have seen; and when I tried to embrace them, they fled and mocked me! No, you are not a dream, for I press you now in my arms! You are my beloved, my longed-for, my darling Andronike! Alas, in what a state you find me! You, more beautiful, more charming than ever, and I pale, lame, penniless!"

"Don't cry! Don't talk so, Thrasyboulos! In my eyes you are the same. My love for you has multiplied with each new suffering, and to-day is stronger, far stronger, than when we were parted. If you are poor and lame, it is because you sacrificed everything for this our common mother. Like a pillar of liberty, twice have you helped sustain Misolonghi, and like a proud Spartan girl I shall say, 'Every one of your steps reminds me of one of your virtues.'"

"You are an angel, a heavenly angel, my girl!"

"As for wealth, I have much. All the large property of my father is hidden near Demetzana. Only get a little better, and we will fly from Misolonghi."

Thrasyboulos gave a deep groan, and did not utter a word for a long time. With anxious interest and emotion he listened to the history of his betrothed, and to the details of her father's and brother's death.

"Every man in this world has his own history, but yours surely surpasses every other. If you were only mortal, Andronike, you would not have escaped the jaws of death so often. As for your cowardly and wicked

teacher, I don't know what to say! The ancients had a tradition that man at creation was endowed with the timidity of the hare, the cunning of the fox, the vanity of the peacock, the cruelty of the tiger, and the nobility of the lion. It appears that out of all these, in the deformed body of Barthakas, there have thriven only the cruelty of the tiger and the cunning of the fox. Do you know what has become of him?"

"He is somewhere with Ibrahim. He is always called Arnaout Pasha."

"With Ibrahim! Ibrahim is daily expected at Misolonghi! He has promised the sultan to subdue it. So then we shall shortly have Barthakas as one of our besiegers." Thrasyboulos smiled ironically.

"Forgive me, my friend, if now I beg you to go to sleep. The physicians forbade my seeing you for at least a week. If now my presence harms you, it will be the most terrible of all my misfortunes."

"Your presence has given me life," said the sick man, stretching his hand toward her. "Your presence has not only banished my heart-rending melancholy, but has eased my bodily pains. Now, Andronike, I feel so well! All the oppression has gone from my breast; but you, darling, need rest. Go to your chamber, and wake Carl or some one else to stay near me."

"I am not so tired as all that, Thrasyboulos. Why do you want to deprive me of the happiness of nursing you till daylight?"

"If you stay near me, don't you feel that I shall not close an eye? The story of our sufferings will excite my fever. For us both it is better to separate for the present."

"You are right, Thrasyboulos. I must leave you to rest. Let me wake Carl. Do you want me to wake Kyra R—— too?"

"Is Kyra R—— here?"

"I forgot to tell you that I met her at the foot of Aracynthus, and that we wandered about together for such a long time in the mountains."

"A strange woman! I see that we shall shortly have comedies at Misolonghi. Yet that woman I remember had a strong presentiment of the ingratitude of Gouras in the Corycian Cave. She could not endure that man in

any way. She was angry with Odysseus because he treated him so kindly. See how her suspicions have turned true ! ”

The Hungarian took Andronike's place as a nurse. The breast of Thrasyboulos was full of devout and grateful feelings, and he slept for many hours a sweet and refreshing sleep.

CHAPTER V

THE COMING OF IBRAHIM

ONE chilly day, the thirty-first of December, Thrasyboulos, who had just begun to move on crutches from one end of the chamber to the other, Andronike, Kyra R——, and Lampros were sitting gloomily together, huddled up on the floor and shaking from the unusual winter cold. The blockade of Reshid Pasha had been drawn tighter than ever. Chosreph Pasha, with his African fleets of one hundred and thirty-five ships, had again appeared off Misolonghi, and the brave Miaoulis, with thirty-two vessels, had now been fighting him ten whole days without being able to drive him away. The Hydriot vessels had returned to Hydra to obtain stores and provisions. The capouan pasha Chosreph was left master of all the gulf of Patras.

“I do not see either Carl or Couleas coming, lady, and I am afraid that to-day again they cannot find either coal or meat,” said Kyra R——.

“Don't frighten me so ! Surely with so much money in their hands they will be able to buy something,” Andronike replied.

“I think that since, according to appearances, the present siege will be more severe than the others, it would be wise from now on to spend all the money we have in buying provisions,” said Thrasyboulos. “Food is becoming every day dearer and harder to get.”

“Where now will you find provisions, effendi, in Misolonghi ? There is neither a fowl, nor a fish, nor a goat. All the small supply of corn is finished which Miaoulis brought here at the beginning of the month. You won't find a grain of it now.”

"Lampros is right, Thrasyboulos. If the Greeks don't succeed in bringing provisions, we shall die, not from cannon balls, but from famine."

"Have you lost your wits, lady," Andronike asked, with a faint smile.

"A hungry man loses them always. Hunger makes the eyes so blind that you lose your wits and can't see in front of you. Since yesterday I have not put a morsel in my mouth."

"And are n't we too in the same state? Wait a little. Surely with so much money Couleas and Carl must bring something."

"Good! 'A sop for the sick man till his soul flies.' It is all the government's fault. It shut us up here and don't care a damn if we die!"

"Ah, if Odysseus was alive! He would not leave Reshid here an hour," Lampros interrupted.

"Ah, if Odysseus was alive! Wouldn't he eat up Reshid! Do you remember how he dashed down from the top of Zygos and carried off the harvest? Don't you remember what he did to Brione, to Dramalis, to Reshid? Did the government give him a piastre to pay his soldiers with? By the life-giving Cross, not because he is my relative, but because it is the living truth, when I heard how they killed him, I cried, 'Panaghia! Panaghia! It is all over with the nation!' If any can, let him pull us out of the hole the learned people have thrown us into!"

"Kyra R—— is right, but an asper is worth a thousand words. Let us see how we shall get out of this situation," said Thrasyboulos.

"If we get out! Any one who gets out alive, he will make the dogs laugh at his luck."

"It is frightfully cold to-night," Andronike whispered, with chattering teeth, beating her hands on her shoulders to get warm.

"It is from hunger. Take my cloak, Andronike. I feel as if I were burning up," said her lover.

"What do you mean? With my large cloak I am shivering, and you want to leave yours off! Do you suppose I shall take it!"

The unfortunate young woman, who, during the last ten days had lacked the necessities of life, and whose fingers, face, and lips were black from cold, tried to smile.

"Take my cloak, lady," said Lampros.

"Keep your cloak, Lampros. Do you think that I am colder than you are? I got up only to close the cracks. There must be some in this window which let the wind in."

Andronike tore a bit from her mantle to stuff into the cracks.

"Do you want my opinion, lady?" Kyra R—— interrupted. "You better leave those cracks open. Every window here has five hundred, and every door a thousand. Did n't we leave the shutters and doors so we should have some wood for lighting a fire! You will tear up all your clothes to fill the cracks, without filling them."

At this truth Andronike stood still. She had risen under the pretext of closing a hole in the window, for she wished to hide her frightful shivering which Lampros and Thrasyboulos wanted to stop by their cloaks. When she refused so firmly to take them, they grew gloomier still, and could only pity her.

"You are right, Kyra R——," she cried, pretending to laugh. "This is the way to get warm. Do you see those spiders in the ceiling? Come, and try who can reach them!"

"Bravo! While I am starving, do you think I am going to hop to the ceiling! Sit down, lady, and don't try to make us dance."

"Wait and see whether I can reach them or not! Look!" Andronike jumped, and could not reach the ceiling. Seeing the dejection of the rest, and the starved expressions on their faces, she hardened her heart, and tried by forced gayety to banish thoughts of their situation.

"Sha'n't I reach it this time?" and she jumped again.

"Let me try with one leg," said Thrasyboulos, joking.

"Kyrios Thrasyboulos, are you crazy?" cried Kyra R——.

"I wager, lady, that if you jump from this stool, you won't reach the ceiling," said Lampros, rising as he spoke.

"You will lose, you toothless old Lampros, if you lay bets against us people who are only twenty-five years old."

"Toothless! Try and beat me if you can!"

"Beat you, you old man Lampros! Catch me taking you up!"

"Won't you take up Lampros, lady?" said Andronike. "I have seen him leap a ditch thirteen feet wide."

"I think I know why you don't take him up, Kyra R——," Thrasyboulos added.

"Come here, you old man."

"Jump first, lady."

"There, I didn't touch it. Next time," she said, jumping.

"Watch me now."

Lampros jumped, but lost his balance, and fell on the floor near the cat, which sprang up like lightning and darted away.

Kyra R—— began to boast; Andronike and Thrasyboulos to laugh together, and the dog to bark.

Hunger and cold were forgotten. Like children, they played and jested as to who could jump highest, who reach the ceiling, who catch the spiders.

The sun was about setting when suddenly a loud humming sound was heard, followed by a prolonged rattle, as if the sky were showering down glass.

"What is it?" said Thrasyboulos. "A bomb must have fallen in the next house!"

"It must be a bomb! Reshid must be near Misolonghi! So much the better! Now we shall fight! Death or Liberty, instead of dying from hunger," Andronike replied.

All ran to their arms. At that moment the door opened and Couleas and Carl entered, disheartened and weary.

"Bad news, friends. Did you understand that language? It fell in the quarter back of us, and killed four people, two men and two women. It broke every pane of glass. That is the signal of Ibrahim's arrival. All Misolonghi has climbed up on the ramparts, and is watching the movements of his Arabs. They have landed at Cryoneri. Their lances flash. They also have European music. We can hear it from here."

"Good! The more there are of them, the more enormous the slaughter, and the more heroic the death," said Thrasyboulos.

"Carl, did you find anything to eat?"

"I offered thirty piastres for two loaves of bread; but where could I find them? I tried for meat, but where? I couldn't find vegetables. If you gave not only three hundred but a thousand piastres, you could not find bread

to-day. I went to the magistrates, to the keepers of stores, to the generals. The people were thick as ants outside their doors, and begged for bread; but who has any to give them?"

"Forward, my boys! Let us go out! I on my one foot will follow you and fight. It is better outside than inside. Outside we will find something to eat," said Thrasyboulos.

"Carl and I will stay here a little while to rest, and then join you," said Couleas.

Andronike tried to prevent Thrasyboulos from going out of the house; but he persisted. All of them went out, except the two last arrivals, and proceeded toward the ramparts, on which the rest of the inhabitants were crowded.

CHAPTER VI

THE HARES OF MISOLONGHI

PRIDE and ambition dominated Ibrahim. He was resolved to master Misolonghi in spite of Omer Brione, the Scodra Pasha, and Reshid, who had told the sultan it was impregnable. He did not hurry. He thoroughly understood the Greeks. Before undertaking an attack, he wished from a distance to examine the city's ramparts, its topography and means of defence. At the same time many European advisers were in his train. He himself had studied tactics a little under Generals Vogué and Livron, and Colonel Sève, whom his father, the viceroy, had succeeded, by high pay, in attaching to his service.

Thrasyboulos and Andronike found all Misolonghi at the ramparts. They could see the disembarked Egyptian army far out of range. Six standard bearers marched in front. The artillery followed, and then came the squadrons of cavalry, and last of all the infantry by detachments.

The music, the drums beating time, the dense wheeling columns, the glitter of the lances, even the uniforms, made a deep impression on the light-armed Roumeliots.

"Well, I say! Are all the Arabs become Europeans?" one man exclaimed.

"Ah! Let them come like that, little by little, close up to our stone walls!" said another.

"Down with him! Down with him!" all the Greeks shouted, clapping their hands, throwing their caps into the air, and beginning to jeer at the Arabs.

"Misolonghi has nothing to fear on the land side," said Thrasyboulos to those who stood near him.

"Who has anything to fear from those Franco-Arab mongrels! Give Misolonghi something to eat, and then you will see. Do you know that since day before yesterday evening I have had nothing to eat but a little bit of leather strap. I rubbed the leather strap of my gun with oil and roasted it in the coals, and that was my supper."

"Ah, comrade, my children and I haven't had any breakfast yet," said another, with a proud smile.

"If Miaoulis brings us some corn, Misolonghi will be all right."

"We have time yet. The prayers of heroes will be heard," said Andronike.

"The soldiers, Kyrios Thrasyboulos, have begun to run away. The clouds are growing black, and I am afraid of a hurricane. Ah! If we could get away before it comes down," said Kyra R—.

"It is strange the Turks don't fire another bomb."

"Their music made me forget my hunger," said Andronike. "I am not hungry any longer."

"It is n't so with me, lady. A fine New Year's Day we shall have to-morrow."

"The truth is, we must find something. Shall we be without food to-morrow, the first day of the year! A bad beginning of the new year."

On their return they tried all the doors in the market-place, one after the other, but found nothing. It is a fact that after the inhabitants had eaten the camels, asses, and mules, all Misolonghi went hungry. Whoever had provisions put away, concealed them more carefully, and pretended he had nothing.

They returned home disheartened and silent. By nine o'clock the darkness could almost be felt. Each one reclined on the floor and reflected.

"Carl, light a candle."

"There is n't a candle in the house nor in all Misolonghi," said Couleas.

"We had a bit left yesterday evening."

"That was twenty-four hours ago, and a bit of candle

can't last very long with four starving people," said Couleas.

Soon the deepest silence prevailed. While they were sitting in the dark, a heavy shower began, accompanied by lightning and thunder. The wind violently shook the casements and the pieces of paper pasted over them. Some of the windows had no panes, because the bombs of the enemy had broken them. Others were without shutters, for they themselves had torn them off to make a little fire, and the cracks in others gaped wide open so the rain entered and the wind whistled through.

"Now we shall be just like ducks," cried Kyra R——, rising, as the water reached her, from the place where she sat.

"What the devil!" said Thrasyboulos. "Wherever one turns, he finds water."

"Fancy what the other rooms must be from which we have stripped all the window shutters. Thrasyboulos, sit on my knees so as not to get wet. For God's sake, think of your wound!" said Andronike.

"No, dear, I will stand up."

"Better burn the outer door, than the bed of Kyrios Thrasyboulos. Let's cut down the outer door, so as to get some wood. Who would come in! It is terrible for Kyrios Thrasyboulos not to have a bed or stool to sit on in such a storm. Ah, brothers, put your weapons in your belt so they sha'n't become wet. Who knows but Ibrahim to-night will try some trick," said Lampros.

A bright flash of lightning, preceding a terrific roar, for an instant lit up the room so they could see each other. All were standing up, and each was trying by that momentary gleam to see in what direction there was no water, and go there. However, all the floor was like a lake. The water had poured in torrents through one of the windows which had no outer shutter. Likewise the water was dripping through the ceiling, which had been loosened by the balls.

"Bah! Now I see why I am like a duck. The ceiling is gone. Who carried it off?"

"The outer shutter is gone! Who in the devil stole it?" said Thrasyboulos.

Each could see that the outer shutter was gone from one of those small windows which are inserted usually near

the ceiling, between the ordinary chamber windows, so that the light might fall under a sharper angle and thus illuminate the room better.

"Now I understand why we are just like drowned rats," said Lampros in his turn.

"Where is Carl? Carl!"

"He is n't here," Couleas answered.

"Where has he gone?"

"I sent him to go all over Misolonghi to find something to eat. Otherwise we have a good chance of dying from hunger."

"Bravo! We knocked at every door, the gold in our hand, and not a crumb did we find; and that Hungarian, with his Hungarian head and Hungarian tongue, will probably find some!"

"Don't say so, Kyra R——! How do you know?"

"What a hideous night! Another flash of lightning! Another clap of thunder," whispered Andronike.

"Ibrahim knows how to call the thunderbolts from heaven. I can't remember any night like it. That of Dragatzana is nothing in comparison!"

"Captain, our Christ knows that we have n't any fire, and so lights us up," said Lampros. "I am not going to sit here any longer, brothers. I am going out to the ramparts with the pallikaris. I believe that the Arabs will play us some trick this filthy night."

"Stay here! Where would you go now? Is n't it night to the Arabs too? They don't leave their tents in such weather, for they are not used to either rain or cold," said Thrasyboulos.

"I hear steps below. Carl has come. Carl! Is that you?" Couleas cried.

"Ah, Panaghia! Probably Carl, empty-handed, has found something," Kyra R—— exclaimed ironically.

"What have you got, Father Carl?" Lampros asked.

"A hare with onions, cooked in the oven."

"Hare cooked with onions! Oh, I say, Carl talks well! It scents up all the house," the Suliote cried.

"How fragrant!"

"Long live Carl! Bravo, my Carl! Where did you get it, Carl?" said Couleas, laughing in the dark.

"I stayed and watched by the great gate of the fortress. Many of those peasants whom Reshid has compelled to

dig his trenches were escaping from the Turks and coming into Misolonghi, and one fellow had this hare. He had caught it alive in its hole. The blessed peasant did not know about the famine in Misolonghi; and as soon as I showed him the two hundred piastres, did he take them or did n't he take them?"

"Long live Carl! Bravo!"

"Hungarian, and what a Hungarian!" cried Kyra R—. "Where is the Roumeliot with the patience and calm of the Hungarian? He went like a bloodhound and waited outside the hole till he caught it. Bravo, Carl! Joy to the mother who bore you, Carl! While you were so hungry, you waited till a hare, all cooked in the oven, jumped at you! Just let me have a mouthful," added Kyra R—, groping in the darkness to find Carl.

"Listen, brothers. Let us share it like Christian brothers and with economy, for it must last two days. Who shall carve it?" said the veteran armatolos.

"Give it to your mistress to cut it, Carl. She will give just right to each. Sit down, brothers, for the smell makes my nose crazy. My stomach was ready to die," the Suliot added.

"We can't sit down in the water. We must divide it standing up. Give the tray to lady Andronike, Carl, and go for a knife," said Couleas.

"A knife! I say, brothers, are you hunting for leaves in the grass? Give us your yataghan, Lampros. You don't use a knife or a fork at a time like this," cried Kyra R—, uneasily.

Lampros, with his sharp yataghan, divided the hare into many pieces, and Andronike distributed portions with absolute justice among her companions.

Silence returned. The shower slackened; the darkness became still more dense; but even the rumblings in the sky did not disturb their satisfaction.

"Mourgo, here is a bone for you! Where is Psipsica? Psi-psi-psi!" Thrasyboulos called.

"What! Are you calling Psipsica at this time of night and in the wet?" said Couleas, nudging Carl.

"It rains so, effendi, that Psipsica must have gone up in the roof to find a rat," said Carl, nudging Kouleas in return.

"Sugar-cane! Honeycomb! What in the world is so

sweet as these bones! Bravo, Carl! You are born to luck! Bravo! You are worth whatever you say. Joy to the woman who has you for a husband! Ah, this is a feast where the mother eats and does n't give her boy any," said Kyra R——, whose good humor returned with the food.

"Psi-psi-psi! Psipsica! Psipsica!" Thrasyboulos called again in a loud voice.

"As if she would come! If she was in the roof when that bomb fell, terror would have made her run a long way from Misolonghi," Couleas added, giving another punch to the Hungarian.

"I don't know whether it comes from hunger, but I never tasted finer meat," said Andronike.

"But where did you cook it, Carl, and where did you get your butter?" asked Lampros.

"In the oven I cooked it; and as for butter, I found some." Putting his mouth close to the ear of Couleas, he added, "That hare of Misolonghi took three pieces of candle. The window-shutter did not make enough fire, and I had to tear a big board from the roof in the next room. The rain must have made a pond there!"

"Your health! Joy to you, good friends, ladies and gentlemen! Give us meat, give us drink, give us a song! We won't be Turkish slaves, my boys. Embrace each other! Ah! ah! ah!" cried Kyra R——, merrily.

"What have you done with the skin of the hare?" Lampros asked.

"I left it with the keeper of the oven."

"With the keeper of the oven!"

"With the keeper of the oven! What folly! We could have used it for a cap, a seat, a wrap, so many things," Andronike said.

"Otherwise he would n't cook the hare."

"That changes the matter."

"Can you think of a rabbit skin at a time like this, lady? Bring a hare, Carl, every day and not a rabbit skin, and give his ears to the oven keeper," said the Suliot, again interrupting with a loud laugh.

"Listen, ladies and gentlemen. I have something very important to propose," said Carl.

"Silence! Order!"

"Since about half the hare is left on the tray, I propose

that the lady Andronike lock it up in the cupboard, and that to-morrow, at just the same hour, we celebrate the new year 1826. God will provide for the future."

"Excellent! Bravo! Carl speaks well," they all shouted together.

"I did not believe that you had so much wisdom in your head, my Carl. What do you think you are side of him, Father Lampros, with all your gray hairs? Four days and nights you hunted all through this town and could n't find a hare nor even a cat."

"Good-night, old lady. Since your feast you can't do anything but joke," said the armatolos, with some heat.

"'Old lady!' the beggar, the magpie, the toothless old Lampros, to call me an old lady! Ah, you wretched Misolonghi, what will you bring us to! Lady Andronike and I came here like two rosy-cheeked girls, and now our troubles have made our faces like stones, and that white-livered Lampros calls us old ladies!"

They laughed louder still. The Suliot, humming, "Ah, my queen of Cæsarea," and bidding them good-night, added with a moan, "Oh, if I stay here three months longer, I shall look as if I was thirty!" All would have supposed she was forty at least.

Soon each stretched out on the floor and slept as well as he could in the cold and wet.

CHAPTER VII

THE COUNCIL OF WAR

FROM the wretched dwelling of Thrasyboulos and Andronike let us pass to the splendid tent of Ibrahim Pasha. Made of green cloth and with a great shining golden ball on its pyramidal top, it was easily recognized from a distance. Of spacious dimensions, it was divided into many apartments furnished with Persian carpets, stuffs of silk, silver vessels in profusion, and divans covered with African lion skins. Although the Egyptian commander in all his other expeditions to Upper Egypt, Arabia, Syria, and Peloponnesus had shown a Spartan

simplicity, yet here, either to impress the besieged, or overwhelm Chosreph and Reshid, he rivalled the luxury of Persian satraps. Also he wished to be considered enlightened and acquainted with the refinement of France, so he possessed a retinue of epauletted adventurers and renegades, at the head of whom was Arnaout Pasha. Barthakas, as he spoke English and French fluently, had become the bosom companion of the commander-in-chief.

The personal appearance of Ibrahim was by no means in keeping with the magnificence of his quarters or with his great reputation. He was short in stature, fat, and middle-aged. His face was round and pitted by the small-pox. His name was already celebrated throughout the East for his victories over the Wahabees and his cruelties to the Arabs. It was he who took prisoner the famous Abdullah, the overturner of Mecca and Medina, cities of the Prophet, and sent him in chains to Sultan Mahmoud. It was he who aided his father, Mehmet Ali of Cavalla, a man of humble origin, like Ptolemy or Eyoub, father of Saladin, to found a dynasty in the land of Pharaoh, and to extend its boundaries to the springs of the Nile.

As we enter the tent of the commander-in-chief, it is impossible not to cast a glance at the mixed company within. Reshid Pasha and Chosreph Pasha, with their officers dressed in the costume of the janissaries, sat on one side, and Ibrahim and Arnaout, attired like Europeans, on the other. Smoking, they discussed in loud tones the best manner to attack Misolonghi, and disputed in no friendly manner.

"The people of Misolonghi, according to the information which I have," said Reshid Pasha, "at this moment are famishing. Also their military stores are exhausted. So let us at once make a general assault, and in ten minutes' time Misolonghi will be in our hands."

"I think so too," the capoudan pasha added. "Now that I have driven off the Greek fleet, and have cleared the Gulf of Lepanto from their fire-ships and men-of-war; while they have no hope of obtaining other provisions, — now is the time to attack. First bombard them for two or three days, and then the assault. And what do you say, most excellent Arnaout Pasha? I think you approve our idea."

"Your plan, magnanimous and invincible pashas, is

truly the best," replied Barthakas, slowly and calmly, with perfect courtesy. "It is the best, and the brave armies of the sultan undoubtedly will never meet a more favorable opportunity of showing their daring. But the European officers of the staff and the engineers here present," bowing to the other adventurers, "say that the glorious Bonaparte frequently repeated that ten victories gained by courage and slaughter were not worth one victory won by strategy without bloodshed. And since, as you and we are informed, the people of Misolonghi have no provisions, they will fight like famishing lions. They will meet our attack by a general sally under the protection of their guns. We shall have a hand to hand battle, and the victory will be most stubbornly disputed. It is better, therefore, to tighten our blockade and let hunger wear upon them. Thus, without trouble and bloodshed, we may enter this terrible Misolonghi. That is my opinion, or rather it is that of these wise Europeans. But again, you yourselves know best and must do as you wish."

"Arnaout Pasha speaks like Bonaparte himself," said Ibrahim, bluntly and briefly.

Reshid Pasha and Chosreph Pasha, who hated the Egyptian prince, and wanted to see his pride humbled by an assault upon the ramparts of Misolonghi, exchanged glances full of anger at Barthakas.

"And if the Greek fleet should arrive to-morrow, stronger than ever, and should cut off the siege by sea, who is responsible for the disaster?" Chosreph asked dryly and gravely.

"Can the fleet of these slaves ever be stronger than the Imperial, the Egyptian, the Algerian, and the Tunisian fleets which shut the entrance to the Gulf of Lepanto," said Ibrahim.

"Highness, as to this, let his Excellency, Arnaout Pasha, answer, who made the familiar acquaintance of Canaris, and heard from the mouth of the same Canaris that they are waiting until three hundred fire-ships arrive from Europe. As for myself, I know that besides Canaris we have now a Miaoulis and a Pepinos and a Sactouris who are not inferior to him. Highness, not to be tedious, naval warfare to-day does not depend upon cannon nor sails, but upon fire-ships. The giaour, in the twinkling of an eye, fastens his cursed craft close to you, and sets

you on fire like a torch. What seaman then listens to your orders? Some leap into the sea, and others climb to the masts. I speak from experience, for I know at the battle of Andros how they ran away, and how my splendid flagship leaped into the air. But let us return to the subject. Will you, most excellent Arnaout Pasha, who now propose to make the blockade more rigorous, come on board my flagship and help me against the Greek fleet, if it should perhaps come back stronger than ever?"

"If I was not needed by his Highness, why not? You know that I am not afraid of the giaours. I think also I showed it to Canaris himself. I repeat that if I were not of service to these most ingenious French officers in perfecting certain tactics and engineering schemes, which one morning will put Misolonghi in our hands, I would myself take command of a fire-ship and drive off the Greek admiral."

The timid Chosreph, overborne by the weight of such imposture, bowed low without other reply.

"Since our cannon and mortars, which Bibal Agha landed at Cryoneri, cannot be brought here for the present, on account of the overflow of the Evenos," said Ibrahim, "I think that before we begin our bombardment we would do well to send an embassy and demand the keys and the surrender of the city. If they reject our proposals, in a second council of war we will decide whether we must attempt an assault or not."

The proposition of Ibrahim was unanimously accepted.

Arnaout Pasha and four others were appointed members of the embassy.

On the following day, January 1, 1826, under a flag of truce, the embassy entered Misolonghi.

CHAPTER VIII

MISDIRECTED ZEAL

THE heavens seemed at peace with the earth. They no longer flooded it with showers, or lashed it with tempests. As if in atonement for that infernal night they streamed upon it the warm, delicious sun with tints rich as the Northern Light.

The church bells and discharges of firearms were summoning the inhabitants of the capital of western Greece to the market place.

Arnaout Pasha with the olive branch had arrived like the innocent dove at the ark of Noah.

In the hall of the former palace of the governor the ambassadors of Ibrahim were received. Andronike had also gone there with Thrasyboulos and the rest.

"Arnaout Pasha! It is Barthakas himself!" and she elbowed her way through the crowd to reach the front line among the magistrates. By the help of Lampros, Kyra R——, and Couleas, a path was opened, and they joined the circle where the hoplarchs were giving audience to the envoys.

"His Royal Highness, the glorious conqueror Ibrahim," said Barthakas, "requests you to appoint a committee of men who understand Albanian, Turkish, Greek, and French, so that in his tent they may agree on most honorable terms for the surrender of the fortress. Be assured that this illustrious pasha, a pupil of European civilization, who understands how to keep his promise, does not resemble the people whom you have thus far seen."

"We are ignorant people, oh, Barthakas, and are not acquainted with so many languages. Pashas, we do not recognize. We only know how to hold our sword and gun in our hands." In distinct tones Andronike interrupted him with these words, which were followed by a burst of applause from the Greeks.

The Arcadian girl stood a little to the rear of her former teacher. Thrasyboulos was leaning on her arm and that of Couleas. Beside them were Kyra R——, Carl, and Lampros.

Thunderstruck, Arnaout Pasha mechanically turned on hearing the voice which he instantly recognized as that of the demogeront's daughter. On seeing at the same time his rival near her, together with Kyra R——, Carl, and Lampros, that is to say the persons most familiar with his past conduct, his eyes swam. The entire world whirled violently round him. He felt that five phantoms resurrected from the dead were rushing forward to destroy him.

"Since you do not accept the proposition, farewell. What scorching heat! Let us depart, effendis. They re-

ject the proposition," he murmured, wiping the perspiration from his face.

"Bah! The secretary of Patras! The jackal who killed the father of my mistress," Lampros shouted.

"Why! That is the caftanji of the Vali of Roumelia!"

"That is the fellow who tried to drown us in the lake of Yanina," Carl cried, interrupting Kyra R——.

"I will shoot him, and they can hang me afterwards," said Lampros, putting his hand on his pistol.

"Stop!" Thrasyboulos interposed, seizing the hand of the clamorous Lampros. "Stop!" he said, and he advanced toward Arnaout Pasha, who, hearing everything and becoming still more confused, was trying to get away. "Do you know me, Barthakas? Do you know this young woman, whose father and brother you assassinated? Do you know this harmless Hungarian, whom you tried to drown with me in the lake of Yanina? Greeks! This renegade, Greeks, is the famous secretary of Patras who betrayed our plans to the Laliots and caused the siege of the fortress to fail. This man, by one robbery after another, by one treason after another, has become a pasha, and now an envoy. See why we suffer! See why we shall never become free! A few of these vile and worthless Christians frustrate all the sacrifices of the rest, and hurt us more than the hosts of the barbarians themselves."

"Kyrios! Look at me well! Either you are mistaken or a lunatic! You take me for some one else. Never was I a Christian; never was I in Patras except a little while ago when, with the victorious Ibrahim Pasha, we entered that city in triumph. I see through you well! I begin to see through you!" Turning to the others he said, "Are you seeking pretexts to kill us? Remember that many Peloponnesian prisoners are at present in the hands of his Highness. Effendis, let us depart. We have fulfilled the length and breadth of our mission. The people of Misolonghi are not ready to entertain terms of surrender. Yet I judge it my duty to warn you, Greeks, that his Highness has sworn, if you do not accept his proposals, to put you all to the sword. He will reduce all Misolonghi to ashes, except the house of Lord Byron, which he has bidden our brave soldiers spare for the sake of civilization, just as Alexander the Great formerly spared at Thebes the house of Pindar. Magnanimous envoys, let us return. I have

determined to hold no further converse with the rebels." He spoke with an effort, with arrogant assumption of dignity, and raised his foot to depart.

Then there rose a loud uproar among the Greeks, some saying that they ought to reject the proposals of Ibrahim courteously, and not attack and insult his ambassadors who were under a flag of truce. During the clamor, while no one was paying attention to any one else, Lampros said, "You simpletons! That dog robbed and keeps his plunder; but you heed him, and you don't listen to these ladies and to the nephew of the patriarch! Stop, you dirty dog! I will give you a lesson! You have killed so many people! Stop!" He foamed at the mouth, and, pressing through the crowd, left the reception-room.

"Is there no soldier or hoplarch here from Patras?" cried Andronike. "That is the man who killed my father and brother! Greeks, that is the famous Barthakas!"

"Lady," cried Barthakas, angrily, "you are fit for the same lunatic asylum as that lame fellow. I acknowledge that many fathers and mothers have been slain, but in war! You have killed, and we have killed. I am not to blame." Pallid, trembling, but disguising the frightful emotions of his soul by a dignified exterior, he went out, leaving the men in that assembly bewildered.

Lampros was meditating a rash and foolish scheme. We know how devoted he was to his mistress. He was well acquainted with her history and sufferings, of which Barthakas was the original cause. He knew how Barthakas had tried to drown Carl and Thrasyboulos in the Lake of Yanina. Most of all was he indignant that a Greek, a Christian, a man of some learning, should so hate and injure those who were contending to secure liberty for their compatriots. He had sworn many times, if he ever met him, to cut him in pieces. As far as the flag of truce was concerned, he thought little about it. The history of those times was full of examples wherein the beys, pashas, and vizirs sent flags of truce, gave pledges, and swore awful oaths by the Koran and by the name of Mohammed that they would not injure the Christians if they surrendered, and then, as soon as they did surrender, butchered them without pity. He further argued that if Misolonghi was delivered, it could be only through its sword and valor. If, on the contrary, it fell into the talons of Ibrahim, death was certain for all.

He hurried therefore and took a position on the left of the outer gate of the wall from which the ambassadors were to depart. Their horses and servants were waiting there.

Barthakas was beginning to breathe more freely. His strength returned in proportion as he saw himself nearing the gate. He began to reflect in what way he could by one and a single blow strike all his enemies, who were crowded together in Misolonghi.

Burning jealousy tormented him that at last Andronike had found his rival. He was frantic at the thought that she had married the lame man whom she had preferred to himself. He did not doubt they were married, and that Thrasyboulos had won the beautiful girl of Arcadia, his only idol, the passion of his life, the cause of his conversion from Christianity to Islam.

Speechless, dejected, he was hastening with rapid steps to go out, when his eye descried Lampros advancing toward him. The fierce look of the *armatolos*, and his hand upon his weapons, did not escape his shrewd attention.

He stopped for a moment and nodded to the grooms and the other attendants to approach.

Lampros rushed forward like lightning, and emptied his pistol point blank at Barthakas, shouting "Thief! Vile dog! Teacher! Did you want to be a pasha! Take that now!"

The latter gave a yell, uttered the words, "I am done for!" and fell to the ground.

The other ambassadors, in terror, hurried from the walls and fled, stopping only to mount their horses, and then flee the faster.

Only two or three Arabs remained to succor the wounded man. They had noticed that the Greeks themselves were grumbling, and disapproved the conduct of Lampros, whom they seized and put under guard. Fortunately or unfortunately, the ball had hit the Turkish envoy only in the arm, breaking it just above the hand. However, as cowardly in danger as he was cruel in crime, he had fallen to the ground, moaning, lamenting, and entreating forgiveness from whom-ever he had wronged. He thought his last moment had come.

The officers of the guard proposed to carry him to one of the chambers close by, and sent immediately for Dr P——;

but Barthakas and his attendants insisted on returning as quickly as they could to the Turkish camp to the care of the European surgeons, before the inhabitants of Misolonghi should crowd to the spot.

Ibrahim in rage demanded from the besieged the man guilty of this attempt, and threatened, if he was not given up, to hang opposite their ramparts two hundred Peloponnesian prisoners of the most illustrious families, whom he had brought with him as hostages from the conquered towns of the Morea.

In vain Thrasyboulos and Couleas tried to rescue Lampros from his terrible situation.

The old armatolos himself insisted on going to Ibrahim, as soon as he learned that the lives of two hundred compatriots were in danger.

He was surrendered therefore on the sworn agreement that if Arnaout Pasha, who was wounded only in the arm, survived, they should not kill him. On the contrary event, he must submit to the punishment of death.

CHAPTER IX

THE BLOOD COVENANT

THE tent of Arnaout Pasha stood close beside that of the African commander-in-chief. Barthakas was sitting on a divan strewn with gold-embroidered silks and Persian carpets. His arm hung upon his breast in a sling of variegated silk. On his head was a conical cap of rare otter, and over his shoulders was flung a white Algerian burnoose with heavy tassels. Nor must we omit the gilded and diamond-studded arms in his girdle, and the slippers of red velvet on his feet.

Of late Barthakas had grown phlegmatic almost to apathy. The dangers through which he had passed, and death which so often came near him had changed him much. His malevolent soul seemed never hurried, never excited, never agitated. He only reflected with more energy, formed cleverer plans, and accomplished them with greater precaution, without endangering his position and losing his

reputation with the Ottomans. He dreamed of playing among them some day the part of a Cardinal Wolsey or Richelieu.

This is the reason why Lampros, although he had been thirteen days in the hands of Ibrahim, had not yet been subjected to any punishment or examination, nor even to harsh confinement.

On the fourteenth of the month he was at last brought in chains before Arnaout Pasha. On his appearance Barthakas ordered all his servants to go out.

Lampros was expecting death every moment. He longed for his mistress; he longed for Thrasyboulos; and, if anything grieved him, it was that after having passed his life as an *armatolos* he was now to die the death of a malefactor.

"Don't be afraid, Lampros. Approach me, my boy. Sit on that carpet. From my heart I forgive you for what you did to me, for I also am a Christian like you," the wounded pasha added with dignity and in a low tone.

At the sight of those magnificent robes, of that luxurious tent, of those numerous guards, at those grave and imposing tones, Lampros forgot Barthakas, forgot his past, and felt that he was really brought before some mighty officer. He became timid, and did not know how to act.

"Sit down! Let me free your hands, my boy."

Lampros muttered something in confusion, and sat down mechanically.

"Did I ever do you any harm? Why did you wish to kill me, poor fellow?"

"Kyrios Secretary—I mean, Kyrios Pasha, you killed the father and brother of my mistress."

Barthakas smiled, and with his accustomed calm indifference further inquired, "Were you there? Did you with your own eyes see me do any such thing?"

"No, effendi. I heard so from my mistress and her betrothed, and whatever my mistress says—"

"Her husband, you mean! Are they not married yet?"

"No, indeed! Kyrios Thrasyboulos was sick abed so many months! They cut off his leg. The day you came to Misolonghi was only the third time he had been out of doors." Then Lampros gave further details of the sickness of Thrasyboulos and of their lack of food.

The Governor of Lesbos then clapped his hands, and in a

deep voice called in Turkish, "Ghel! Ghel!" Come! Come!

Immediately there entered two tall, black eunuchs with round scarred cheeks, hanging lips, and heavy gold earrings. They belonged to the band of crimson-dressed Abyssinians and Nubians who attended Ibrahim.

"Bring coffee and a tchibouk for Kyrios Lampros," he said.

Soon they brought Lampros coffee in a cup inlaid with pearls, and a tchibouk of cherry-wood, three cubits long, with an amber mouthpiece studded with diamonds. The simple Greek took the tchibouk, smoked it, and sipped the coffee, but without sense of taste. He was utterly confused.

"You called me 'thief' at the meeting. I suppose that you meant that I stole the diamonds of Lady Vouvoulina. That charge, just like the other slanders, has no foundation. Those diamonds belonged to the women of Chourshid Pasha. When I left you I went straight to Chourshid. Kyra R—— is my witness, for she found me there. I handed him his diamonds. I persuaded him to pay our Greeks that immense sum of one hundred thousand Spanish dollars to ransom his harem, and as my reward he made me caftanji and later Arnaout Pasha. Am I not the man who delivered Kyra R—— and Chryse, and the Angelike of Markos Botsaris, and Konstantinos Botsaris, and many others whom Omer Brione wanted to dishonor and impale? Is it my fault if the Laliots went to the tower and slew the demogeront? Did I lead them, or did they drag me there with violence and with the sword?" Then, lowering his voice, he continued, "I wanted, my good Lampros, this continual war to stop once for all. I wanted you to enjoy your liberty, and to have it at once, for you deserve it; and then for us to come together, I, Andronike, Thrasyboulos, Kyra R——, and have a friendly explanation. You would have seen, my friend Lampros, how innocent I am! What fearful wrong they do me, charging so many and so foul things against my character! But, to be just," he added, in a still lower tone, "it is your turn now to ask me why I changed my religion, why I became a pasha? Lampros! Lampros! The Greeks are pallikaris; but they are unlearned, and they can't see two fathoms ahead. Listen to me! Believe me! I alone shall free Greece! Only this," and he showed his signet ring, "can save Misolonghi and

drown in its marshes all this Arab gang which has come to destroy you. When, with God's help, I accomplish my great undertaking, then all the Greeks will blush at the wrong they have done me."

The good-hearted Lampros began to doubt. He had formerly never known Barthakas well. He was bewildered by his manner of speaking and his arguments. Add, also, his critical position, his ignorance, and his simplicity, and one will pardon him.

As soon as he heard Barthakas speak of Grecian liberty, and of overthrowing the Arab host, he believed him; he grew enthusiastic, and began, with contrition of soul, to describe the decision of the people in Misolonghi, to die, but never to surrender.

"My boy Lampros, you must expel from your mind another charge. It is that I tried to drown Thrasyboulos and Carl at Yanina. This is what happened. I had a cursed Albanian, a certain Kara Seïd Ali, a wild beast, a perfect fool. There are people who can betray one thirty times, and serve under thirty different flags, without caring for either. It appears that the evening when Thrasyboulos was at my palace, this Albanian heard men say that my guest was a rich Russian count. As he was a Mussulman fanatic, and hated the Russians, he made up his mind to rob him. So he and his companions resolved to drown master and man in the lake, and then go to their house and steal their property. Fortunately, however, for Thrasyboulos, Kara Seïd Ali was the very man whose life he had saved at Dragatzana, and with whom he had a blood covenant. You know that among the Albanian tribes, the Ghegs, although the dullest headed, are always faithful to their blood-covenant oaths. What does Kara Seïd Ali do? To free himself from the charge of violating his oath, he swears that I incited him to the crime. Then Thrasyboulos gives him a good deal of money and his ring; and the cursed Albanian secretly flees from Yanina, afraid that I shall discover his conduct and punish him. I ask you, my good Lampros, how I am to blame? If Kara Seïd Ali says that I stirred him up, should Kyrios Thrasyboulos, with so much learning and education, believe such a Turkish hireling rather than me? Do you know, my boy Lampros, the famous Cleopatra, the Queen of Egypt, used to say, 'How terrible if Cæsar sits on a ladle!' To explain, for it is an

old Greek saying, and you don't understand it very well," he interrupted himself with a grave smile; "it is a bad thing for Cæsar to sit on a club. In other words, when any one reaches a high position like mine, other people fear him, and are sure to accuse him behind his back, and to intrigue and do all they can to destroy him."

Lampros was now listening with mouth wide open. Just as the serpent magnetizes the bird, and allures it down from the top of the tree into his mouth, so Barthakas was drawing him over to his side. The unhappy Lampros was too good to penetrate the abysses of such a heart.

"I swear by my bread, Kyrios Secretary! I have lost my wits again! Kyrios Pasha, I mean; I see you are nothing like what I heard. Forgive me, effendi, for —"

"Call me Kyrios Secretary. That is my real occupation. My name of pasha will only last a little time longer. From necessity, my friend Lampros, for some while yet I shall say, 'May God guard the days of our sultan!' The day will come when I shall shout with my whole heart, and not with my feeble lips only, on that glad day of the Byzantine Empire, 'Many years, O Emperor!' I, my friend Lampros — Come close to me. Sit on my sofa," he said, in a very low tone, making him a sign to approach.

The *armatolos* rose, all in a cold perspiration at the idea of sitting in his grimy, blood-stained *fustanella* on such a splendid divan, and approached, first laying down his *tchibouk*.

"Sit down! Sit down, Lampros. Take your *tchibouk*, too, my boy," said Barthakas, with a false smile, whose piercing glance no movement of Lampros escaped.

"My friend Lampros," he said, in almost inaudible tones, leaning toward him as soon as he was seated, "I must play with Ibrahim and Reshid the part of Zopyrus. Listen. I always delight in the history of the ancients. Zopyrus loved his king Darius just as much as I love our nation and Greece. Darius was unable to conquer Babylon, whatever he did. So Zopyrus cut off his nose and his ears, shaved his head like a slave's, flayed his shoulders and back with cruel lashes, and then went to the Babylonians, pretending that Darius had reduced him to this condition, and begged the Babylonians to give him an army so he might fight Darius.

"He had arranged with King Darius that, first, Darius

should despatch against him a thousand of his worst soldiers' whom he defeated; then two thousand, and afterwards four thousand, whom he also defeated. At last the Babylonians admired him so much that they made him commander-in-chief, and our good Zopyrus, as soon as he was commander-in-chief, gave the Babylonians a lesson. He betrayed Babylon to the Persians!"

"And are you planning something like that Zopyrus," cried Lampros, twirling his moustaches in admiration.

"I am in the same predicament, Father Lampros, as was Zopyrus. I was circumcised to become a Turk. Do you take your hand away! What more do you want? I have almost the entire confidence of Reshid, Chosreph, and Ibrahim. Now I have need of you, Lampros."

"Of me, effendi!"

"Of you, my boy Lampros. Do you doubt me? Out with the truth. Do you doubt me?"

"No, effendi. No! I believe you. I should be a fool not to see the truth!"

"Bravo, Lampros! Give me your hand then! A blood covenant once for all, Lampros."

With a little hesitation, Lampros moved his arm and gripped in his fingers of steel the slender hand of Barthakas so forcibly that the eyes of the latter filled with tears.

"I said I needed you. See how you can serve me. You can make me friends with Thrasyboulos and Andronike."

"Command me! Command me, effendi!" cried the armatolos at once, entirely overcome at such kindness and goodness.

"At first you will find success somewhat difficult, for I know what a wrong idea they have of me. And yet, whatever you do, you must do it as quickly as possible, if you want to save Misolonghi. I have told you my situation. I further add that to accomplish my purpose I must have two worthy people there, and I can find none superior to Thrasyboulos and Andronike. If you make us friends then, Lampros, I promise you in one month Greece shall be freed, and you shall see the standard of the cross above the minaret on Sancta Sophia."

"I am ready to cut off my hands and feet to serve you. Tell me what to do to get our liberty. If you do anything like this, Kyrios Barthakas, we will make you our king, and worship you besides."

Barthakas rose and began slowly to pace the chamber, like a real prince, his hands folded on his breast. Then, drawing an amber chaplet from his pocket, he came back and sat down. "Listen to what you must do. You must return to Misolonghi. You said that Thrasyboulos and Andronike are starving."

"Yes, effendi," replied Lampros, who, on hearing of his release, started with joy and began almost to tremble.

"You must go back to Misolonghi on a boat; for, as you told me, the house of Thrasyboulos is on the seashore. I will give you a box of provisions; but you must not tell them that I sent it. Tell them that an Albanian friend set you free and gave you these provisions. Every Tuesday a boat will come, bringing you a box just like this. Don't ever tell them that I send it. You must begin to praise me, little by little, and tell them that I treated you well, that I always spoke well of them; and you may add that I swore and proved my innocence of the crimes which they charge upon me. When you see that they are somewhat influenced, and that their opinion of me is beginning to change, then tell them the whole truth. Tell them that it is I who send them the provisions, and that I am working out a great plan, by which the entire army of Reshid and Ibrahim, and all their fleet, will fall once for all into their hands. Tell them that I strongly desire to talk with them. If they are willing, I will enter the city some night secretly, and we will have a full explanation. Take this chaplet, Lampros," he added, very gravely; "and if Thrasyboulos approves, give it to the boatman who brings you the food, and the following night at nine o'clock I will come to Misolonghi. What I specially urge upon you, is not to tell them that I send the provisions, or anything about my plans, until you are sure of their approval. Otherwise you know you will destroy me. If the Turks here learn the least thing about it, they will probably bowstring me. You are my adopted brother now, for a little while ago you made a blood covenant with me."

"Don't be troubled, effendi. I myself am crafty, and I know my part. I will not flatter you, Kyrios Barthakas; but my soul loves you to-night as it does Kyria Andronike." As Lampros took the chaplet in his hands, he was not more persuaded of his own existence than of the innocence of Barthakas.

In fact the plan of the teacher was terrible and easy of execution. He had determined to sweep off the face of the earth, in one and the same hour, all his enemies at a blow, and to satiate the black hate of his evil heart.

The sealed box which he gave Lampros contained poisoned food and wines. Also he gave him several valuable presents, as well as a fine suit of armor. He also directed two guards to accompany him as far as the sea gate of the fortress.

CHAPTER X

FROM A FRIEND

PITIFUL, almost indescribable is the change which has taken place in the house of Thrasyboulos. Andronike has expended her last penny to purchase food and a bed for her lover. His wound has opened again in consequence of privation and unskilful treatment, and has begun to threaten a dangerous relapse. The famine has become so severe that, like many other victims, they could not have survived if Couleas and Carl had not again employed stratagem and brought them the unfortunate Mourgo under the guise of a kid roasted on the spit. Their afflictions were aggravated by the misfortunes of Lampros, whom some accused them of having instigated to his murderous attempt upon the Ottoman envoy, openly asserting that the other inhabitants would suffer on their account if Ibrahim captured the city.

There is no need of alluding to the grief which Andronike felt as she thought of Lampros in the power of her knavish tutor, and remembered that he was excited to his mad action by sincere devotion to her and Thrasyboulos.

On his convalescence the nephew of the patriarch had absolutely refused to marry Andronike until the siege ended. Couleas and Lampros had advised and urged them to marry at once. This too was the desire of Andronike. She was afraid that some new tempest would separate them, or that any seeming indifference might wound the self-esteem of her lover and make him suspect her of being weaned from him by his lameness. Their long continued

engagement would surely have reached a happy conclusion if that mysterious destiny, which in human affairs so often disappoints our expectations, had not impaired both the health and the morale of Thrasyboulos.

The fourteenth of the month came near being the death day of all. During seventy-two hours none of them had tasted food. Their strength was so exhausted that, when toward midnight irregular discharges and alarm bells gave warning that the Turks were about to make their general assault, none of them was able to rise and go out. The Greek fleet of Miaoulis had arrived. It had been looked for from day to day by the besieged, as the Jews looked for their Messiah. Only by a victory could it rescue them from famine. It alone could raise the siege by sea.

On the ninth of the month Miaoulis was held back by contrary winds between Ithaca and Glarentza. On the tenth, despite the tempest which tossed his ships like corks, he advanced as far as the mouth of the bay of Misolonghi, for the purpose of unloading his provisions and military stores. First he fought with five frigates, which he turned to flight. Soon nine other frigates and two brigs, under the command of the aide-de-camp of Ney, the renegade Sève, came and joined them. The winds became more violent, and the waves more mountainous. The tempest increased to a hurricane. In the midst of the fearful fight, the forces of nature separated the Hydriot admiral from the enemy, and drove him in anguish toward the Scrophæ Islands, while the Turks fled to the opposite cape of Papas.

On the eleventh and twelfth even the hurricane increased in violence, and the pangs of famine among the besieged grew more distressing. The next two days brought only agony and despair to those heroes of Misolonghi. They fired guns, rang the church bells, lighted lanterns, and raised everything they could as signals to the admiral not to abandon them. Whoever was strong enough went to the ramparts, the churches, the streets, in a loud voice encouraging the combatants and imploring the aid of the Most High.

On the fourteenth of January, at the moment when more than half the inhabitants of the sublime town were hanging between life and death, a twelve-oared English barge appeared from a distance. As the shipwrecked hail a life-boat, so this bark was hailed by the Greeks. All the multi-

tude rushed together to the shore, shouting that food had come, or that Miaoulis was sending good news.

This barge belonged to the English corvette "Rose," commanded by Captain Abbot, and it brought a letter from that officer to the besieged. Reshid, Chosreph, and Ibrahim, the three most powerful antagonists of liberty, had charged this English captain with demanding immediate and unconditional surrender.

Worthy of attention is the answer made by those despairing men whom western Europe called half barbarous, in distinction from the Turks, whom it called barbarians. "In return for the blood we have shed, and the horrors we have endured, we think liberty is the only adequate reward. We do not fear the assaults of Ibrahim. With the aid of the Most High, we hope to repulse them as we have done those of Reshid. Besides, now we have a government of our own, whose orders we obey. Whoever wishes to negotiate, must address himself to it."

While Abbot was waiting for a reply, his boatswain, with two sailors carrying a heavy box on their backs, directed his way to the house of Thrasyboulos. It was already afternoon. At the sight of the inmates prostrated by hunger the boatswain shuddered. "Which is Kyrios Thrasyboulos," he inquired.

The unhappy youth raised his corpselike face, and nodded that it was he.

"I bring you this box and this letter," said the boatswain, coughing hard to conceal his surprise and dismay at the spectacle.

Thrasyboulos took the letter mechanically, not knowing from whom it was, or what the box contained.

"Please give me a receipt as quick as you can, for I can't stay more than three minutes here."

"A receipt, and where shall I get paper or pen or ink!"

The quick-witted boatswain went to one of the windows, and, tearing off a piece of paper which replaced a broken pane, said, "Here is paper! If you want ink, here is some," taking a bit of charcoal from the dead hearth.

The trembling hand of the sick man could not write the receipt. So the boatswain wrote it, and Thrasyboulos traced only the initial letters of his name. The Englishman afterwards phlegmatically wished him better luck, and departed in haste.

"Where is that letter from?" Couleas whispered.

The feeble hands of Thrasyboulos could not open it.

Only Andronike and Kyra R—— showed signs of life, but they could hardly lift their heads.

"Let me have it. Perhaps I can open it," said Carl, who also with his clenched teeth seemed barely clinging to life.

The letter then dropped from the hands of Thrasyboulos. Carl crept to it, picked it up and opened it, then handed it to his master, together with the key of the box, which was inside the letter.

"That box contains food, Andronike mine! My darling Andro—" He was unable to finish. The words died on his white, pinched lips.

"Food!"

"Food!"

Couleas and Carl uttered the same cry.

"Take the key — the box — open — give Androni-ke." Thrasyboulos spoke with beating heart and tears of joy.

At the mere word "food," Carl and Couleas found life come back. Each was like one drowning in the middle of a shoreless sea, who at the moment of sinking in the abyss suddenly with his hand grasps a floating plank. With new life in his breast, he again rises to contend with his fortune.

Both got up to the box, opened it, and, as the fragrance of meat and closed parcels reached their nostrils, uttered cries of joy. Then Couleas hurried to give a little wine to Andronike, and Carl some raki to Kyra R——. In the universal growing delight those souls, which already seemed on the farther side of Acheron, had come back to themselves.

By eight o'clock, under the bright light of a candle, such as they had not seen for two weeks, they sat down to taste a real, a perfect meal! The viands were placed near the bed of Thrasyboulos, because he was still unable to rise.

"Before we really feast, my brothers, you must listen to Lampikis' letter. Nobody like that man! He sends it from Ithaca. Andronike, read that letter out loud. It is not long. It is short, but it is Greek!"

She took the letter in her hand and read as follows:

ITHACA, January 12, 1826.

MY DEAR THRASYBOULOS: In addition to being the bulwark of the nation, Misolonghi has attracted the attention of the whole world. It is the Saint Jean d'Acre of Greece on the formidable

rocks of which so many successive armies of the sultan have been dashed to pieces. Your resistance is worthy of the Titans. The rejection by you, already needy and starving, of the easy terms of Ibrahim is even sublimer than the noblest days of Sparta. Glory to Greece which bears such children! Glory to you who have opened up the new era and have brought back afresh the period of Miltiades and Themistocles. Thrasyboulos, the shadow of the proto-martyr of our revolution, of your uncle Gregory whom the tyrant hanged, and whom the worthless Jew dragged so mercilessly in the streets, demands of every Greek to shed the last drop of his blood, but never surrender. Shame, threefold shame, to the civilized world which sees such heroism and yet hesitates!

With my whole heart I wanted to send a load of provisions to this sacred city. I would have sold my last shirt to help you; but Europe allows us to do nothing, and I cannot understand why the highest Power seems so hostile to us. Perhaps the Almighty has determined by further incomprehensible and more striking examples to ratify the liberty of the Greek nation.

However, by heavy bribes, I have persuaded the man who brings this letter to take this box with him. It contains food, a little ammunition, a little wine and spirits. If I can find some means of sending you some more, I shall do it.

Write if at last your beautiful Andronike has arrived. Tell me how your wound is, and what is the news from Misolonghi, and command me whatever you need. Remember that in the world you have a friend who loves you and is grateful to you, and who prays ardently for your deliverance and for the deliverance of all our heroes in Misolonghi. Farewell.

Your loving friend,

LAMPIKIS.

CHAPTER XI

HOLY MISOLONGHI

“BLESSED Lampikis! It is you who rescued me from the hands of the frightful Barthakas,” said Andronike.

“How many that man rescued from death in Constantinople! All the family of the Princes Mourouzis, for example! I remember about daybreak my uncle and I met him, a poor boatman, on the hills of Constantinople, while we were coming from the bostanji prison. Two ferocious janissaries were pursuing him. Who could have imagined that in only five years’ time that man would have become

the rich Lampikis, and would save us from the horrible famine which has destroyed so many brave warriors! My uncle gave him a diamond snuff-box, and his blessing with it."

"I do not know the man, except from the praises you lavish on him, but I feel he is like no one else. May divine Providence grant me some day to embrace him and kiss him, and thank him for saving my life," Couleas added with warmth.

"Kyrios Lampikis! Yes! Kyrios Lampikis! What shall I say about you, the blessed saint? May you have children, and may God make them all grow up, and may they never give you any trouble, and may blessings rest always on your house, and may you live to be very old, for always you will be useful to mankind," said also Kyra R——.

Then devoutly they pronounced a blessing over their meal, and began to eat.

After Kyra R—— had drunk two or three glasses of wine, and begun to feel like herself, she went on talking dejectedly, "For three days I do not intend to look at my face in the glass. I will confess my sins. Lord, have mercy! Whoever gets out from this Misolonghi alive will have a good many things to tell. Such dimness came on my eyes I could n't see, and sometimes I could n't open them. My lips grew black and dry, and my teeth stuck together. And it seemed as if some one had hold of my bowels and pulled and did n't leave off, and the more he pulled the more my heart went. When Carl poured the raki into my mouth, I thought it was the water of life, of paradise, and that there was another raising of Lazarus."

"Oh, my poor Lampros! Not a minute passes without my thinking of him," said Andronike, with a deed sigh.

"And who does n't think of him, lady! It is best not to have him too much in our mind, nor to imagine what punishment the poor man must have gone through."

"His action was certainly not very commendable," said Thrasyboulos; "but —"

"Stop! What is going on?" cried Couleas, and he rushed out.

Then they heard a heavy noise like distant thunder, and then cannonading, as if a battle were going on in the distance.

"The sky is all red in the harbor of Misolonghi. The men are in the streets. They are firing pistols and ringing bells. Either Miaoulis is fighting, or Ibrahim has made an attack on Misolonghi," said Kouleas, returning.

"Let us go out, Carl. I have n't walked for so many days!"

"You stay here, Carl. I am going with you, Kyra R——. Let us see what is going on. If there is any danger, we will come back and tell you at once."

They came back the next day. All night everybody was at the seashore. The Hydriot fire-chief had set a swift Ottoman corvette on fire, which had grounded on the shoals of Procopanistos, and had slain her three hundred sailors. Three Ottoman fire-ships, trying to imitate the Greeks, accomplished nothing, but only lit up the sky and kept the inhabitants of Misolonghi all night in suspense.

Miaoulis, with twenty-five vessels, fought three hours with the Ottoman fleet of sixty-six sail, beat it, scattered it, and finally succeeded in landing at Misolonghi stores, guns, biscuit, seven thousand kilos of wheat, and enough other provisions to feed the inhabitants two months longer.

The fifteenth of January was therefore a festival for the besieged. Everybody ran to get his share of provisions, and to hear about the night battle from Sactouris, the vice-admiral.

Misolonghi arose stronger than ever. In its veins coursed new life and new blood. It was ready to breast the bombs of the Franco-Arabs, just as it had done the yataghans and cannon of myriads of Albanians, Thessalians, Thracians, and Asiatics.

Hereafter we, following the example of numerous European writers, can call this city, which contained the sacred heart of Lord Byron and the graves of Norman, Kyriacoulis, and Markos Botsaris, a holy place, the holy Misolonghi.

From the beginning of April, the Egyptians threw up two batteries on the shore, one opposite the bastion of Botsaris, and one commanding the islands of Scylla and Cleisova.

The inhabitants of Misolonghi subsisted on the provisions which Miaoulis brought, and repaired and strengthened their works as far as possible.

One day Thrasyboulos invited Dr P—— to breakfast.

"I don't see anything of your dog and cat, Thrasyboulos," the doctor remarked after breakfast.

"I lost them some days ago. Really, doctor, satisfy my curiosity. After all, did you want my Psipsica and Mourgo?"

"To be honest, I will tell you the truth. I foresaw the famine. I knew the condition of the city, and I much preferred that kind of payment to money. The truth is, if I had not followed this system, a numerous family like mine could not have survived."

"Doctor, are you not joking?" exclaimed Andronike.

"And yet, lady," Couleas interposed, "as sure as we see each other, so sure am I that Mourgo and Psipsica furnished an appetizing dinner to some unfortunates."

"Without doubt! I know men who have eked out life on much more unnatural food," said the doctor's wife.

"Brrrrrr," cried Kyra R—— suddenly.

"A Franco-Arab bomb!" Dr P—— exclaimed.

They had not ceased jesting at this first bomb, which had fallen a little distance from them, when they heard a second, third, fourth, fifth, and then a continued succession. The houses of Misolonghi shook, the window panes were shattered, and the solid ground trembled. Ibrahim was then beginning that bombardment which continued without interruption three days and nights, and ploughed the city with eight thousand balls.

They took refuge in the damp cellar. Days before every house had prepared one such hole in the ground as the only means of protection against the bombs. They stayed there three days. On the fourth, as this hailstorm ceased, shouts and bells announced that the polyglot host of Arabs, Bedouins, Albanians, Turcomans, and Youruks was already marching to the assault.

"Outside, boys! Outside! The decisive hour has come!" cried Thrasyboulos.

"I advise you, friend, not to come," interrupted Couleas. "Stay here. You are still sick. Stay with the women. Carl and I are going."

"Who can stay here?" he replied sadly. "Outside! Outside! The bombs have ceased."

Both men and women hurried to the bastion of Botsaris, where a great crowd had gathered.

The Egyptians headed the attack, and clambered up the

mound a little in front of the bastion of Botsaris; but the Suliots rushed out, sword in hand, cut them down, and put them to flight. Ibrahim and Reshid again collected their troops, and attempted a second attack. The Greeks blew up a mine, and inflicted heavy losses on their assailants. More than five hundred victims were slain. The army of Ibrahim fled in confusion, throwing away their weapons; and the conquerors triumphantly brought into Misolonghi the captured drums and arms.

So that champion of modern Egypt found himself in the same category as Omer Brione, the Scodra Pasha, and Reshid. Misolonghi was the Greek Gibraltar. Neither the tactics of foreign adventurers, nor his own patient study of the manner of attack, had been of any avail. He resolved to make no more assaults by land, but to master successively the scattered islands in front of Misolonghi. Thus he might vanquish them all by famine.

A few days later, while the inhabitants were still rejoicing at their recent successes, the report suddenly spread that the Turkish fleet was in flames. All hurried to the batteries on the shore. Then they saw a dense, cloudlike mass of smoke extending from one end to the other of the entrance to the harbor.

"That is smoke and not fire," said one.

"Comrade, wherever there is smoke, one may reckon on there being fire too," said another.

"Some vessel is on fire; but I don't see any ships."

"I don't see any either, but that cloud moves along faster over the sea than the dust in the air."

"Don't you see ships? I see them! They are crowded like chickens behind the smoke!"

"I see, I see many ships behind the smoke," said a heavy moustached Suliote, who was looking through an English spy-glass. "The biggest ship is on fire; it smokes, moves fast, and drags the other ships after it!"

"Please, captain, let me have a look with your glass. Where did you get such a prize?"

"Day before yesterday, while walking over there, I came across a Frankish monsieur who was looking down here from the top of the hill with this glass. Just as I popped out, he saw me and cried, 'Pardon, captain! Pardon, captain!' Said I, 'There is n't any such person here,' and cut him down like a cucumber."

"Why! why! I say! I see them myself, and the cloud pulls the rest after it," said the one holding the glass.

"Stop! Let me see too, comrade. You are keeping the glass to yourself."

A great tumult arose among the pallikaris, for now with their own eyes they could make out the hull of the vessel which emitted smoke and drew the others.

One man believed that Nicolas, the patron saint of the sea, was coming himself to burn up the Turkish fleet. Another thought that Miaoulis, with some new trick, was visiting them again. While all were anxious and in doubt, Dr Meyer, the editor of the "Greek Chronicle," and several German philhellenes approached and calmed the good Roumeliots, explaining that this wonder was only the first steamship to appear in those waters.

The Egyptian viceroy had been quick to avail himself of this invention, which naturally made the deepest impression on the Greeks.

The steamer was towing several flat-bottomed, floating batteries from Patras to Misolonghi. In a short time the powerful fleet of the crescent was supplemented by an inferior fleet of a hundred shallow vessels, called lantzonis and saloups, which could carry troops all over the lagoon.

We hasten over the heroic but unequal struggle which now ensued, in the midst of the marshy, watery plain, between the Greeks and the Mussulmans. The islands Vasiladi, Dolma, Poros, and Anitolicon in the Gulf of Misolonghi, in a word, every door through which provisions could be introduced by sea, were one by one wrested from the Greeks.

CHAPTER XII

THE PRECIOUS BOX

THE morning after his conversation with Arnaout Pasha, Lampros had left the Turkish camp, taking with him the box for Thrasyboulos and Andronike. He was almost crazed with joy, believing that Arnaout Pasha was working with profound intelligence for the overthrow of that

mighty army of Mussulman tribes, and for the deliverance of the nation. He held in his hands the precious chaplet. He had heard the renegade express readiness to enter the besieged city in disguise. It was utterly impossible for the simple *armatolos* to pierce to the bottom of such pre-meditated crime.

He had been furnished with a pass through the midst of the Albanians of Reshid, who were encamped near the sea, and also with an order for a boat to convey him to whatever part of the city he wished.

Two Arabs carried the box on their backs as far as the seashore, and a squad of guards escorted him. The under-officer who commanded this squad began to inquire about the condition of Misolonghi, and whether he thought that it would soon surrender.

"As long as it has a drop of Roumeliot blood it won't surrender," answered Lampros.

"I believe you. I saw something of what the Roumeliots were at Dragatzana, and then down at Psara," said the Gheg.

"Were you at Dragatzana? My effendi was there too. He escaped from the jaws of hell like a wren from the claws of a cat."

"Who is your effendi?"

"The nephew of the patriarch Gregory, Kyrios Thrasyboulos."

The Albanian grasped him tight by the shoulder, and, drawing him a little behind the soldiers, said, "Was he at Yanina? Is he the man whom the caftanji wanted to drown in the lake, and I saved him?"

"What is your name?"

"Kara Seïd Ali, I say, the groom of the caftanji."

"You yourself are Kara Seïd Ali. I have heard of you, Kyrios Kara Seïd Ali." Lampros interrupted himself and surveyed the man coldly and curiously from head to foot.

"How did you happen to be wandering around in the Turkish camp? What is there in that box which the Arabs are carrying?"

"I was a guest of Arnaout Pasha in his tent," said Lampros, proudly. "The box is full of presents which the pasha is sending to my master."

"See here, old father, don't try games on me, I say. I was in Misolonghi when you left it on account of using

your pistol a little too freely. I know all about the murder of the demogeront and all the deviltry of Barthakas."

"And I know something better still, Kyrios Kara Seïd Ali," said Lampros, shaking his head. Taking from his pocket the chaplet of Barthakas, he began playing with it.

The Albanian rubbed his face, and reflected for a long time. He cast covetous eyes on the amber chaplet, and believed Lampros was either a traitor or a spy.

After some time he asked, "Is Arnaout Pasha with Ibrahim?"

"Don't you know without asking?"

"If I knew, should I ask, I say? I came only day before yesterday, with the brother-in-law of Reshid."

"Well! Now you know. If you want my advice, Kyrios Kara Seïd Ali," said Lampros, in a cold and arrogant way, "don't let the pasha's eye fall on you because —"

"Because he will shave off my moustache," the Albanian angrily interrupted, giving it a twirl.

"I am only expressing my opinion, comrade. Don't get angry."

"Do you suppose I don't know the caftanji? I am an Albanian, I say; and whoever fights best, I stand by him. The stork does n't live with the innkeeper. How can the Albanian get on with the Egyptian or with the vile Turk! I am going into Misolonghi with you, and I am going to fight alongside of old Thrasyboulos."

"Don't come with me, Kyrios Kara Seïd Ali, for other people will think that I made you desert. As soon as Arnaout Pasha finds it out, he won't believe me more than a hazel nut. If you want to, come of yourself alone into Misolonghi," said Lampros, in confusion.

Kara Seïd Ali no longer doubted that he had to do with a traitor or a spy. The preoccupation of Lampros, his cold and guarded manner, his precious string of beads, and the idea that the box must contain other still more valuable objects filled the mind of the Albanian. Before reaching the reedy bank of the bay, he exchanged glances with one of his companions, and also a few words in Albanian, which the Peloponnesian armatolos did not understand. After reaching the boat and putting the box and Lampros on board, Kara Seïd Ali himself took the

oars, gave his companion the helm, and without other assistance set sail for the mouth of the bay.

Lampros, entirely under the impression which Arnaout Pasha had given him of the Albanian, began to grow uneasy. "That is not the way to Misolonghi, Kara Seïd Ali," he said.

"Do you think we are going to Misolonghi? We are on our way, I say, down to Cape Papas," the Albanian replied with a grin.

Lampros was armed, for Arnaout Pasha, as we have said, had given him a complete equipment; but his weapons were not loaded. The Peloponnesian was truly brave. He did not know how to boast or exaggerate; but, when once in danger, he was equal to the emergency. His life was like a romance, so many times had he escaped the clutches of death. But he was no longer young, and, in hand to hand fight, he was no match for these two Albanians.

The man at the helm was the brother of Kara Seïd Ali, a youth of twenty, good looking, and full of spirit and nerve.

Lampros remained silent, considering in the thick darkness of the night whether he could best circumvent the plans of Kara Seïd Ali by cunning or force.

"And what are we going to do down there at the cape?" he asked, after some time.

"We are going to open the box and take out what's in it."

"Isn't it a crime for you to take what belongs to Kyrios Thrasyboulos? You have a blood covenant with him. The box belongs to Kyrios Thrasyboulos."

"You are lying, my soul-father. It does n't belong to Thrasyboulos."

"Whose is it then?"

"It is yours, you Peloponnesian," he said, with a wild laugh.

Lampros began to swagger, and put his hand to his pistol.

"See here, you fellow. You are a traitor. You don't serve Thrasyboulos, I tell you. That box belongs to Arnaout Pasha. Tell me, I say, how he managed to steal away from the Psariots. I myself shut him up pretty tight in the hold."

"On my word, I don't understand you, Kara Seïd Ali," cried Lampros.

The Albanian began to narrate all the experiences of the Governor of Lesbos at Psara, and his adventures in the fig-tree.

The veteran *armatolos* was again somewhat shaken concerning Barthakas. Yet the cunning and grandiloquent way in which the pasha had revealed his scheme for the deliverance of Misolonghi persuaded him that probably the Albanian was trying this line of conduct to get possession of his secret and betray it to Reshid, who everybody knew was at odds with Ibrahim.

They had already gone far toward the entrance to the Gulf of Misolonghi. Lampros, a good soldier on dry land, but a wretched sailor, began to grow sick from the motion of the boat, and felt his strength every minute decreasing.

The Albanian lowered the sail and abandoned the oars. "I am going to open the box. Say, what is inside?"

"Presents, presents for Kyrios Thrasyboulos. He agreed with Arnaout Pasha to betray Misolonghi," said Lampros, who thought this the best course to take.

"Betray Misolonghi! You are nothing but lies. Kyrios Thrasyboulos has a white face!"

Lampros cursed his luck that his pistols were not loaded.

"Don't get angry. Look here," said the brother of Kara Seïd Ali, rising and pointing both his pistols at the breast of the Peloponnesian, while his brother tried to open the box.

There was no moon and the boat was invisible, for they were in the black shadow of the Island of Procopanistos.

Kara Seïd Ali in vain tried with his yataghan to open the box, and began to swear in loud tones.

The slight island current was drifting their boat, when suddenly they heard harsh voices. These came from the Libyans, ten of whom, like birds of prey in the midst of that marshy sea, attacked the boat, capturing and binding Lampros and the two Albanians.

We have already said that a large Turkish corvette had struck on the shoals of this island. Its sailors in the darkness descried the approaching boat in the less opaque blackness of the bay, and, supposing it to be a Greek vessel

bringing provisions, had leaped into the captain's gig and quietly approached. When they heard its inmates speaking Greek, they made their attack.

Kara Seïd Ali, to save himself, began to accuse Lampros of treason. Lampros, to prove his innocence, asserted that, on the contrary, he was to betray Misolonghi to Arnaout Pasha.

Kara Seïd Ali protested, swearing that in the box was money and food for the besieged.

Lampros said that it contained nothing but presents for his master from Arnaout Pasha, and that to prove it they might the next day send and ask the aforesaid pasha.

"Open the box," said the boat's officer.

The box was opened; and we are acquainted with its contents. Laughing, the officer gave it to his men, and ordered Lampros and the two Albanians to be put under guard.

The Libyans greedily devoured the fragrant and delicious viands, and drank the rich wines of Barthakas. Soon followed a hideous scene. While Kara Seïd Ali was drawing the attention of Lampros to the spectacle, and expecting the rage of the Libyans to descend upon his head, the fire-chief Polipis by good fortune fell upon the corvette and completed the tragedy by delivering it to the flames.

What followed next we already know. The Hydriots, having captured the survivors, about three hundred in number, put them all to the sword. Lampros and the two Albanians they removed to their ships.

The veteran armatolos now saw plainly through the infernal plot of Barthakas. He felt that divine Providence had sent Kara Seïd Ali and his brother to save Thrasyboulos and Andronike from inevitable death. He begged that their lives might be spared. On account of his entreaty, the Hydriots did not kill them.

We know that soon afterwards fire-ships lit up the bay, and that the Greeks, having the next day defeated the Turkish fleet and revictualled Misolonghi, again returned to Hydra.

About six weeks afterwards Lampros was set at liberty, and then started for Misolonghi by the sea route, for he saw that it was impossible to get there by land. Kara Seïd Ali meanwhile was exchanged for some Greek sailors,

then prisoners on the flag-ship of the Egyptian vice-admiral.

Finally the *armatolos* reached the Gulf of Misolonghi after Vasiladi, Dolma, Poros, and Anatolicon had fallen into the hands of Ibrahim.

After many dangers and difficulties, he landed on the Island of Cleisova.

CHAPTER XIII

THE BATTLE OF CLEISOVA

THE Island of Cleisova lies nearly half a mile southeast of Misolonghi. It is not more than a mile and a half in circumference. It is sandy, covered with sea-grass, destitute of rocks, and does not rise more than two yards above the surface of the water.

The only structure upon it worthy of mention was the Monastery of the Holy Trinity, which the Greeks had fortified with four small cannon. The garrison consisted of one hundred and thirty Roumeliots under the command of Kitsos Tzavelas.

The ship which disembarked Lampros was on its way to Misolonghi with stores. Daylight, however, disclosed the multitude of the enemy's floating batteries and *lantzonis*, and so it went back after landing a few provisions on the island.

"What news, brothers?" the Peloponnesian inquired.

"Bad news, father. Where do you come from?"

"From Hydra, where the grand *Miaoulis* is. Our damned government does n't know how to get the women and children out of Misolonghi, nor how to help us. It has no news. It does n't take any trouble for such grand *pallikaris*! What are those clerks doing? May the devil take the whole of them!"

"The nation will never get free this way. People are killing each other as if the pashas were not spread out everywhere," said another.

"*Miaoulis* is sure to come. We left him outside the Ionian Islands," said Lampros.

"On your word!"

"By my bread, brothers! Do you know what a hurricane there is on the sea? How our boat got here is a miracle!"

"If Markos Botsaris or Odysseus was anywhere round, he would have attacked and driven off the army of Ibrahim ten times already. What is Karaïskakis doing on the mountains, and why doesn't he come down? The Arabs must be attacked from outside, and not from inside Misolonghi," said Kitsos Tzavelas.

This man, descendant of the famous Photos and Lampros Tzavelas, was then among the most valiant leaders left to Greece. Short in stature, round-faced, sober, and brave, he was a typical Suliot. Destitute of education, with little enterprise or foresight, he was only an excellent soldier.

The morning light was beginning to gild the lakelike sea of this new Troy, and redden its bomb-shattered and bullet-rent roofs, when about twenty-five hundred picked troops from the many-nationed Mussulman army might be seen embarking from the opposite shore upon Turkish boats, and proceeding against insignificant Cleisova. Likewise another body of three thousand soldiers, drawn up on the shore, headed for the different neighboring islets, purposing to wade through the shoals and sandy places to the assistance of their floating batteries.

"Is Ibrahim getting all those soldiers ready for us?"

"For us, my pallikaris," the Suliot answered, with a serious smile. "I want you here. We must attack them in the standing water, before they spread over the island like flies in honey."

"There are a good many soldiers, captain, all with bayonets."

"And don't you like it when we are going to crush them and free Misolonghi? Inside! Inside into the monastery!" Tzavelas cried in a tone of thunder.

The Greeks of Cleisova shut themselves up in the Monastery of the Holy Trinity, just as the Greeks had done with Odysseus at Gravias. Each took aim from the loophole with his gun, fastening an eagle eye on the approaching floating batteries. The ear of each soldier, obedient to the lips of Tzavelas, waited for a word from him before the finger pressed the trigger.

The silence which prevailed along the walls of that

monastery did not rise from impatience or fear. The men shut up there were trained combatants, grown old in battles, hardships, and horrors. They understood the movements of the Mussulmans just as a nurse understands and is prepared for the peculiarities of her child. They calmly waited, just as the hunter waits for the pigeons to alight.

The floating batteries began to fire, so that the smoke might conceal the disembarkation of the artillery. Reshid himself commanded these batteries.

"Let no man fire yet! It is n't time. Let them come up a little nearer to our loopholes!" said Tzavelas, running from one end of the monastery to the other.

After almost an hour the disembarking army and the Arabs from the mainland, standing like amphibious creatures of the Nile up to their knees in water, moved toward the island with fifty crescent flags in front.

"Now for them, brothers!" shouted the Suliot chief, when the Turks were not a stone's throw away.

Then began such a deadly discharge from the Monastery of the Holy Trinity as reddened the soil and the walls of the island with the blood of the crowded mass only twenty paces distant. Those who escaped the bullets and reached the walls fell under the yataghans of the Greeks.

The conflict lasted two hours. The sun had begun to climb the summits of Aracynthus, when the wretched, worn-out Arabs were no longer able to advance. The rumor that Reshid had been wounded ran through their ranks. The attacks had been repeated twice, thrice, four times, but always in vain and with increasing slaughter.

"Can't you conquer a handful of men!" screamed Ibrahim, in rage. "Shame! You have sacrificed the honor of the sultan. I will put myself at your head! If that monastery is not captured, I will slaughter you all!"

"Reshid has been w-w-w-oun-d-ded," Arnaout managed to ejaculate.

"Then you and Houssein lead the charge. What are you waiting for! That monastery must be taken, or don't show yourselves to me with your heads on your shoulders!"

"It is better to make the attack at night, not in the day-time, m-m-y p-p-ash-a."

"At night! In an hour I must have that monastery!" cried Ibrahim, stamping with rage. His red face grew

purple; and he waved his Damascus blade in the air, causing greater terror among his own followers than the balls of the enemy.

"Forward! forward, Arnaout Pasha!" cried Houssein Bey, brother-in-law of Ibrahim, who was rallying for a fresh assault the Arabs, who were up to their ankles in water.

"F-f-for-w-ward! C-c-c-our-a-ge," stammered Arnaout Pasha, who, finding himself between the sword of Ibrahim and the bullets of Cleisova, thought the latter the less dangerous of the two.

Then he got behind two Arabs, and always taking care to hide under their protection, closed his eyes, pulled his cap over his eyebrows, and began to make his tongue move and utter incoherent words and phrases in a loud voice, as if he were trying to encourage the troops. Also he drew his sword and waved it mechanically right and left, with the same uncertain motion with which his heart beat.

Ibrahim yelled, threatened, beat the officers of the rear-guard to make them set their troops in motion. This time the Arabs fell upon the island with fiercer determination. The flat-bottomed fleet aided with its guns, the drums beat, and the attack was murderous.

Barthakas saw Houssein Bey, perhaps the best commander in the army of Ibrahim, slain at his side. Then he lost all self-control.

The African regular troops pressed on. They rushed by droves into the water, each trying to reach the island first, and meanwhile the bullets of the Greeks shut up in the monastery mowed them like grass.

Arnaout Pasha took advantage of the universal confusion, sprang into the water up to his chin, and grasped the rudder of one of the floating batteries, which had grounded on the sand. Hidden behind it, he prayed to come out unharmed from his present danger, and swore that then as a private person he would set out for some city of Europe.

The sun was just going down. The surface of the marshes and swampy ground was dyed with blood and covered with corpses. Suddenly the mournful "Aman" succeeded the threatening shouts of the Arabs. They turned their backs, and, paying no heed to their officers,

fell back rapidly into the sea in hope of rescue by the boats.

Then Barthakas came out, like a drenched rat from an olive cask, and scrambled upon the floating battery, where already seventy other fugitives had climbed. This boat, as we said before, had already grounded, and the weight of the fugitives sank it still deeper into the mud.

In the flight and confusion Tzavelas and his pallikaris rushed out from the monastery and ran to the shore to cut off the retreat of the Mussulmans. Already seven floating batteries had grounded on the sands, and the Greeks scattered in seven different directions.

Lampros, as by miracle, found himself opposite Arnaout Pasha. The Egyptians on that battery, as soon as they saw their leader menaced and lamenting, sprang into the water and tried to push it out of the mud.

"Shoot him, I say! Oh, that hound!" cried the armatolos, in his fury; and in an instant he emptied his pistols, striking down two men on the battery with his balls. "Oh, for that hound!"

"Sha'n't I knock off your head, pasha effendi?" one of the Egyptians asked Barthakas, seeing that there were only two or three men on the battery, and that of necessity he must be captured.

"N-n-no, n-n-o! They will not k-k-kill us. We shall es-c-cape. D-don't c-c-all m-me p-p-pash-a!"

"Better be killed than surrender."

The African had not finished the sentence before the Greeks were on board. Barthakas was seized. The six other floating batteries fell likewise into the hands of the victors, as well as an immense number of small arms and about twelve hundred bayonets.

The Greeks were fatigued, black with powder, stained with blood, hungry, excited, and ferocious, like athletes coming from the arena. On their side thirty-five nameless heroes had fallen, like the three hundred at Thermopylæ, and there were almost as many wounded.

Ibrahim, in addition to his grief for his beloved Houssein Bey, mourned the loss of fifteen hundred or two thousand of his best troops, and of his most trusted Franco-Arab officers. Their corpses formed a belt floating around Cleisova.

With a scowling face, the Egyptian commander-in-chief

withdrew to his luxurious tent, a prey to mortification and affliction. He decided in future to follow the advice of the Europeans who were with him, and to venture no further assault, either by sea or land, but to hem in the Greeks in every direction, and compel them to surrender or to die from famine.

CHAPTER XIV

THE ATHEIST

HE who is unacquainted with the last days of Misolonghi cannot properly compare ancient and modern Greece. When the nations shall meet to measure elevation of soul and the self-sacrifice of those heroes who dispute the seats of immortality, this holy city will come forward with certain characters before whom enlightened Europe must bow in regret that so long she has known so little of their achievements.

Those who have taken part in great battles are the worthiest judges of valor and danger. Such men may well marvel at this city, which in the space of four years endured four determined sieges, repulsed ten different assaults, and was swept by more than two hundred thousand balls. We are about to behold it in the last days of its agony.

A deathlike stillness reigned in Misolonghi as Lampros entered with Barthakas as his captive. It was pitch dark. Passing through the half-ruined streets, they heard the stifled moans of persons perishing from hunger and thirst. They heard too the shots of people who were hunting water rats, weasels, carrion crows, and other carnivorous birds. Not a single domestic animal could be found anywhere in the city. Camels, asses, horses, dogs, cats, wild ducks, gulls, aquatic birds, fish-eaters, birds of every kind, even swallows, canaries, and thrushes, which might have chanted mournful elegies, all had been devoured by the starving besieged. Even the wild vegetables on the land, and crabs or shrimps or sponges in the sea, were utterly exhausted. The wretched inhabitants in the darkness of

the night wandered along the lagoon which bathed their walls, and hunted in the mud among the refuse for anything that would assuage their hunger or alleviate their thirst.

Lampros carried with him a string of biscuit which he had succeeded in concealing from his fellow-warriors of Cleisova.

Barthakas had learned about Kara Seïd Ali. Although trembling from head to foot at the thought that in a few moments he was to meet his intended victims, he was at the same time full of hatred for the Albanian. "That cursed Gheg," said he to himself, "is my evil genius. He was the good angel of Thrasyboulos at Psara, at Yanina, at Misolonghi. He is the cause of my misfortunes. If I get back to the Turks, the first person I must cut down is Kara Seïd Ali."

The Peloponnesian armatolos had informed Barthakas, immediately after his capture, that it was better for him to follow in silence, and, hiding his identity, to pass as an ordinary prisoner. Thrasyboulos and Andronike might spare him; but if he revealed who he was to the other Greeks, they would tear him to pieces. Likewise he whispered in his ear that, at the slightest sign of disregard of this advice, he would empty his two pistols upon him. Lampros wanted to astound his masters by bringing this precious prize.

The house of Thrasyboulos had been wrecked by the bombs of Ibrahim. The inmates were living in the damp underground room over which they had arranged a few boards. Although they themselves still needed food, yet on account of the gifts of Lampikis, they were not in as bad a condition as their fellow-citizens.

The first box of Lampikis, and a second which they had received from him twenty days before, had saved them from the general famine.

"I hear steps above," said Thrasyboulos.

"Open, Carl."

Scarcely had the Hungarian opened the boards, holding the light in his hand, when he instantly shouted, "Lampros!"

"Lampros! Lampros!" They all cried with indescribable joy.

"Here is the foul dog!" Lampros said proudly, coming

forward and suspending by his neck in the air the infamous teacher of Demetzana.

"Barthakas!"

"Arnaout Pasha!"

"Tell us quick, Lampros, what all this means. Tell us quick!" said Thrasyboulos.

"At once, effendi. Stand still with your hands folded in that corner till I finish," he said, turning to Barthakas.

Then he began the story of all his experiences from the day he wounded Barthakas. The silence was profound and painful. The villanous teacher was drenched in a perspiration of shame and conscious infamy. Curiosity was at its height, as Lampros told of leaving the camp of Ibrahim with the box of poisoned food. When he reached the supper of the Libyans, all, as if by one impulse, uttered a cry of dismay.

At that moment the counterfeit pasha fell on his knees, hiding his face in his two hands.

"Can you deny a single one of your actions, teacher?" Andronike asked.

"No! All the witnesses are here! I am the vilest of men. I expect my punishment."

"Your punishment! Teacher, do you believe in God?"

"No, lady. If there were a God, he would not have made me so deformed and you so beautiful. He would not have given me such a wicked and revengeful soul, and have plunged me from one abyss of crime into so many others deeper."

"You are indeed most wretched, if there is not a particle of religion in your soul. Almighty God, pity the fool!"

"If I had had the least belief in repentance, I should not have fallen from one crime into another."

"At least, have n't you any conscience?" Couleas asked.

"Conscience! Conscience has the weakest memory in the world, especially when one succeeds!"

"Do you think then that the stronger has a right to the life of the weaker?"

"No! I think only if any one wrongs me, I must revenge myself. This lady lashed me mercilessly. Why? Because I placed my boundless love for her at her feet. I fled from the tower and brought the Laliots, not to kill anybody, but to plunder. I promised them the treasures of the

tower, and desired no other reward from them except Andronike. You know what wild beasts the Laliots are! Of themselves, they killed whomever they met. All the blame fell on me. After a man has once taken the downward path of crime, he can only glide along to its end. One event brought on another. One death brought on another. I became a murderer without being born a murderer. I became a malefactor without premeditation. In my soul, which appears foul, perhaps there is some goodness. The overflowing evil is not natural evil. It is exaggerated jealousy. The deaths I caused were only to protect myself. My conversion was necessary, because I could no longer live with you. And yet how unhappy I was in the midst of all my rank and wealth; not because my conscience troubled me, but because I was deprived of this woman. She is my only excuse. I will not utter another word. I have seen death face to face times enough. Now I shall harden my heart to meet it without a murmur, when you inflict it upon me. I must die some day. Let me die then on the day which you choose, and by your hand."

Such a defence for a long time closed the mouths of all. Barthakas had a plaintive voice and even a persuasive manner. He so bore himself from the time of his entrance as to make a deep impression on his hearers.

"We ourselves do not murder, Kyrios Barthakas, nor do we employ the tortures of the Mussulmans," said Thra-syboulos. "Your punishment will come from above. The Almighty, whom you so blasphemously deny, will reward you for what you have done. An hour will come when you will realize His infinite justice. Now, that you may appreciate the sufferings we have undergone in our six years' fight against every obstacle, only to elevate our nation and gain our liberty, I shall place you above in one of the ruined rooms of this house, exposed to the shower of bombs and bullets from your master Ibrahim, without food or water, and without covering."

The nephew of the patriarch then signed to Lampros and Carl to bind him and place him under the gaping roof of the house.

"Were you such an idiot, Lampros, as not to understand that that box had poison in it? Did n't you see through the caftanji in the least?"

“After the dance one tells many tales. Would you yourself have seen through him? He filled my brain with his stories. Do you want to know about Zorpyros and the good Patra and Darionus, and all the miracles of Babylonia? And then he brought the sky and the stars, with all the kingdoms and provinces, down before me to prove how innocent and harmless he was! Who would n’t believe him, when he told you how he loved Kyrios Thrasymboulos, and when he had saved your life and given you such amber beads and weapons covered with gold?”

“Lampros is right, Kyra R——,” said Andronike. “We must ascribe our deliverance only to Providence. If Providence had not sent Kara Seïd Ali, Lampros that same evening would have returned to Misolonghi! Do you remember what our state was that night? We lay famishing! Nothing but the box of Lampikis saved us the next day. If the box of Kyrios Barthakas had come first, who of us would be now alive! I think then that we ought to offer grateful prayers to the Most High, because He saved us so mercifully.”

CHAPTER XV

THE HUNT FOR CROWS

NOTHING but the Greek fleet could now once more save Misolonghi. The Nelson of Hydra, five days after the battle of Cleisova, appeared again in the horizon. He waged a long-continued battle with a part of the Turkish fleet, and consumed two or three fire-ships to no purpose. He attempted a disembarkation with his boats, and wrote to Nauplia to have some small vessels sent as quickly as possible, so that by means of them he might accomplish his design. But the numerous fleet of the enemy, their still more numerous array of flat-bottomed boats, together with their occupation of the islands of Vasiladi, Dolma, Poros, and Anatolicon, frustrated his persistent efforts. Not the smallest skiff could now get as far as Misolonghi. The Fates were cutting the thread of its heroic life. The gates of Olympus were opening to those genuine martyrs of Liberty.

The veteran Miaoulis pulled his red cap down over his eyes, and, with beating heart and weeping like a child, put his flagship in mourning, and sailed back as a messenger of evil tidings to the Greek government, which was exhausted by the factional feuds of so many years.

Let us descend to the underground room of the house of Thrasyboulos, just a fortnight after the capture of Barthakas.

It is noon. Men and women, in an ominous silence, are engaged in sharpening and polishing their arms. The valuable prisoner has been constantly kept bound under the open roof of the house, and has become an object of pity. In addition to the bombs, he has experienced every torment of the besieged, — privation, cold, hunger, and thirst. If they were able to spare anything from their scanty meals, each felt that it should be given to the inhabitants, and so abandoned to him only the refuse. Yet such sustenance was all that many most deserving people enjoyed to keep the breath of life in them.

"What shall we do with Barthakas, Thrasyboulos? Surely you don't intend to leave him bound under this roof when we make our sally?" said Andronike.

"No, indeed! It is time to release him. We can't keep him any longer, nor, on the other hand, ought we to leave him here a prisoner. It would be the same thing as killing him."

"Let him go to ruin, effendi! What harm can the hound do now?" said Lampros.

Thrasyboulos remained a moment in reflection. Then he bade the armatolos bring down the teacher before him.

The heart of Andronike was oppressed by painful memories, as she recalled that this man gave her her first lessons in Greek learning, and that with him enthusiastically she had studied the ancient writers and poets of Greece.

"Barthakas! How does the life of the besieged seem to you?" the nephew of the patriarch asked him, gently.

"Horrible," he whispered, while tears flowed down his cheeks.

Andronike herself began to weep. She remembered her father and brother, and turned her head away.

"And it will be still more horrible on each day to come," Thrasyboulos rejoined. "What you have suffered was not

punishment, but only what we are all suffering. Your punishment is in the hands of Him whose existence you so blasphemously deny. Now you are free. Go away and live as you best can. To-morrow night, the inhabitants of Misolonghi, sword in hand, like the hundred of Gravias, are going to leave their bloodstained walls and cut their way through the Turkish camp. Who will live and who will fall is utterly unknown. The finger of the Lord has never deserted Greece, and will not desert her now. Go! All Misolonghi is open to you. Walk around it. Pass along its ruined houses and its cannon-swept streets, and see the wretchedness, the horror, the famine, and the heroism of the Christians. Be proud of the tragic spectacle which the Mussulman friends of your soul have been able to cause, and even now, if possible, do not let your conscience trouble you."

The manner of Thrasyboulos became more and more stern and contemptuous.

Barthakas wept and expressed only gratitude and repentance.

"At least give me some Greek clothes," he said. "If I go out in these Turkish clothes, the people will tear me to pieces."

"Give him some Greek clothes," Thrasyboulos said, with a smile.

About an hour later, toward sunset, Barthakas, like a stranger in a strange city, was walking slowly and dejectedly through the streets of Misolonghi.

The suffocating air of the open town, although so oppressive, was delicious after his stay of a fortnight in the corner of the roof. As soon as he saw himself free, he began to traverse the quarters and streets of the famous city, and to review the successive steps of his checkered career. Disgrace, shame, fear, passed without traces as through a many-colored glass. Nevertheless his jealous passion was inflamed to torment by the image of Andronike. He remembered that she wept while Thrasyboulos was reproaching him. All his past came back with vivid tints to his memory: his golden days when, careless as a king, honored and revered by all the inhabitants of the Peloponnesus, he lived near this divine woman; then, when he was about to taste the joys of paradise, Thrasyboulos came in the guise of a hunter and snatched her from him.

"O madness!" he cried. But at once he stopped. How now could he gain Andronike? What hope had he of escaping death? The world was ending that night for Barthakas, as it was ending for the rest of the besieged.

Each passing moment was a step toward his grave. Each hour was emptying his veins, and on the morrow began the endless night of hell. The coward in the depth of night must pass through a storm of leaden balls, of a multitude of knives and lances, of every sort of sharp and pointed instrument of death. At last he reached the farther end of Misolonghi, where the bastions on the land-side began. His mind, preoccupied, he had paid no heed to the children who were digging in the ground to find water, nor to the corpselike faces of the women, the livid, hairy forms of the men, nor to the multitudes of sick and wounded, the groans and cries of the sufferers, nor to the general burnishing and sharpening of arms, nor finally to the brutal and wild threats and blasphemy of the discouraged soldiers.

It was already night, and he was starving. Where he should sleep, and what he could get to eat, he himself did not know. He passed by two bastions and two sentinels without in the least looking round, so absorbed was he in thought. The guards, seeing him without arms, and taking him for the servant of some hoplarch on his way to the outposts, did not rouse him from his reverie.

"Good-evening. Where are you going, friend?" at last cried one of the sentinels of the guard.

Then he turned his eyes and saw seven or eight armatoli sitting on the ground near the gate, which was already closed.

"How hungry I am! Can you give me something to eat?"

"Does your mother know you are out? Are we feasting in Misolonghi? When so many people are dying from famine, do you ask for something to eat?"

"Are we really going out to-morrow?"

"To-morrow night our troubles will finish. See here, you dwarf, you are so small you will do well to get under some one's fustanella," said another, making sport of him.

"Sometimes the small fight better than the large," Barthakas replied dryly.

"Bravo, comrade! A brave fellow, you are, I see. Where are your arms though?"

"I gave them to be sharpened. Can't anybody give me a bit of a crow?"

"Of a crow! Who is likely, I say, to go outside now, when the Arabs are so near?"

"There are so many dead down there on the seashore opposite Cleisova that there must be millions of crows."

"There are; but who dares go and get them?"

"Don't any of you dare? So many Roumeliots, and are you afraid? How then are you going out to-morrow night?"

"With our swords in our hands, and Karaïskakis will come down from Zygos and help. We shall light signal fires."

"I will give anybody five florins for a crow."

"And I will give my gold-mounted arms, worth twenty, for a wing."

"And shall I have your arms, captain, if I bring you a crow?" he said, looking him ironically in the face.

"You!" exclaimed the Roumeliot, twisting his moustache haughtily.

"I told you a man's courage is not in proportion to his height, but to his deeds. What do you say? Let us both jump with a gun outside from the bastion, and see which will bring a crow."

"Ha! Ha! Ha! The dwarf is making sport of you. Where are you from, I say?"

"I am a Bulgarian from the Black Sea. I was a pirate fifteen years."

"So you are a sailor?"

"I am whatever you please. I have done considerable on the sea and on the dry land. I haven't eaten anything for two days and nights, and am like a starving wolf. Rather than die of hunger, I prefer to go outside and try for crows. Whoever dares, let him come too. Perhaps we can find a camel or a horse, and then we feast like kings."

"Bravo for you! You are a pallikari like Botsaris. I will go with you. I am so hungry I can't see in front of me," said the man who proposed the wager.

"Who will lend me a gun?"

"Take mine, but I want my share."

"Don't be troubled. At least I will give you a crow. I want a few cartridges."

"Here are the cartridges."

"Look here now. Let us understand each other well, so as not to get separated," added Barthakas; "and so each may look out for the other."

"Say on."

"When I whistle once, it is a sign of Turks and to go to the left. When I whistle twice, to the left and straight ahead. When I whistle three times, to the left and to the bastions, for they are after us. Do you the same for me as I for you. On starting out, I will take the right and you the left."

The soldiers were accustomed to night expeditions of this sort on account of the siege. Barthakas and his companion leaped down from the wall. While the latter turned to the left, the shrewd renegade took the direction to the right, that is, to the Turkish camp, the torches and campfires of which were plainly seen in the distance. After they had advanced a little way, Barthakas whistled three times.

The simple Roumeliot ran rapidly back toward the walls; but when he saw that the short Bulgarian did not appear, but was going away from Misolonghi, he understood the trick. It was too late. With remorse he reëntered the city at the very moment that Arnaout Pasha was making himself known to the Arab advance-guards.

CHAPTER XVI

PLUTO'S REALM

THE Turkish camp, like that of Xerxes, presented a strange medley of costumes and arms. In it were met together all the wild tribes of the Mussulman East, with their bedlam of languages and infinity of costumes. Though united in hope of plunder and passion for war, each was constantly suspicious of the other, and communication between the different parts of the camp was difficult at night.

It was therefore by no means easy for Arnaout Pasha to reach the tent of the African commander. He had to pass from outpost to outpost and from officer to officer before he was fully recognized.

Finally, at about eleven o'clock at night, just as the company with Ibrahim was on the point of breaking up, Barthakas appeared, dressed in the Greek costume and carrying the long Greek gun.

"Arnaout Pasha!"

"Welcome," cried the Mussulmans and renegades in their various dialects.

"Are you really alive, my pasha?" said Ibrahim, laying hold of his beard.

"I am alive and well."

"Where have you been? What makes you look so wretched? You are thin as a skeleton!"

"I made a little visit to Pluto, and his hospitality lasted too long. He wanted me to become acquainted with every experience of his infernal kingdom. Thanks to Persephone, at last I got away!" Then he laughed loudly, and his face took on a boastful and ironical expression.

"Tell us, if you love us, pasha," said Ibrahim, "how it is you are alive. I thought you were slain with my brother-in-law. And you got safe from that fire! A tchibouk and coffee for his Excellency."

"When I say to your Highness that I made a long journey to the kingdom of Pluto, do you think I am joking? Listen, gentlemen," putting his gun down and laughing merrily. "I have been in hell. In the first place I entered its darksome woods. I crossed the noxious waters of the Styx, which surrounds hell, in the midst of monsters and wild beasts. Suddenly Charon appeared before me, and with his skiff ferried me across Acheron into the abodes of the dead. From Acheron I passed to the Cocytus and fiery Phlegethon. Then they shut me up in Erebus, and there Fortune, Sleep, Old Age, Death, Dreams, Hatred, Mockery, Misfortune — all the children brought forth by the sister of Night — came upon me in fury and sought to drown me. I do not know as I ever should have been delivered from that torment, if my good fortune had not sent Persephone to save me. Finally I escaped, like another Hercules, bringing Cerberus with me half way to your camp. This is my exact story, word for word."

"Who can make anything out of it! Explain more clearly, my pasha. You have kindled a fire of curiosity in my breast," cried Ibrahim Pasha.

"This story surpasses those of Nastraeddin Hodja," Reshid added.

"I understand! I understand what Arnaout Pasha means. He has a devil of an intellect," added, with an emphatic nod, one of the Italian adventurers who praised others so as to be praised himself.

"Your Highness does not understand these legends of the giaours which they call mythology," Barthakas resumed, caressing his right ear with his fingers. "His Highness, Reshid Pasha, says my story surpasses those of Nastraeddin Hodja; but these wise men from France and Italy understand it very well. Listen to what happened, honored sirs. When his Highness, Reshid Pasha, was wounded, you remember Ibrahim Pasha ordered Houssein Bey and me to head the attack."

"Certainly."

"You will remember also that my teeth chattered a little."

"Yes; I remember it, and I could not understand how a man like Arnaout Pasha, who had grown old in perils, could possibly be so terrified at that moment."

"I was not terrified. No; it is strange. On dry land or on board a ship I do not care how the bullets whistle in my ears. Whenever I put my feet in water to cross anywhere, immediately I shiver. This has happened to many great men. Although intrepid warriors, suddenly they tremble at a mere nothing. Charles XII, for example, trembled whenever he had to cross a bridge. The famous tyrant Caligula, born in the camp of his father Germanicus, and always so brave, trembled at a flash of lightning. And don't the lions themselves tremble and run away at the crowing of the smallest cock?"

"Arnaout Pasha is right, gentlemen," Ibrahim interposed. "I myself have acquired some little military reputation, and often have despised danger, but I tremble at the sight of that small bird which cleans the mouth of the crocodile. Continue, pasha."

"So then, generals, I drew my sword, clenched my teeth, and rushed into the lagoon at the head of our valiant soldiers. As I am short of stature, suddenly I found

myself up to the chin in that frightful swamp. I shouted, but who paid attention! The soldiers were crossing above my head, and were falling in heaps, slain by the giaours of Cleisova. The stench was horrible as death, and the bullets were whizzing around me like hail in winter. I ask you, gentlemen, if I was not in fact in the noxious Styx?"

"In fact you were!"

"What is the Styx in comparison? This was worse!"

"A frightful situation in truth," said the spiteful Reshid Pasha; "but the truth is, Arnaout Pasha has such an eloquent tongue, and paints things so finely, that he makes you take a bird for a messenger from the sultan."

"Highness, I am narrating the things naturally, and nothing more. In the midst of that leaden storm I saw a boat, and who do you think appeared before me? Lampros himself, the man who wounded me in the arm, and whose life I spared. Like another Charon, he led me to Cleisova, and then, ferrying me to Misolonghi, across the Acheron, or the water, he brought me into the real hell, the place of the dead, or the town itself. In brief, my friends, men are dying there by hundreds every day. There is the Cocytus in truth. Our bombs have converted the city into a fiery Phlegethon; not a house there but it burns or smokes! The ungrateful Lampros handed me over to his masters. They rushed upon me like wild beasts. They beat me, tortured me; then, that I might experience their own sufferings, shut me up in Erebus, that is, in the dark garret of a house, and there I remained a fortnight, naked, famishing, groaning, and exposed to all the bombs you were firing. My dreadful confinement in the fire-ship of Canaris, which till a little while ago I regarded as the darkest period of my life, was blessedness in comparison. Fortune, Sleep, Old Age, Death, Dreams, Misfortune, and all that brood of Erebus and Night surrounded me. I was expecting Azrael, the good angel of our Prophet, to finally take compassion on me and grant me death, and bear me from such misery among the giaours, when one night my door opened and a sweet voice called me. The sainted Phatima, daughter of the Prophet, could not have poured richer balm upon my heart."

"Who was she?"

"A Christian, the daughter of the demogeront of

Demetzana, married to a lame and worthless Moraït. I knew her intimately years ago in Peloponnesus. Fortunately she was there, and she was in torments until she found a way of entering my prison. Instead of dogs, cats, and mice, which they were giving me for food, she brought me a little bread. She is as beautiful as the houris of paradise. The truth is that in the arms of this Persephone I found Elysium. In a few words, when she learned that her countrymen intended to kill me, she brought me this fine cloak, and enabled me to escape. To-day, I was wandering about Misolonghi, that earthly hell, and was racking my brains as to how I might trick the Cerberi and get out of the walls. Suddenly I found myself in front of a guard. I pretended to be famishing, and asked them for something to eat. When you want to drive a pauper mad, ask him to change a florin. They came near flogging me in their rage. They asked where I came from. I told them that I was a Bulgarian, and I begged them to go outside in the darkness and hunt for crows. I dared any of them to follow me.

"Finally a formidable Suliot, a Cerberus himself, decided to jump with me outside the walls. Another lent me this gun. I wanted, like Hercules, to bring you this Cerberus, but he found me out and ran away. Such is my descent into and my ascent from hell."

"Wonderful! Most wonderful!" cried Ibrahim. "I don't understand how they can do anything with guns like these," interrupted an Italian ex-charlatan, as he examined the Greek rifle.

"That ungrateful Lampros wants impaling and hanging," said Reshid Pasha.

"To-morrow morning, fifty of the prisoners shall be hung opposite their redoubts to expiate the sufferings which my valued friend, Arnaout Pasha, has endured," exclaimed the Egyptian general.

"But, most mighty prince, I have not finished yet. To-morrow night, the inhabitants are resolved to come out, sword in hand. They purpose to cut their way through our camp and escape. Karaïskakis will come down from the heights of Aracynthus and help them. It is best to be ready, for they will fight like madmen. Their preparations are already made. That mob is like a pack of wild beasts."

"Are n't you telling me that we have to do with real wild beasts? Is it possible that they will undertake such a daring and ruinous sortie," cried Ibrahim, rising up with a flushed face.

"They will come out, and greater bloodshed than ever will follow. Your Highness, I know the giaours, for I have besieged them twice. The more you press them, so much the bolder and fiercer they become. Did you see what happened at Cleisova? Therefore let us permit them to escape, and let us this time enter Misolonghi without slaughter," added Reshid.

"I do not share your opinion, Reshid," the Egyptian replied, after much reflection. "Such a course is cowardly. Let us seize beforehand all the narrow passes, and the foothills of Aracynthus, and let us slaughter and finish with them all. The heart of their nation and of their insurrection is here. The fall of Misolonghi will bring the rebellion to nought, and will confirm forever the peace of the sultan."

His European officers also approved this decision. At once the whole army, infantry, artillery, cavalry, were so arranged as to render the sortie of the Greeks most difficult.

CHAPTER XVII

THE FOUR AGES

THE last scene in this thrilling drama is drawing nigh. The twenty-second of April has arrived. The sortie was to take place yesterday, but, through misunderstanding between the Greeks inside, and those on the mountains, it was postponed one day.

All the women of the city were to put on man's attire, so that their forces might seem larger to the enemy, and that the women might not be recognized and attacked on account of their sex.

"So then I am a man," said Kyra R——, winding some white cloth about her head like a turban, and putting on a cloak above her arms.

"I too," added Andronike, with a smile. "It is not the first time I have put on a man's clothes."

On the faces of the two women was a stern look, which testified that their cheerfulness was forced.

"Now then, my friends, before we abandon the ruined walls of our house, in which we have lived together like brethren for so many months, let us for the last time pray for the full success of our bold undertaking, and for the deliverance of our nation," said Thrasyboulos, and he tried to kneel down.

"Almighty and most righteous God!" he cried with emotion, after the rest had knelt. "Do thou, who hast created man upon the earth, save Greece! Save her children! Our patriarchs, bishops, priests, and noblest heroes have already mounted the death altar of the barbarian for the sake of thy holy religion. Accept the new blood of us, the children, but save Greece and rescue her from further tortures!"

"Amen! Amen!" they all responded, and with tearful eyes embraced each other.

"Lean on my arm, Thrasyboulos. Give him your right arm, Lampros. In this way we shall not ever be separated. If fate touches you, it must take me too." Thrasyboulos gave a grateful, silent glance to his beloved. Carl, Kyra R——, and Couleas surrounded them in the same seriousness and silence.

Beside the Greeks there were to be seen in Misolonghi a great number of philhellenes, at the head of whom was Dr Meyer, editor of the "Greek Chronicle." With one hand he led his wife and their children, and with the other grasped his precious journal of that long siege. Together with them were Colonels Dittmar and Delaunay, Captains Lutzoff and Stitzelberg, Lieutenants Klemp, Schipan, Giachomouzzi, and Rosser, and Baron Riedsel.

It was, as we have said, in the month of April, and the sun was in Taurus. Roses and hyacinths had succeeded the monotonous snows. Gentle breezes took the place of violent winds from the north and south. The endless blue robe of heaven with its diamond stars was no longer obscured by sombre clouds nor by the storms of winter. It resembled a concave mirror, in which the flower-crowned Rhea reflected the adornments of her charms.

And yet that Grecian landscape of delight lacked the voice of summer. The incessant cannonade had banished the careless but jealous nightingale. No bird, no living

creature except the crow and vulture dared visit Misolonghi that summer. Neither the loquacious cricket, nor the amorous butterfly, nor the sweet-freighted bee any longer frequented that place of smoke.

Far above, higher than the place where Karaïskakis kept watch, the winged summer world of western Greece had fled, as if overcome by panic, daring neither to sing nor to lament the fate of Misolonghi, but huddling, terrified, at every cannon-shot and bomb with which Ibrahim rent the sky.

The sortie of the inhabitants of the doomed city is worthy of even greater study before it took place than after it was accomplished. That crowd was preparing to open by the sword a way in the darkness through an overpowering host, and to flee in the midst of a wary, sleepless enemy. Through the revelations of Barthakas that enemy held all the roads at the foot of the mountain with a numerous cavalry and artillery.

That departing band, all dressed in masculine attire, included Four Ages.

Childhood! The bud of the community, the pure symbol of human life, on whose merry countenance the father recognizes the depth of his own heart, and in the unstudied movement of whose hands, in the sweet smile of whose mouth, and in the languid opening and closing of whose eyelids, the mother, by profound pondering, tries to divine the man whom she has brought into the world. Childhood! It caught no shadow of the tempest which was lowering above its head. Grief, joy, fear, danger, to it had yet no meaning. The bosom of the mother was its downy couch and her breast its rosy pillow. When the sharp-pointed Arab lance pierced its innocent form, or the curved Albanian sword cleft its tiny head, it reascended to the heights, like a heavenly spirit which a moment only breathed upon the earth, and had never been polluted by our tainted atmosphere.

The figure of Youth comes next, of flower-crowned and brilliant Youth, of man in the moment of his physical awakening, when impressions are graven deepest in his lively fancy, when the vital flame glowing through his form is ready to burst forth like a volcano, whose swift flowing blood judgment is unable to calm. Youth, living only in excitement and transports, danced with joy because

its confinement was broken and the gates of Misolonghi were open at last. It boasted in its might. It thought itself strong enough to scale precipices. The heroic tales of its fathers had so filled its arrogant mind that it forgot danger, despised the lordly Mussulman as an imbecile, and burned with the ambition of doing something worthy of its name. Its characteristics were self-sufficiency and readiness in speech. Its motions athletic, its step light, winged, uncontrolled, and its words devout, guileless, sincere, patriotic. It thirsted for liberty as Tantalus for water. If instead it met death, death was counted preferable to the endless sufferings of Misolonghi.

Youth was regarded with a sympathetic eye by Maturity, by that acme of human life in which judgment holds the reins of feeling in its hands, when the ear no longer heeds the admonitions of others, and the soul inhabits a developed body, all of whose organs have attained perfection. On its brow are discerned the laurels, purple with the blood of past battles. Its ambition is prudent, speculating, and tinged with jealousy. Unlike pure Youth, it does not in an enthusiasm, or in the intoxication of joy at victory, cede the glory to its neighbor.

Its every step is ordered according to the logic of past events. The steel which it sharpens, the torch which it prepares, the missile which it hurls, are made ready some evening with the same pleasure with which the experienced hunter cleans his gun. The hunter does not dream of hundreds of partridges at a single shot; but he knows that, if he finds the bird, it is his own. If perchance before him appears some monster of the forest, he esteems his prize more difficult but more desirable. It was not the first time that this period of human existence walked the path of virtue and glory. In other days, it trod it, not knowing that along it were deep ravines and craggy precipices, and that at the end of all was the dwelling-place of Immortality. If it reached as far as that, it had gained its purpose and satisfied its ambition. If it failed, it had at least the consolation that it had fallen on the great highways.

Next comes Old Age, that revered second childhood. Man, after he has climbed his forty steps to noon, of necessity must likewise descend forty-five on the other side, and uncertain is it if he reach the forty-fifth. As long as he is descending, so long his physical and mental faculties are

becoming exhausted, so long his hair is whitening, his forehead wrinkling, and his knees tottering. His furrowed face evokes reverence from the by-standers. He influences those who are at the prime of their manhood. His mere appearance suffices to bring peace among the most tumultuous people. The mere lifting of his finger is enough to seal the lips of the most reckless demagogue. His signature alone has the force of a solemn covenant. From his lips flow proverbs, anecdotes, jokes, and examples, all derived from what he has seen and experienced in this long panorama of life. Of what sweetness is this age not full! If the soul was ever harsh in the midst of dangers, it has become at last beneficent and tender. The heart once athirst for glory, and swayed by passion, is now unruffled and consoling. The benediction of its right hand symbolizes the benediction of the Most High. It is the natural father confessor of the other Ages, and pardons with the greatest magnanimity omissions and wrongs. All that they are, it knows.

The part of Old Age in this sortie of Misolonghi is like the bringing into some obstinate sea-fight a flagship now decayed and pierced by many balls, but formerly crowned with trophies and victorious. Its side will be rent asunder at the first shock, but its end will be glorious. If it is converted into a fire-ship, and with it is buried in the flames, then its end becomes thrice glorious! Old Age was to be such a fire-ship on that ever memorable night!

Those whom years or infirmity did not permit to follow the march through the enemy's lines decided to remain behind as victims. Chrestos Capsalis was appointed their leader, with a firebrand in his hand. Then many robust and valiant Roumeliots shut themselves up in windmills, houses, and underground places, resolved to fight the barbarians to the last, and then themselves to ascend as whole burnt offerings on the altar of liberty.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE FALL OF MISOLONGHI

It was eight o'clock at night. The besieged at the given signal had gathered at the eastern batteries of Rhegas and Montalembert, from which they purposed to make their sortie.

Three thousand combatants, some of them wounded and convalescent, were to head the sally, and cut a way for the thousand artisans and five thousand women and children who followed.

Although the Bulgarian traitor, as the European writers call Barthakas, had disclosed the plan of the Greeks to the Mussulmans, yet success depended very largely on Karaïskakis. This general, although brave and quick-witted, was neither a Markos Botsaris nor an Odysseus. With an opportunity like his what might not either of those two champions have done!

Andronike and Thrasyboulos reached the appointed spot after the other inhabitants had gathered.

"This is the plan of the sortie," said Notis Botsaris, the Nestor of the day. "By these four wooden bridges we shall pass outside in the utmost silence. We shall collect in front of our bastions, Rhegas and Montalembert. You," he said, turning to the soldiers, "will fall on your faces and remain so until we give the signal to attack. Then rush against those two towers, which Ibrahim Pasha has built over against us. You," he said, turning to the guard, "as soon as you receive the signal, will divide into two bodies. One body, composed of all the guards on that side of the bastion of Montalembert, will cut through the middle of Reshid's camp. The Albanians are there, so it will be the most difficult part of the undertaking. The rest, with the women and children and the unarmed, are to strike through the Arabs of Ibrahim. All who survive are to meet at the vineyard of Cotzicas, that is at the foot of Mount Aracynthus near the Monastery of Saint Symeon.

"It is time to separate. Courage, brothers! Patience and courage! We stand alone, and yet all Europe admires our valor. Immortal is he who falls to-night, and thrice

immortal whoever survives to take vengeance for the slain."

Only ten minutes later the pathetic scene of separation was enacted on the seashore. The aged, the sick, and many of the inhabitants who, unwilling to leave the place of their birth, were to stay in the city, in tears were embracing and parting from their children, brothers, parents, kindred, and friends. Those moments were heartbreaking. Families were being torn asunder. Each last kiss was followed by a moan. The fiercest warriors wept upon that bloodstained soil, and many a stolid heart was moved, hesitated, and shrank back.

An aged gray-haired man advanced and wished to speak. It was the primate Chrestos Capsalis. A sad silence for a moment interrupted the lamentations.

"Come, unconquered souls of my sacrifice, end all this. For the name of Christ, let the rest go out!" cried the primate. "These moments are precious. Follow me! I will lead you to a place where, if the barbarians dare approach, you shall find greater glory than these kindred from whom you are now separated."

So ended this scene of parting. Chrestos Capsalis led the women and children and the few volunteers, who were to stay, inside the powder magazine, where were thirty kegs of powder. There he was prepared to make to Ares a burnt offering, not indeed of quadrupeds, of bulls and horses, but of human lives.

"Glory to God! At last we are outside," cried Thra-syboulos, as soon as he had passed beyond the walls.

"It seemed as if that heartrending scene of parting would never end," said Couleas.

"Hush! Don't talk," whispered Andronike, pressing the arm of her betrothed and leaning upon her hilt.

Now irregular firing began to be heard on the heights of Aracynthus, announcing that the hoplarchs there were coming to their aid.

The people inside Misolonghi continued firing as usual to deceive Ibrahim. The guards were going to start from the city last.

Meanwhile Ibrahim, who had been fully informed by Barthakas, had taken every precaution. He had sent a strong body of Albanians to the foot of Aracynthus to prevent the descent of Karaïskakis. All the rest of his

army, he held under arms ready to intercept the passage of the Greeks. He had reinforced the two towers and the main positions of his line, and drawn up his cavalry behind at the base of the valley ready to dash wherever there was need.

"How bright the moonlight shines to-night! It is bad to lie so with one's face on the ground," said Kyra R——.

"It would be better if there were no moon. It is like day. The Turks are continually firing at our bastions. What does it mean?" asked Thrasyboulos.

"Has any one seen Barthakas to-day or yesterday in Misolonghi?" Andronike asked in reply.

"No! Do you suppose he has escaped from Misolonghi and betrayed us?" asked Couleas.

"Oh, what a fearful mistake I made in releasing him! The fire of the enemy is as heavy as if they were all awake and waiting. I wager my head that Barthakas has escaped."

"Was that Barthakas a Bulgarian?" inquired a Suliot who was stretched out near them, and heard their conversation.

"A Bulgarian! No. Why?"

"How tall was he?"

"He was small, humpbacked, bandy-legged."

"That is the fellow. He started for crows, and fled like a crow," said the Suliot, striking the ground with his fist. He was the man who had been tricked by the counterfeit Bulgarian, and he told the story in a few words.

"It is horrible! If we tell the rest, they will all be discouraged. Keep quiet, and God help us! Now I understand why Karaïskakis has not come yet. He must have met resistance," said Thrasyboulos, remorsefully.

"Forward! Forward!" cried a commanding voice, and at once every one sprang up.

"Friends! Don't let us get separated!" said Andronike. "Walk where we walk."

"Forward! Death to the barbarians!" This second cry ran through the line of the Greeks as they rushed upon the two foremost earthworks of the Egyptians.

At that same moment the women and children, with the rest, issued from the city.

The hail of hostile bullets whistled all around them. In the storm wide graves yawned for the vanguard of the Greeks. Yet neither the cannon balls nor the lances nor the hand-arms of the Arabs were able to check the onset of the first line. Quickly they swept beyond the place of

greatest slaughter, dispersed the infantry, leaped upon the outworks, and cut down like cattle the Egyptian gunners and the French officers beside their own guns.

"Stop, Carl! I am done for!" cried Kyra R——, whose breast had been pierced by a bullet.

She fell into the arms of the Hungarian, as a mob of Arabs, armed with lances, pressed upon them. Carl planted his back against a carriage, and called for help. Couleas, like a true Spartan, ranged himself in front of the wounded woman and her supporter, and fought desperately. The torrent, rushing on behind, bore away Andronike, the lame Thrasyboulos, and Lampros in another direction, without their being able to turn their heads or eyes in a last look.

The Hungarian and the Spartan emptied their guns, and with their swords dealt death everywhere. The multitude of the barbarians poured there in crowds, and death was sure.

"Down with the wounded woman into the ditch, Carl! If you don't, the Arabs will be too much for us," shouted Couleas, climbing upon the gun carriage and beating back ten lances which crossed before his feet.

"Back! Back! I can walk," panted the Suliot, through her clenched teeth. "Don't leave me!"

The Hungarian carried her on his back to the trench, and creeping backwards let them both down into the mud. The moon was hostile to on-surging Misolonghi. Its crescent horn, like a celestial symbol on that night of death, served the earthly crescent of Islam.

Couleas was left fighting single-handed against a crowd. Four several lance-thrusts had pierced him. His strength was almost gone, and only his Spartan nerve kept him alive. In that moment of appalling agony he had a sudden inspiration.

The artillery was drawn somewhat backward upon the terrace. Before its mouth in the embrasure of the parapet the Egyptians had pressed to leap down into the trench. Like lightning, Couleas made the sign of the cross, and then fired his pistol into the touchhole of the cannon. His two feet were planted astride on the axles of both the wheels. The cannon was between and under his legs. At the discharge, he was thrown to the ground by the recoil, at the very moment when the ball ploughed through the enemy, and the dust filled the embrasure. Carl and the wounded woman seized the opportunity to try and escape.

The Suliot was fatally wounded, yet in her extreme despair she rose, rallied her strength, and with Carl, taking advantage of the shadow caused by the outer inclination of the earthwork, hurried across the trench, scrambled up the opposite side, and at once set out to return to Misolonghi. On the way they came upon a thousand other inhabitants in a straggling rabble. While ready to divide into two sections, as Notis Botsaris had directed, and to follow their intrepid vanguard, they had suddenly become panic-stricken and fallen into confusion. Every tongue began to shout the fatal cry, "Back! Back to Misolonghi!" No one knows who uttered it first, or why any heart gave way. Huddled together, they were crowding to the city as the Mussulman masses, rolling back and around, poured in from the other end, or entered with them.

Let the reader picture those barbaric hordes, which, through thirteen months, had been thirsting for the city's blood. Each street became a slaughter-house, each house a human altar. The conquerors, with sanguinary frenzy, struck down and butchered whomever they could, regardless of sex or age or condition. They destroyed whatever might serve as a retreat for the Greeks; nothing was left, except a glorious death or disgraceful slavery.

The mothers of western Greece were not the Sciot women of Ionia. The old men and the sick still had drops of war-like blood in their veins. Three times the Mussulmans rushed upon them, and three times they were driven back by stones and sticks and the chance weapons of despair.

Here valor was pitted against valor, despair against ferocity, self-sacrifice against cruelty, heroism against rapine, scorn and contempt against threats and blasphemy. Intermittent pistol-shots, clash of swords, conflagration of houses and bastions, moans of the expiring, wild yells of the conquerors, taunts of the despairing, repeated on earth the scenes of hell. There might be seen some barefooted maiden with marble bosom and bare arm intrepidly defending a dying brother. There, a mother throwing her babe into a well, and then springing after it, that she might not become the prey of the dissolute Mussulman who was seeking to enslave her. In those black streets, in the dust of the ground, on the balconies of the houses, rolled Greek and Arab, Greek and Turkoman, Greek and Albanian, locked in close embrace, teeth set in each other's flesh, struggling

each to destroy the other, agonizing each to thrust his sword first into the other's breast. How many wretched women threw themselves into the sea and found peace! How many cast themselves into the flames of the crackling houses, rejoicing in the kisses of the flames! How many, in the moment of dishonor, like furies strangled the ravisher in their arms!

While Kyra R—— was tottering through the city, she lost Carl. It was written in the books of fate that the ancient soldier of the Archduke of Austria should find his grave in Misolonghi. He was slain, fighting like a true Hungarian, in one of the cross streets of the ill-fated city.

The Suliot tottered, the sword in her hand, from one street to another with the crowd in that fire of death, when a second ball wounded her in the knee. She fell with piteous moans in front of a house.

"A wounded woman!" she heard some one saying from under the window.

"A Christian! Have compassion! Open to me!" she managed to say.

"There is n't any more room."

"Not room for a wounded woman! For a dying woman!"

The door opened, and two men drew Kyra R—— inside. She turned her dying eyes, and saw the kegs of powder and a disabled veteran near them with his lighted torch. She saw Chrestos Capsalis with his ear strained to catch every sound from outside. She saw many human forms waiting with intense anxiety for the moment of the explosion.

"O my Panaghia! Better such a death than the silent ball! Water! Water! Water!"

"Where are you wounded, lady? Where is there any water!"

"In the breast! In the knee! Oh!"

The explosion of a windmill close by interrupted the words of Kyra R——. Ten men had shut themselves up there, and, after fighting an hour with the Albanians, at last blew up their enemies and themselves.

"They are coming! They are coming!" soon after said a man who was watching from one of the windows of the house.

"Our hour has come, my children. The other life is far better than this," said the primate, rising and approaching the window.

"They have come," he added a moment afterwards. "Let us permit them to draw a little nearer. Kneel down and pray silently, everybody."

The countenance of Capsalis wore an expression like that of the Roman who placed his hand on burning coals. It was not the first time that modern Greece had shown Europe that she still possessed peers of her grandest days. Georgios Olympios at the Monastery of Seka, the Psariots on the hill of Saint Nicolas, Diakos on the spit of Omer Brione, and the Danish consul of Scio impaled upon a church candlestick were the Catos of the New Rome.

During those crucial moments Capsalis passed from one end of the house to the other, encouraging all.

The Turks thought that here were concealed all the treasures of the city. As they heard no gunshots, but only women's voices, their idea became confirmed, and they rushed upon it in crowds from every direction. Some tried to get in by the windows, others by breaking down the doors, others by climbing on the roof in the hopes of cutting their way through, and so leaping in.

The doors were already broken through, and the steel of the Mussulman clanged ominously, when Chrestos Capsalis, standing, said, "Remember us, Lord, in thy kingdom! To the everlasting life, brothers!"

He plunged in his torch and the awful explosion followed. The solid ground was torn open, and the sea from the lagoon poured in. Some were drowned, who, after being shot in the air, fell back half burned toward the earth. Two thousand Turks found death around Capsalis, and five hundred more in the neighboring houses. We are not reckoning the Greeks. Out of six thousand only twelve hundred mutilated beings survived to endure slavery.

That was the most awful night which the Greek revolution saw.

Such was the end of Kyra R——, the simple, passionate, good-hearted Suliot, a genuine type of her countrywomen of that day. In the midst of dangers and hardships, during that lawless and chaotic time, they, by their cheerfulness, their example, their courage and self-control, by their wit and their devotion, like modern daughters of Sparta, shared the fortunes of the men and often became their deliverers.

CHAPTER XIX

THE FUGITIVES

LET us now return to Thrasyboulos and Andronike.

After a murderous fight the Misolonghiots of the first line found themselves inside the Turkish camp.

"We have become separated — Kyra R—— was wounded," faltered Andronike as they passed to level ground.

"Forward!" "Forward!" screamed the mob in one great shout. "The Turkish army is trying to surround us!"

In the darkness of night both sides engaged in a silent battle. Only the clash of arms was heard. The Greeks, in despair, fought on to cut their way through the enemy and pass out on the other side. Their foes, thunderstruck at such determination, hardly dared oppose them.

The German philhellenes, Baron Riedsel and Captain Rosser, with resistless fury, charged an Arab brigade which with compact lances was guarding the farthest outwork, and opened a passage, but were themselves slain.

"At last we are out! If I do not rest a moment — I shall lose my last breath," said Thrasyboulos, trembling all over.

"If the rest stop, we will stop too. The Turks will pursue us! They are sure to pursue us!"

"The rest have stopped," said Lampros, wiping his face with his half-burned fustanella. The Greeks had indeed made a halt a little beyond the Turkish camp.

Thrasyboulos leaned his aching head on the shoulder of Andronike. She and Lampros were almost equally spent.

"What has become of the others? Where are the others?" asked Athanasios Razis, the commander of the armed citizens.

"They did not leave Misolonghi. Don't you hear the gunshots over there and the explosions? The Turks cut off their march," said Dr Meyer, the editor of the "Greek Chronicle."

"Hush!" A deafening roar filled the air. The sky seemed on fire, and all the farther part of the camp was lit up. The powder kegs of Capsalis had exploded. In

the sudden glare they saw the horsemen and mam-louks of Reshid and Ibrahim waiting for them with drawn swords in the plain.

"On! On! The Turks! Death or Liberty!" they all cried as by one impulse. The Greeks discharged their guns at the cavalry, and rushed toward the foot of Mount Aracynthus.

While the ranks of the Mussulmans were reforming, the Greeks pressed on. Finally the Turkish cavalry wheeled upon the Greek rear. The fight was brief, but obstinate. Stournaris was killed, but the horsemen retreated, either because they were forced back by the fire of the Christians, or because they discerned in another part of the plain one hundred and fifty Greeks who had crossed from the island of Cleisova and were trying to join the rest at the Monastery of Saint Symeon. The mamlouks turned against this little band. After a protracted conflict, in which heroism could go no further, most of the Greeks were killed.

About three o'clock in the afternoon, Thrasyboulos and the surviving Misolonghiots arrived at the Monastery of Saint Symeon, where they felt comparatively safe.

Wasted by months of fasting, exhausted from interminable hours of journeying through an earthly hell, each one mourning a friend or kinsman whom he had left unburied to the mercy of birds of prey, these pitiful survivors cast themselves upon the ground in a convulsive silence.

"Misolonghi has fallen at last," said Andronike.

"Greece also has fallen," said Thrasyboulos, bowing his head.

"What has become of Karaïskakis? Where are our soldiers from outside?" many demanded. They could not understand why the Greeks of Aracynthus had not come to their rescue. Yet at that moment their chief thought was to regain their breath and a little strength so that they might, as quickly as possible, climb higher on the mountains, where was their only refuge.

Soon they caught sight of a company whom they took to be soldiers of Karaïskakis. "Are you the Greeks?" they cried. "Yes, brothers, we are!" Hurrying toward them with delight, a murderous discharge converted their joy to horror. The troop which they had met, which spoke the same language and wore the same dress as themselves, were Albanians in Turkish service. The fight

that ensued was the cruelest of all. The exhausted Greeks could hardly recognize friend from foe. The feeble and many women, unable to keep on, hid themselves in the reeds and bushes.

Perhaps the sudden attack would have been crowned with entire success if, fortunately, the Greeks of Aracynthus, though only three hundred strong, had not fallen upon the Turkish flank.

The Albanians supposed that the entire Greek army of Ætolia had come down upon them. Seeing the desperate resolution of their antagonists, they tried to flee, but, being taken between two fires, suffered much greater loss than that which they came to inflict.

In this engagement the unfortunate Meyer was struck down by a horseman at the foot of a hill. His wife and child were taken prisoners, and his journal of the siege, a priceless treasure, was lost. A few days before the sortie he wrote, "We shall dispute Misolonghi foot by foot. Our last hours are approaching. History will give us justice. Posterity will weep over our disasters. God grant, at least, that the narrative of the events of this siege which I have written down may be preserved."

Thrasyboulos fell, almost expiring, among the stunted shrubs on a slope, unable to advance. Lampros and Andronike carried him on their backs as far as they were able, and then sat down near him in utter exhaustion. What a night! Death seemed certain, either from the sword of the enemy or from agony!

Daylight at last began to dawn. Irregular and sullen discharges in the city, intermittent shots upon the hills, and here and there distant explosions accompanied its arrival. The people, hidden in the bushes, who had gained some moments of rest, rose and climbed higher, for horsemen were tracking them in hot pursuit.

"Get up, Thrasyboulos. Come, my friend Lampros," said Andronike, with all her old-time resolution. "One hour more, and we shall be safe! I know Aracynthus well, and I know where to find caves and springs."

"So soon, my lady! I am done for! I can't get up."

"Wait a little, Andronike. Let us wait only a little while longer. I can't move. Sit down so they sha'n't see you," said Thrasyboulos.

Hardly had he finished these words, when a ferocious

mamlouk suddenly appeared, and gave a yell of delight at seeing them. The heroine seized the gun of Thrasyboulos, received the fire of the Turk, and, returning it, shot him dead.

With a bound she grasped the reins of his horse. In the saddle-bags she found bread. "Thrasyboulos! We are saved," she cried. The unexpected food gave them new courage and strength. Then they put Thrasyboulos in the saddle, and less slowly resumed their journey. When they reached a more difficult place, where it was impossible for the animal to go farther, and where they found a crowd of refugees, they killed the horse to appease the hunger of the fugitives, and its flesh preserved the life of those cowering human beings.

The day had now fully broken. The bright summer sun of Greece was shining, and the air was clear, except where obscured by the smoke and dust of war. Far below them Misolonghi could be discerned, that sacred city where they had left their aged and infirm, and where, on account of that pitiable panic, so many inhabitants had returned to die.

From the heights of Aracynthus the fugitives beheld the Turks from every direction triumphantly entering Misolonghi.

"They have possession of it, but at a terrible price," said Thrasyboulos. "Most of the soldiers of Reshid found death there, without mentioning the armies of Omer Brione and the Scodra Pasha."

"To think of losing it after we had almost defeated the enemy, and when he was worn out and preparing to raise the siege! To lose it from famine! Everlasting disgrace to the people who compose our government to-day!"

"If Karaïskakis had not been ill, he would have, days ago, fallen upon the army of Ibrahim," a Greek interrupted.

"Karaïskakis was sick when the Scodra Pasha was coming; but that did not prevent Markos Botsaris from marching to Carpenesi to encounter the Turks. Botsaris died like a great man, and his name will be the grandest of the Greek revolution," bitterly observed the nephew of the patriarch.

"Thrasyboulos, do you suppose Kyra R—— and Couleas and Carl have been killed?"

"Don't ask me, darling. Some day we shall know. For the present, dismiss every recollection from your memory. Our own misfortunes are unutterable. Let us see if we ourselves survive. Our own fate is not decided."

Thrasyboulos spoke the truth. Death was a present spectre before his eyes. The wound of his amputated thigh had opened afresh. He was losing a quantity of blood, but he dared tell them nothing, lest his companions should become utterly disheartened.

By and by they rose and again resumed their journey. In their company were many wounded and sick who could not be cared for in the open air. Creeping from torrent to torrent, from ravine to ravine, from solitude to solitude, at last they reached the village of Dervenistena. It was desolate as the wilderness which they had traversed. Its houses were in ruins. Its inhabitants had burned them and fled at the approach of the armies of Ibrahim. Only a few soldiers of Karaïskakis were there on guard, and their hopes of shelter were disappointed. They straggled on in groups toward Amphissa, the modern Salona, and in that short distance six hundred of the unfortunates succumbed to their sufferings or to fatigue. There they found the General Konstantinos Botsaris, who was thunderstruck at their appearance. No one could believe that they were all that remained from holy Misolonghi; no one could believe that the city had fallen. The soldiers and inhabitants of Salona threw themselves into their arms and embraced them with tears, and listened to the story of all they had undergone.

Out of the three thousand who had started, only thirteen hundred were left. Apparently the Greek revolution had ended, and no hope longer remained for the regeneration of the nation. And yet the result was in the hands of God.

It was then the sixteenth of April. On the fourth of that same month and year the Emperor of Russia and the Duke of Wellington had signed an agreement for the deliverance of Greece. This took the form of that first protocol by which Greece was declared independent, though paying a tribute to the sultan. On this foundation stone was built our present national existence.

CHAPTER XX

THE SHADE OF THE PATRIARCH GREGORY

It is a marvel that Misolonghi was able to hold out so long. Its protracted existence was not wholly due to the heroism of its inhabitants. A large share in the glory belongs to the Admiral Miaoulis, who, in the space of ten months, three times fought with and dispersed the Turkish fleet and revictualled the city; also to the inhabitants of the Ionian Islands, who sent food and stores, and afforded all the succor they could, and after the supreme misfortune put on mourning, just as if the disaster had befallen their own islands.

The refugees soon afterwards left Salona and crossed to Peloponnesus; while Reshid Pasha, after fortifying his conquest, marched with the balance of his army to Bœotia and Attica.

When Thrasyboulos arrived at Nauplia, he was in a lethargic condition ominous of speedy death. Andronike hid her sobs in her bosom, and tried to nurse him as best she could. They dwelt in an elevated quarter of the town, directly beneath the spurs of the mountain, whence they might look out on the sea and enjoy the pure air.

The second day after their arrival, her lover showed signs of improvement. His comfortable bed, the cooler temperature, the sea breeze, revived him a little. He seemed to obtain benefit from the poultices which the physicians applied to his gaping wound, and he found his tongue, which for two days had seemed paralyzed.

Lampros constantly tried to amuse him.. Whenever he went to the market, he was careful on his return to tell him the news. If there was something disagreeable, or if the Turks gained a victory, he said nothing about it, or tried to diminish its importance.

"My darling Andronike, tell me the truth," one day said the sick man, with an effort. "Do not the physicians consider my wound incurable?"

"They have said nothing like that to me. On the other hand, they are giving me hopes. Don't you yourself see how much better you are?"

"Don't let us flatter ourselves in vain, my precious Andronike," he resumed, taking her hand in both of his. "The poison of the gangrene is already diffused through my veins. Yes, my soul, my Andronike, I feel a sharp burning fire pouring all through my breast and brain. Sometimes it suddenly stops, and I pant for breath, and my heart stops beating. Andronike, my darling, my sweet Andronike, the end is not far! You see how calmly I am waiting. You know well," he added, with a faint smile, "that Death has no meaning for us who have despised him so often: besides divine Providence knows what it does. To-day there is such inequality between me and my Andronike that our marriage would of necessity render us both wretched."

"You must be feverish when you talk so, Thrasyboulos. I have sense enough not to pay attention to your words. Let us change this unpleasant and doleful conversation. Can't we talk about something more agreeable?"

"The truth is the truth. I feel that I am about to die," he added, pressing her hand convulsively in his grasp. He smothered a deep sob in his throat.

"I do not think God will deal me this blow," cried the young woman, turning away her face, and trying to hide her tears.

"Stop! Do not weep, my gentle Andronike. My heart bleeds, not because I am leaving the world; but because I am leaving you, my most precious one, while the country is in utmost danger of again falling under the yoke of the barbarians. Summon a priest. I want to partake of the sacrament."

He was unable to finish. His voice failed; his glassy eyes became fixed and terrible.

"O my God! My God!" cried the broken-hearted girl, and she knelt down by the bed. "Lord Almighty," she said, raising her hands toward heaven, "take me too with him, if such a fearful blow is coming! I to be left utterly, utterly alone in the world!"

"You will not be left alone. Don't cry. The finger of the Lord has never deserted you," he interposed in a faint and almost inaudible voice.

"No, I will not outlive you, Thrasyboulos. If I have endured my misfortunes bravely, it was because I had the hope of seeing you again and passing my days near you,

and near you finding all my family once more, Thrasyboulos," and she threw herself into the arms of the sick man, unable to finish. Thrasyboulos pressed her in his dying arms, and both of them wept like little children.

A chill perspiration covered his face. The hair of his head, on which the young woman had leaned her hand, was damp and cold. In vain with her burning lips did she try to infuse some warmth into his, which were white and pinched. His glazing eyes were already discerning in the lighter ether the angels descending to receive him. His hand seemed to shrivel, became white as snow, and opened like a faded flower in the other palm of Andronike.

"An-dro-ni-ke, I am dy-ing."

"Open your eyes! Look at me, Thrasyboulos! Lampros! Christians! O my God! Make haste! Help, O Panaghia! I have lost my reason!" Like a crazy person, she began to scream, and ran from one end of the chamber to the other.

Lampros, the physicians, and a nurse who was waiting in the next room, rushed in.

The soul of Thrasyboulos made one last effort to open the eyes of his transient dwelling; but there was only a flutter in his veins, and the sweet voice of his beloved barely reached him. The trumpets of the celestial messengers were drowning her accents in their holy music, and their snowy wings were wafting him up Jacob's ladder.

"He is dead! He is dead! O my Father!" Then she tore her hair, gave a shrill wild cry which pierced all through the neighborhood, and fell senseless upon the form of her betrothed.

Lampros, with moans and sobs, was kissing and fondling the hand of his master.

"Did I not tell you, lady," said the doctor to the nurse, looking at his watch, "that toward one o'clock this afternoon that unhappy young man was to breathe his last? It is just one o'clock. The gangrene had advanced rapidly, and the apparent improvement which he showed a little while ago was the plain indication of his death. Everlasting be your memory, worthy young man! Everlasting be your memory, revered relic of Misolonghi!"

"Everlasting be your memory! Everlasting be your memory!" the nurse added, weeping.

Tears poured down the cheeks of the veteran *armatolos*. He muttered inarticulate sounds, but had no voice to speak.

They placed Andronike upon another bed, and tried to restore her to consciousness. On recovering from her swoon, she returned to moans and tears and frenzy, and finally fell into a heavy, protracted sleep.

She seemed to see her father, mother, and brother, standing with her inside a magnificent cathedral. The patriarch Gregory was issuing from the *bema*, leading *Thrasyboulos* by the hand. The face of her lover was fresh and radiant, his figure comely and beautiful as when first she met him.

The patriarch was attended by a train of priests carrying tapers and censers. Two deacons bore a silver plate on which were the marriage crowns. Andronike was attired like a bride. Her raven hair was hidden under a white and embroidered veil, adorned with golden ribbons and precious stones. Her figure was robed in a dress of purple silk, decked with pearls and fringes of light and varied delicate fabric.

The marriage rite began. Then the patriarch took his nephew by the hand and passed out of the church, signing to Andronike to follow. She too tried to go out, but felt as if she were bound. She collected her strength and struggled, but in vain. She sought for her kindred; but they had vanished. In her excitement she awoke, shrieking and wailing.

It was after midnight. The doctors had gone. Only the aged nurse was watching beside her, while Lampros kept his vigil near his master. On the right and left of the bed two large tapers were burning.

"What a dream!" she cried, rubbing her parched eyes. "My own peace is at hand, mother," she said to the nurse, and she narrated her vision.

"You have many years to live, my daughter," she replied. "How many, many things time makes us forget!"

"Time! But my time is not long," she added, and she turned to go to the death chamber.

"It is better for you, lady, not to go back there any more. Your sorrow will only become harder to bear."

"No, I am calm," replied the young woman, with an effort at self-control, and slowly she entered the chamber

of death. "Lampros, go and take some rest. You need it. You have hardly slept since the night we left Misolonghi."

"No, my lady, I am not tired," he replied, and as soon as he saw her he began to weep.

"Go, Lampros, go. I will watch. I have slept so long."

"Truly, my lady?"

"Yes, truly. Go!" she added, and she put out her hand to him.

Lampros fastened it to his lips, moistened it with his tears, and went out sadly, his head bowed on his breast.

When Andronike was left alone, she closed the door, kissed once more, silently and mournfully, the shrunken lips and the eyes of her friend, and then, kneeling near one of the tapers, she prayed until dawn for the repose of the departed soul.

A little after noon, the nephew of the patriarch Gregory was buried without pomp in the cemetery of the city. His remains were accompanied only by a few of his fellow-soldiers from Misolonghi.

CHAPTER XXI

THE FINGER OF THE LORD

TERRIBLE for the Peloponnesians were the years 1826 and 1827. The unclean and sickly army of the Egyptians brought or developed in its train foul diseases, that in every direction fell upon those inhabitants whom the sword had spared. Nauplia was ravaged by a destructive pestilence.

Andronike was attacked by it a few days after the burial of her betrothed, and suffered a sickness which carried her to the very doors of the tomb. Thanks to her perfect constitution, her temperate habits, and her frugal training from childhood, she escaped death in spite of her longing to die. Four months afterwards she quitted Nauplia, a dreary and perilous place of sojourn, and with Lampros returned to Arcadia, where she knew all the places of refuge.

The aged hermit Papazoglou had died a few months before, from grief at the fall of Misolonghi. On the summit

of Saint Elias his place was taken by three other monks, or rather military priests, who had fortified the deserted chapel and made of the height a sort of fortress and military asylum.

Greece had apparently become a subjugated land, and yet here and there its children were fighting with hopeless obstinacy. To-day they destroyed the trophy which their vanquishers erected yesterday, and prevented the entire suppression of the revolution.

After the fall of Misolonghi, Karaïskakis began to retrieve his somewhat tarnished reputation. He showed himself valiant and sagacious, and was able to reconcile the factions and check the progress of Reshid Pasha. He gained more than one victory, and revived the sinking courage of the Greeks. Then, when the hopes of the nation were centred upon him, he gloriously fell in the battle of Munichia, while rallying his men. His monument now attracts the attention of every traveller on the road from the Piræus to Athens.

Greece mourned him as her last champion. No one else could counteract the influence and correct the mistakes of Lord Cochrane, who, by his ill-timed rashness, brought upon the Greeks, then balancing between freedom and death, that terrible defeat where fifteen hundred of our most valiant soldiers and our leading hoplarchs were either slain or taken prisoners. The Acropolis, that eastern gate of Greece, was itself also overcome. Reshid Pasha could now defile the Parthenon and the propylæa, and having overrun Parnassus, Helicon, and every hallowed spot of antiquity, return a conqueror to his delightful Yanina, leaving Ibrahim to finish the little that still remained.

The adopted son of the Viceroy of Egypt was in the full tide of success. All the superficial refinement he manifested when he entered Greece seemed, during his three years' stay, to have been lost in blood. He had reverted to savagery. Passing to the excess of barbarism, Ibrahim had become one of the most ferocious and merciless monsters which ever scourged humanity.

He plundered and ravaged Elis, Arcadia, and Messenia, cutting down the trees, levelling the gardens, and putting to the sword every human being capable of resistance. Wherever before there had been an olive or orange tree, were now ashes and embers. Wherever had been a city

and men, were now stones and birds of carrion. Where once were villages and hamlets, were now the tents and campfires of the Arabs. Where once was a plain, verdant with corn or vines, was now a lurid blending of flame, smoke, and sparks.

Nor were the lofty and majestic mountains of Peloponnesus exempt. In their transparent air, where, even in the worst days of servitude, the foot of a slave had never trodden, were now lamentations and misery. The sick, the aged, the women and children, and all the unfortunates had gathered there after abandoning their towns and hamlets. Nor was there a mountain crest or chasm or forest which was not converted into a cemetery, hospital, or asylum of distress. Men died there from hunger, sickness, and wounds by scores every day, unseen and unpitied. There too others waited to see if Europe would remain forever indifferent to their condition. There too lingered the desolate Andronike, plunged in mourning for her lover and country.

The only part of Greece in which the insurrection still maintained a feeble life was Argolis and Mount Taygetos in Laconia. To Argolis had fled the government and those selfish patriots whose ambitious projects and civil dissensions opened the wounds of the poor country more than did Ibrahim himself. On Taygetos the intrepid Laconians, women as well as men, in constant skirmishes, fought fiercely against the Arabs with stones, clubs, and knives.

In one of his letters, Captain Hamilton, of the frigate "Cambrian," a humane and trustworthy man and a sincere friend of the Greeks, says, "If Ibrahim remains a year longer in the Peloponnesus, not one third of the inhabitants will be left alive."

Meanwhile Ibrahim was approaching the completion of the great design for which he had come to Greece. He returned to Navarino, where the Egyptian, Libyan, and Turkish fleet had again collected, and was about to embark troops to convey them to Hydra.

We remember the exclamation of the Egyptian conqueror, when from the heights of Argolis he gazed upon this island through his glass: "Ah, when, my little England, will you fall into this hand of mine!" His resentment was now all the more inflamed because Miaoulis in so many engagements had defeated his fleets.

CHAPTER XXII

THE WORD OF HONOR

At Navarino the two divisions of the Egyptian fleet were moored. The first division was commanded by the capoudan bey. It comprised two line-of-battle ships of eighty-five guns, eight frigates of forty-four guns, nine corvettes, and a brig. The second division was under Moharrem Bey, a pupil of the French rear-admiral Le Tellier, who had drilled three thousand of its sailors. It comprised two frigates of sixty-four guns, eleven corvettes, six schooners, six fire-ships, and forty-four transports. In addition there was also the imperial fleet, no longer commanded by Chosreph, but by Tachir Pasha, an energetic and brave man, but as sanguinary as Kara Ali of Scio. The combined fleet carried two thousand two hundred and forty cannon.

Barthakas was also on board, in constant attendance on Ibrahim. No doubt existed in his mind that in the catastrophe of Misolonghi all his enemies had been ingulfed. He was already weary of so unsettled a life. Murder and battle had rendered him so nervous that he longed to return for rest to Lesbos. He planned to get his property together, and then to solicit the position of ambassador to Europe, or as a private person to remove to some one of its large cities.

While Barthakas was reflecting as to what he should do, on the nineteenth of September, 1827, Captain Hamilton brought a letter from Admiral Codrington to Ibrahim Pasha. This letter stated that the recognition of the freedom of Greece had been signed at London, and that in consequence the Turks would no longer be permitted to carry on hostilities, but must grant an amnesty to the Greeks. Barthakas translated this letter to his stern master, who was astounded at its contents.

"Now that I have conquered Greece, do you mean that the other giaours have set it free?" he cried.

Captain Hamilton was waiting.

"Tell him that I do not understand such a communication. Add to him, that neither from my sovereign nor from the viceroy, my father, have I received any order to cease hostilities. Let me have time to reflect."

Captain Hamilton departed.

"The giaours free!" he cried, foaming, as soon as the Englishman was gone. "The giaours! I understand them well! I was expecting this! I swear by Omar I will slay all the Franks whom I have in my army and fleet!" Ibrahim paced the deck hastily, convulsively clenching his hands.

"My lord, do not lose your calm; but you are right. What can one expect from the Franks? One does not find hyacinths in a swamp; but listen to —"

"I will not listen to any one, Arnaout Pasha. The giaours free! Am I to lose Hydra! To quit the Peloponnesus, which I have bought with so much blood! By God, I swear I will not! By the name of God!"

"Highness, I beseech you to take the matter calmly. We must trick the giaours, and not oppose them. If you oppose them, it will be reported that you are declaring war against England, France, and Russia, and then—!"

"Pasha, you are right. Say on, my friend Arnaout."

"Promise to abstain from hostilities, but secretly do as you please. How can they know what is going on in the centre of the Peloponnesus? Have they any army there? Remember what the Prophet said to Ammar, 'It is not a sin when you are forced!'"

"You say well," Ibrahim replied, after a short silence. "Now please leave me for a little repose."

Barthakas went out with satisfaction. He rejoiced that the three powers were finally interfering to end this war, which retained him with Ibrahim. He gloated over the thought that his dangers were nearly over, and rest and tranquillity about to begin.

On the twenty-second of the month the Admiral de Rigny arrived. He and Codrington together sent a second note in French to Ibrahim. This he considered in silence.

On the following day Admiral Codrington received the protocol from London, and de Rigny went on shore to visit Ibrahim, and hold a personal interview in reference to Greek affairs.

"I am in a most difficult position," the Egyptian answered, gravely and quietly, Barthakas being interpreter. "I have no order nor instructions in regard to this liberty which you state has been signed in London in behalf of Greece. Furthermore, the Ottoman officers show me such lack of

confidence that, I repeat, I am at a loss what to do. However, I thank you and yours."

The French admiral departed, without accomplishing anything.

"Excellent," said Barthakas. "The admiral was sullen when he left, but no matter. We are gaining time."

"However the giaours have set the giaours free," said Ibrahim, compressing his lips.

"How do you know, Highness?"

"I have letters both from Alexandria and Constantinople."

"Letters! What does the sultan say?"

"He is more anxious than I am. He will never submit. He leaves to me the management of affairs in the Peloponnesus, until his regular troops are ready, and he can set the Franks quarrelling among themselves. He is now trying to set Russia by the ears with France. The ambassador of Austria, our only faithful friend, has tucked up his sleeves to get them at it. Our relations with the Russians are unsatisfactory. We shall soon be at war with them."

"Our position is not all roses, Highness; but let us bless the Prophet that the janissaries were destroyed last year. If they were alive to-day, and heard that the giaours were free, the Padishah would find himself in a bad plight."

To banish his annoyance, Ibrahim soon went out to hunt.

On the morrow, that is, the twenty-fifth of September, the two admirals, the Chevalier de Rigny and Sir Edward Codrington, paid a visit to Ibrahim Pasha.

The Egyptian commander-in-chief was surrounded by his admirals and the superior officers of his army.

After exchanging the ordinary compliments, the English admiral remarked, "The purpose of our visit is to request your Highness to accept an armistice between Turks and Greeks until you shall receive further directions from Constantinople."

"I have no authority to make any such agreement," Ibrahim dryly replied; "on the contrary, I must execute the orders of my sultan."

"And what are the orders of your sultan, may I ask?" inquired the French admiral.

"To put down the rebellion of those who have been his slaves for centuries."

"Permit me to observe that the Greeks are no longer

slaves of the sultan. The three great powers of Europe have been pleased to declare them free."

"But their rightful master, my all-powerful sultan, has not yet declared them free, above all, now, when his sword has scattered them and quelled their revolt. I do not understand what right one foreigner has to interfere with the domestic relations of another," Ibrahim replied, coldly and haughtily.

"So, then, you do not accept the armistice?" Sir Edward Codrington inquired, in equally emphatic terms.

Ibrahim remained silent. His admirals and general officers looked at each other.

"If you do not accept it, I have the honor to inform you that you will be compelled to accept it."

"Compelled! In what way?"

"The three great powers will employ force, if their words are not heeded," the Chevalier de Rigny added.

Ibrahim opened his eyes, came to himself, and secretly exchanged a few words with his chief counsellor and his other confidants.

"Give me a few more days to consider," he then said, turning to the admirals.

"We have given you time enough to consider. Now we must have a definite, positive reply before we depart," said the English admiral.

"Probably the Sublime Porte did not foresee the course which affairs might take, and has not yet sent me any directions," said Ibrahim, with absolute change of manner. "Therefore, I will send despatches immediately to Constantinople and Alexandria, and inquire what I must do. Until the return of my couriers, with the replies of my two illustrious masters, I promise, on my word of honor, to refrain from hostilities, and to observe a strict armistice."

"That is sufficient," said the French admiral.

"So, then, we are agreed," added Sir Edward Codrington.

"In every respect," replied Ibrahim, on whose face, pitted by the small-pox, it was difficult to read his intentions.

The English admiral whispered in the ear of De Rigny, "Don't you think we had better have the promise of Ibrahim in writing?"

"He will be offended if we make him any such proposition. And, in truth, it would be an insult to demand the word of honor of a general in writing."

"You are right. So then, Highness, as a guarantee, your fleet cannot leave Navarino until the expiration of this armistice. Not only so, but whatever ships are cruising round outside must come in and anchor here."

"Why is that? How can I then communicate with my army at Patras?"

"We understand the armistice in no other way," said Codrington, firmly.

"Very well," Ibrahim replied, after brief reflection. The two admirals then withdrew.

"Cursed giaours!" screamed Ibrahim, with an insulting gesture, as soon as they were gone, "do you think I am fool enough to obey you?"

A courier entered almost at the very moment with the news that Lord Cochrane was making an attempt on Patras.

"Lord Cochrane and General Church are marching to get possession of Misolonghi. Fabvier is hurrying to rouse Scio again. In Thessaly, another conflagration has burst out. Hastings has burned many of my ships, and I shall sit still and obey the giaours! Kill in secret, kill just as many of the giaours as you can! Let the fleet get ready for the Gulf of Misolonghi and of Patras, where my army is!" cried the Egyptian.

"Highness, if our fleet quits Navarino, it will have to fight with the French and English fleet," said Arnaout Pasha.

"I do not mean to act to-day or immediately. The Englishmen and Frenchmen can't remain outside Navarino forever. Especially as winter is approaching they will move, and we, too, in another direction."

"That is what we must do," said Tachir Pasha.

"Certainly, I will get ready at once," cried the capoudan bey.

"Shall we listen to the giaours, or to our master," added Moharrem Bey. "To the sails! To the sails!"

"Since you say, 'To the sails!' to the sails let it be!" said Arnaout Pasha, gravely. "But I warn you we shall come to blows with the English. Do you know what devils they are at sea? His Highness learned about them at Aboukir."

"Don't be afraid that I am so crazy as to come to blows with the English or French. We are only going out from Navarino, and if we meet them and they tell us to come

back, back we come, and they and we will halve the disgrace," said Ibrahim. "Go and get ready."

"Is it not better to escape every unpleasant complication by sending them notice that, inasmuch as at this very moment letters inform us of the attempt of Lord Cochrane, and as we cannot in decency abandon utterly our army in Patras, a part of our fleet must go from Navarino to its support?"

"That is just the idea! Bravo! So then, my friend Arnaout, do you hurry at once to the flagship of Codrington. I intrust the business to your ability."

Barthakas started without delay. An hour afterwards he came back, gloomy and scowling.

"What now?" asked Ibrahim.

"Highness, he absolutely refuses. The Englishman is an Englishman. A workman on his ships cannot turn his head after he has once told him 'No.' He is determined, he says, that not one of our boats shall go out from Navarino. The French admiral happened to be on the English flagship."

"Shall we let these cursed giaours lead us by the nose? We have one hundred and twenty ships here, and are we afraid of seven or eight English-French vessels outside the harbor?" cried Tachir Pasha, springing to his feet, and angrily tugging at his moustache.

"Explain more clearly. Stop, Tachir! How did Codrington receive you? What did he say to you? What kind of a mood was he in?" inquired Ibrahim, quietly, though he was pale with rage.

"He received me with European courtesy, but like a Frank; that is, with a false smile on his lips, with pleasant and rounded words, bowing and scraping, but setting you on fire behind if he can. Codrington was meek as Moses; but as soon as I began to disclose the object of my visit, he became like Pharaoh. 'I do not consent,' he cried. 'Not a boat nor an oar can leave Navarino. I have been careful to send orders to the Greeks and to Cochrane that they must abstain from every act of hostility.'"

"Anything else?"

"And that, if in an hour I do not return to his frigate to tell him what we have decided upon, he and de Rigny will understand that the armistice is concluded as before, and that he confides in your word."

"In an hour! Let him wait then!"

"From what I was able to observe, I judge that the French and English are on the point of departure," added Barthakas.

"Then let us do the same," said Moharrem Bey. "We will let them start off, and pretend that, as our commander has gone hunting, we were unable to find him in an hour and send our reply."

"That is the best course," said Ibrahim, soberly. The council then broke up.

CHAPTER XXIII

THE BATTLE OF NAVARINO

ABOUT sunset on that same day, after having vainly waited for a reply from Ibrahim, the two admirals, under the full persuasion that he would keep the armistice, weighed anchor. They left only a few vessels to watch the movements of the Mussulmans. Sir Edward Codrington sailed for Ithaca, and the Chevalier de Rigny for Melos.

On the thirtieth of that month, part of the fleet of Ibrahim, in two divisions, prepared to leave Navarino. The first division was composed of seven frigates, nine corvettes, two brigs, and fifteen transports, and was commanded by Moustapha Bey. The second division, of six frigates and eight brigs under Moharrem Bey and Tachir Pasha, was to follow. Ibrahim, with his chief interpreter Arnaout Pasha, was also on board.

The atmosphere was heavy, dark, and threatening. The wind, loud and violent, prophesied a tempest. The sea, lashed into mountainous foaming billows, thundered against the sides of the ships.

On October first they quitted Navarino.

"I see an English frigate exchanging signals," said Tachir to Ibrahim.

"Is there any other vessel in sight?"

"No."

"Forward! Forward then! They will lose sight of us at night. Our other division has already got far ahead."

The English frigate was the "Dartmouth," which Admiral Codrington had left to observe the movements of Ibrahim. She had already signalled to the admiral that the Egyptian commander had broken his word of honor.

With great difficulty, on account of contrary winds, the English admiral left Ithaca on his flagship the "Asia," of eighty-four guns, followed by the "Talbot," of twenty-eight, and the brig "Philomel." The "Dartmouth," of forty-four guns, joined him as he encountered the divisions of Ibrahim.

The next day he wrote a letter to Moustapha Bey, who was at the entrance of the Gulf of Cephalonia, and urged him to return to Navarino, expressing surprise at the perjury of his commander.

After some hesitation, this officer, seeing that an engagement with the English could not otherwise be avoided, reversed his helm and headed for Navarino.

"The vessels of our first division are coming back," the lookout informed Ibrahim the following morning as he was sitting at breakfast.

"Is n't it the English?"

Soon afterwards a signal from Moustapha Bey answered the question.

"What shall we do now?" said Arnaout Pasha, in terror. "I say once more that we must not come to blows with the English. If we beat them to-day, we shall lose to-morrow. They have thousands of ships. Besides there are the French, the Russians! It is best to go back."

"Is n't it a disgrace that four giaour vessels should make us, with eighty vessels, turn our backs?" said Ibrahim, pulling at his beard.

"Let us wait for night. The wind will be still more violent, and then we will go to Patras. But let us now pretend to be returning to Navarino," said Tachir Pasha.

"Oh, you giaour Franks! Are you mad enough to fight with us! I say, let us try them, or at least let us show our teeth to the Englishman," said Ibrahim, arrogantly.

"The question is not, Highness, about four or five such vessels," Arnaout remarked, — "I know that they are only a morsel for you, — but about what is beyond. If we destroy them, the giaour Franks will swarm like ants to burn Constantinople, Alexandria, Cairo!"

"About face! Steer for Navarino! Cursed Englishmen! Thank Arnaout Pasha that he restrains me!" said Ibrahim,

with Mussulman stateliness, and the signal was given for Navarino.

About nine o'clock that night the tempest which Tachir Pasha had predicted was let loose in reality. It was awful, a torrent of rain, with thunder, lightning, and hurricane; the sea roared and yawned as if to devour them all.

The Turks, who the world knows are wretched sailors, began to be seasick, lost their line, and finally were dispersed. Some of their vessels went back to Navarino, and others were driven above toward the promontory of Papas at the entrance to Patras.

Codrington himself was compelled to return that night to Ithaca.

The next day, about noon, after the wind had a little subsided, the "Asia," the "Dartmouth," the "Talbot," and the "Philomel" appeared off Cape Papas before the Turkish ships which were weighing anchor to go to Patras.

Codrington then began firing to compel their return to Navarino. After his flagship had fired ninety-six balls and the "Dartmouth" a hundred, he finally forced them to give in.

Two days later Codrington entered the harbor of Misolonghi, and expelled from it several Turkish and Austrian transports which were landing troops at Vasiladi. Towing them as far as Cape Glarentza, he despatched them also to their admiral at Navarino.

On the thirteenth of October, the Russian admiral, Count Heyden, arrived at Ithaca from the straits of Gibraltar with four line-of-battle ships of seventy-four guns, the "Azof," the "Hanhoute," the "Ezekiel," and the "Alexander Nevski," with two of fifty guns, the "Constantine" and the "Provonay," and with two of forty-eight guns, the "Elene" and "Castor."

Up to the present Ibrahim could not believe that the great powers of Europe were in earnest in threatening active operations against him on behalf of the slaves of the sultan. He thought that they were only negotiating. Now he saw clearly that he must either be tied up in Navarino, or fight with the allied English and French. He learned also that the Russian fleet from the Baltic had reached Malta and Ithaca, so he resolved to remain inside the harbor, but on land in the Peloponnesus to satiate his thirst for blood.

Never did a tiger wreak fiercer havoc in a herd of cattle than did he through that unhappy land.

The Peloponnesus, as we have already said, had been already ruined and desolated. Its inhabitants had fled to the mountains. Nothing was left in the plains save what had escaped the sword and the torch. No men remained there except such as had submitted and received an amnesty. Against them the inhuman conqueror turned his fury. Again he began to burn, to cut down, and to destroy. He despatched eight thousand Arabs to Calamata and three thousand to Arcadia. In Elis he had more than ten thousand. All these devoted themselves to butchery.

What the Peloponnesus then endured is indescribable.

The English admiral was finally compelled to urge upon him the withdrawal of his fleets to Alexandria and Constantinople and the cessation of hostilities. Ibrahim, who was then in the interior of the Peloponnesus, replied that he was keeping the armistice!

Such mockery could not long continue. The three admirals held a council, and decided that, since to no purpose they had employed mild means of restraining Ibrahim, they should now use compulsion. This council took place on the Russian flagship, and the plan of action was decided by a French atlas. They followed this procedure because Count Heyden, as a rear-admiral, outranked his associates, and they had at that moment no more perfect chart than a French map.

Each admiral, in addition to official directions, had also secret instructions. Sir Edward Codrington moreover had received a letter from Stratford Canning, British ambassador at Constantinople, wherein the ambassador distinctly told him to use cannon balls, if he could accomplish nothing in any other way.

Sir Edward was a sincere and earnest philhellene. He was incensed with Ibrahim because of his treachery and inhumanity. Although apparently his patience had no limits, and he concealed his purposes in the depths of his heart, he did so since he would displease, as he did afterwards displease, a large body of the higher English aristocracy. Nevertheless none can deny that he led the van into the midst of the Mussulman ships at Navarino.

When Admiral de Rigny came to the Levant he was prejudiced in favor of the Turks. After he had spent

some time there and become better informed, he entirely changed. In Attica, on more than one occasion, he showed warm sympathy with the patriots. The butcheries and perfidy of Ibrahim seemed beyond endurance, and he readily agreed with the English admiral to give him a lesson.

Count Heyden had recently arrived in the Mediterranean. He knew the Greek revolution only from hearsay, for there was hardly a Russian philhellene in Greece. As an Orthodox Christian, he hated the Ottomans just as the Greeks did. As a diplomat, he desired the destruction of the Turkish fleet above everything else.

On board the Mussulman flagship, they had just learned that the allied fleet was moored outside. Though inferior in numbers to their own, it comprised a formidable armament. The Russian division included the vessels we have named. The French division comprised their flagship, the "*Sirène*," with sixty guns, the "*Scipio*," "*Trident*," and "*Breslau*," seventy-four each, and the "*Armide*" and "*Alcyone*," forty-four each. The English ships were the "*Asia*," eighty-four guns, the "*Genoa*" and "*Albion*," of seventy-four, the "*Glasgow*," of fifty, the "*Cambrian*," of forty-eight, the "*Dartmouth*," of forty-four, the "*Talbot*," of twenty-eight, the "*Rose*," of eighteen, and the "*Mosquito*," "*Brisk*," and "*Philomel*," of ten each. On the European fleet were one thousand three hundred twenty-four cannon to two thousand two hundred and forty on the Turkish.

"Don't you see that they have come expressly to attack us," said Tachir Pasha, to the Egyptian admiral.

"At once we must send a courier to Ibrahim for him to return here. The responsibility is very great if we do anything. They intend to chase us from Navarino, and make us return to Alexandria and Constantinople," said Arnaout Pasha.

"They can intend what they please, but who cares," answered the capoudan bey. "It will be the height of disgrace for us, without an order from the sultan, possessing such an army and fleet, to leave the subjugated Peloponnesus just because the giaour Franks command it. Better lose everything than submit to that."

"I, gentlemen, am unable to express any different opinion," said Arnaout Pasha. "By the pen of the Prophet with which he wrote the Koran, we must send at once to Ibrahim Pasha to return, for our affairs are very

complicated. If the giaours once enter Navarino, Gabriel will blow his trumpet. Besides the fact that bones will be broken and flesh torn and hair pulled out by the roots, war will have begun with the three great powers of the world. The Empire of Osman will find it the day of judgment! Suppose for a moment that we are defeated — though that is impossible, since we have a fleet three times as large as theirs, and a citadel as well as the land batteries to help us — yet suppose that we are defeated and our vessels burned. Then all the islands of the Ægean, all the Peloponnesus and the Greek mainland, — in a word, all the Christians of Turkey, whom during seven years we have been subduing at our great cost, will at once again take up arms. With what ships shall we bring food for our army of thirty thousand men, which we have here; and how shall we succor it?"

"And the Prophet, why is he in heaven?" Tachir Pasha interrupted the timorous Barthakas.

"The Prophet is there to illumine the mind of the faithful, and keep them from folly. When he shows them the truth, and they do not follow it, when from obstinacy and for personal advantage they sacrifice the welfare of all their people and of their religion, then surely the Prophet and the Koran will deliver his own, but will cast the guilty into hell and everlasting torments. 'We have formed man, and we have made him to see and hear,' the Koran says," cried Arnaout Pasha, very earnestly, as he rose.

"So then, if the giaour Franks enter the harbor and attack us, does your Excellency mean that we should sit quiet with folded hands," Tachir repeated loudly.

"On the contrary; but I mean we should be prepared, and take every precaution, and avoid a conflict as far as possible. When the affair is wholly forced upon us by them, then, by the horses of war which rend the phalanxes of the enemy, and pierce to the other side through the help of the Prophet, then let us plunge into the smoke ourselves. However, we must send word to Ibrahim to return. Who will assume the responsibility also of reckoning with Sultan Mahmoud?"

"No one can give wiser or more opportune advice than Arnaout Pasha. That is the way we must act," said Moharrem Bey. "We must be ready, and we must notify Ibrahim."

Arnaout Pasha had his quarters on the flagship of the capoudan bey. He passed all that day in great dejection, seeing the warlike preparations of the Turks. They uncovered and charged the cannon, made the rigging and anchors taut, and brought on deck a supply of powder and balls. He tried to devise a way of getting on shore and ending his dangerous sojourn on the flagship. He thoroughly understood the lack of discipline, the insubordination, and the blind impulses of the Turks. He kept repeating to himself, "If but one of them fires once at the Europeans, there will be a battle." He thought of Lepanto and Aboukir.

The next day, the twentieth of October, the Turkish fleet drew up in the form of a crescent, or rather a half ellipse. One end was at the promontory of Sphacteria, while the other reached the camp of Ibrahim at the entrance of the harbor under the acropolis of Navarino. The fleet comprised one hundred and nineteen sail: three line-of-battle ships, sixteen frigates, twenty-seven large corvettes, twenty-seven brigs, forty armed transports, and six fire-ships.

The greater part of this force lay at the entrance of the harbor. The smaller vessels occupied the space behind the larger. The fire-ships were placed at the ends toward the entrance of the harbor, so that together they might converge upon any enemy at the centre of the ellipse.

About ten o'clock in the morning Arnaout Pasha went to visit Moharrem Bey, the Egyptian admiral. Hardly had he stepped on board the flagship and begun to talk about the preparations, when they informed him that an English bark was entering the mouth of the harbor and coming toward their ship.

"They are Englishmen," said one of the lookouts of the flagship, "and are bringing an officer."

Moharrem at once ordered that the stranger should be received with all courtesy, and that most of the crew should go below deck, so there should be no disturbance.

In the approaching bark was Colonel Cradock, who brought a joint letter to Ibrahim Pasha from the three admirals.

"His Highness, my master, is not here," replied Arnaout Pasha, the chief interpreter. "None of us can open it."

"Where is he?" the English colonel inquired.

"I do not know, I know only that he is daily expected."

Colonel Cradock politely took leave, descended to his bark, and returned, carrying back the sealed letter.

"What do you suppose that letter contains?" Moharrem asked Arnaout Pasha.

"Who knows! How I wish that Ibrahim would return! I shall try to persuade him to make a satisfactory arrangement with the English and French; for I see that something is going to happen."

It was about noon. The capoudan pasha Tachir had also come; his frigate lay nearest, immediately after that of Moharrem Bey. Conversation constantly turned upon the letter of Colonel Cradock.

They were sitting at luncheon and had reached the fruit, when all at once the report spread through the flagship that the English were entering the Bay of Navarino.

"Fortune has cast the die!" cried the capoudan bey, slapping his thigh. "I told you that the English were not joking."

"Didn't I say so too!" cried Arnaout Pasha, rising and seizing a spy-glass.

They went hastily on deck.

The flagship "Asia" in front was cleaving the sea and coming toward them, closely followed by the "Genoa" and the "Albion." At the same time the pinnacle of the citadel was seen rapidly approaching the Egyptian flagship.

"The English are ready to fight. Their matches are lighted, and the gunners stand by their guns," cried Arnaout Pasha, whose face wore an expression of dismay.

The pinnacle arrived. Its officer reported that he had been sent by the commander of the garrison to the English admiral, and had stated to him that no order had come from Ibrahim to allow any vessel to enter; but that Admiral Codrington had angrily replied that he had not come to receive orders, but to give them, and that if the Turks presumed to fire a single shot at him, he would destroy their whole fleet.

"I see that the affair is settled. The giaours have drawn their sword against Islam! We shall fight to-night. My gig, quick!" cried the capoudan bey, rapidly descending the gangway to return to his own frigate, alongside of which, only a pistol-shot distant, the English admiral had anchored.

"We are lost! There come the other ships! There are

the Frenchmen and the Russians behind them. What will become of us!" cried Arnaout Pasha, in distress, mechanically turning the spy-glass in every direction.

Moharrem Bey was at that moment entering his cabin to get his sword.

"Don't be afraid, Excellency," said a familiar voice, in Turkish. "When we have so many cannon, shall we be afraid of the Franks?"

That voice paralyzed Barthakas in the midst of his terror. It pierced his heart like an arrow. He turned and found himself opposite Kara Seïd Ali, his former groom. The man towered behind him like a giant, wearing the uniform of a sergeant of the regular Arab troops.

"How did you come here, Kara Seïd Ali?"

"I was a prisoner at Hydra, and was exchanged for some Greeks on this flagship. Since I am half a fish, as you know, I thought I would stay here."

Meanwhile Barthakas recalled all his personal connection with this man, the infernal Albanian of Psara, his treacherous groom at Yanina, the man who prevented Lampros returning with the poisoned food to Misolonghi; and yet, while danger was imminent, and the crew demoralized, Barthakas could do nothing. On the contrary, he must treat this fellow carefully, must perhaps flatter him, so as to have his assistance in case of need.

"Do you like a seafaring life? See, the French admiral has anchored! Here come the Russians too!"

"Excellency, we shall fight! We shall fight! You better go down into the hold! I remember from Psara that you are not a sailor."

"Ah, my good Kara Seïd Ali! If I only could get to land! It was a crime to come here and not to stay in the camp on shore!"

At that moment Moharrem Bey came out from his cabin. "Excellency, please take charge of the larboard batteries. I shall command the others. Every one must do his duty to-day. I am well acquainted with your ability from the battle of Cleisova, and with your valor on the deck of the fire-ship of Canaris. I could enjoy no more valuable aide."

"At your orders," Barthakas murmured in consternation.

Kara Seïd Ali stared at the Egyptian admiral and at Barthakas. He could not believe that Moharrem Bey really intrusted him with such responsibilities.

Within half an hour the three allied fleets had taken position as follows:—

The English flagship was anchored alongside, between the ships of Moharrem Bey and the capoudan bey. The "Genoa" and "Albion" were near another line-of-battle ship and a two-decker.

The four ships on the right of the Egyptian fleet were left to the French, and those under the acropolis of Navarino to the Russians.

The French flagship was only a pistol-shot from the "Ezanieh," a great Egyptian frigate of sixty-four guns, commanded by Hassan Bey.

The French frigate "Armide" was stationed lengthwise, about a mile and a half distant from the frigate, at the entrance of the harbor, which was supported by the two batteries on the Island of Sphacteria. Behind the "Armide" were the "Cambrian," the "Glasgow," and the "Talbot."

The "Dartmouth," the "Mosquito," the "Rose," the "Brisk," and the "Philomel" watched the six Mussulman fire-ships.

Arnaout Pasha had gone with his glass to the poop of the Egyptian frigate. There too was the station of Kara Seïd Ali.

"The English flagship is anchored just between our vessel and that of the capoudan bey," he remarked, after a little. "The English are moored quietly, and their crews are not drawn up. They do not intend to fight, and things seem more peaceful."

"Have you heard, Excellency, what Codrington said on entering the harbor? He declared that if we fired at him, he would blow us up. Now do you suppose that so many fool Turks on so many ships will tolerate such insolence from a giaour, and that they will not fire twenty balls instead of one?"

"No, as I hope in the Prophet! If we begin to fight, my Kara Seïd Ali, with those three devils, they will fall upon us like the awful birds of Azram! Only let it not happen to-day, for to-morrow will take care of itself. I am going this evening to Pyrgos, where Ibrahim is, and he has got to come here to arrange matters. What can I say? On dry land I am not so afraid; but here in the bullets and billows! You know that I can't swim."

"I am here at your service, Excellency," said the Albanian, with a contemptuous smile.

"I thank you, my faithful Kara Seïd Ali."

The Albanian twirled his moustache, and gave Barthakas a sidelong glance. Familiar with his deeds, he was fully convinced, that if things became quiet, this shaking dwarf would turn upon him mercilessly.

In fact, Arnaout Pasha, as affairs outside grew less threatening, said to himself that of all those acquainted with his past life this man was the only survivor. Thirst for revenge awoke as he recalled how Kara Seïd Ali had treated him.

His manner toward him became less friendly and somewhat stern.

Again, turning his glance on the "Asia," he saw that the ship's band had collected on deck as if about to play.

"Nothing will happen," he remarked to Moharrem Bey. "Those men had no bad purpose in coming."

"No, I observe the same thing," he replied. "They were only prepared like ourselves for what might happen. They are making no further preparations, but are even putting their fires out."

Arnaout Pasha, on leaving the poop and returning to his place, said in a low tone to Kara Seïd Ali, "Do you remember your crimes and treason to me? The Prophet has at last thrown you into my hands."

"Already," said the Albanian to himself, without uttering a word in reply.

Barthakas had not yet reached Moharrem Bey, when gunshots were heard, and a few minutes afterwards a first, a second, and then a third cannon-shot.

The battle had begun in the following manner. Several boats had been sent from the frigate "Dartmouth," requesting the Turkish fire-ships to withdraw a little from the allied fleet. Either because the Turks supposed that the English intended to destroy or seize the fire-ships, or because for two days they had been enraged and ready to fight, they fired on one of the boats, and killed Fitzroy, the officer in command, as well as a few sailors.

The "Dartmouth" and the "Sirène" at once began to skirmish in support of the boats. The Turks did not like it, but commenced a cannonade.

The French admiral then shouted through a sea-trumpet

to Hassan Bey, on the "Ezanieh," that, if he was not fired at, he would not fire at him. Hardly had he finished, when two balls from that frigate fell on the deck of the "Sirène," and killed two sailors.

Balls from every direction were already rending the horizon of Navarino. In its thick folds, the smoke enveloped and buried the ships, and the surface of the bay. Only the instantaneous flashes of the cannonade and the remembered position of the fleets told which was enemy and which was friend.

Moharrem Bey and Barthakas were trembling, and by their cowardly example discouraged the rest.

"We must send a boat to the English admiral not to fire on us, and we will not fire on him," said Moharrem Bey.

"Yes! Yes! Let us send!" replied Barthakas, who could hardly stand on his feet.

A boat, manned by the bravest sailors of the flagship, was sent for the aforesaid purpose to the "Asia."

"Excellency, why do we sit down here with folded hands, while thousands of people are being blown up and killed? Have we got the English admiral in front of us only to look at him?"

"Wa-it, Ka-ra S-e-ïd A-l-i! N-o-w we w-ill be-g-in. Take my w-a-t-c-h and st-ay c-l-ose t-t-o me. I-i-f y-ou s-s-ave me, I w-ill m-m-a-ke y-y-ou c-c-c-ap-t-t-a-in of a-a f-f-r-r-i-gate."

The rapacious Albanian took the watch, and put it in his pocket without reply. The confusion, the crash, the roar, the smoke, the whistling of the balls, the agonizing screams of the wounded and the dying, filled his mind, and he did not even turn his head to look at Barthakas.

A skiff from the English admiral, commanded by Lieutenant Dilk, on which was also Peter Michael, boatswain of the "Asia," was bringing an answer. "His purpose," he said, "was to avoid bloodshed, and he would not fire on Moharrem Bey unless Moharrem Bey fired on him." The skiff was directly under the Egyptian flagship, when Kara Seïd Ali shouted, "Giaours! Giaours! Franks!" and aimed his gun at them.

"Stop! Stop, Kara Seïd Ali!" screamed Barthakas, struggling to seize his arm; but Kara Seïd Ali shoved him aside, instantly fired and killed the boatswain, Peter Michael.

"Back ! Back !" ordered Lieutenant Dilk. The strokes of its rowers bore it out of danger.

The bullets were already falling like hail upon the deck of the Egyptian flagship, which began an awkward and disorderly cannonade. Then the "Asia" opened its thunderbolts upon it.

"You cursed Kara Seïd Ali! What have you done?"

"Keep still! Here! Here! Don't run away, boys! Shame on you!" shrieked the Albanian, at the fleeing Arabs.

The surface of the harbor was covered by floating bodies of the dead and the swimming, and by the burning, flaming timbers, as if craters had all at once burst forth in the tormented sea. Balls touched the face of the water, then rebounded twice or thrice, and fell on the decks of the ships, or on the boats of the escaping, and destroyed them. The mountains along the shore shook and resounded under the incessant discharge. Gradually the smoke became more dense, and, settling upon the water, confused the nearest objects as in a mist. Yet burning masses were continually whirling like fiery meteors from heaven.

The October sun could not penetrate that smoke, nor reveal that awful overthrow of the Mussulmans by which divine Providence expiated Misolonghi and the blood of the Peloponnesus. The shades of countless butchered Greeks might well have gazed in joy from their nameless graves.

In a few minutes the hull of the Egyptian flagship was pierced by a hundred balls. Its cables and rigging were cut through, and the mast began to totter. Then all that remained of the crew threw themselves into boats or into the sea. Moharrem Bey, who had been severely wounded, abandoned the ship and fled. Confusion reigned supreme. Its two or three broadsides, irregular and aimless, resembled the last breath of the dying.

The rumor spread that Moharrem Bey was slain. When Arnaout Pasha heard it, he left his position, and tried to run away. At first he wanted to go down into the hold. Instantly recognizing the danger there, he ran to spring into the boats, as most of the rest were doing.

"Stop! Stop!" said the Albanian, grasping him by the shoulder.

"Pity me, Kara Seïd Ali! Save me, and see how generous I am!"

"All those boats will be upset. We shall have a better chance of reaching the land by swimming," said the fierce Albanian.

"Support me, Kara Seïd Ali! My dear, dear friend! O Most High God! I am dying! Forgive my sins!" His teeth rattled against each other.

"Don't act like this! If death finds you, it will find you. Hush! you make me timid myself."

The explosions of Mussulman vessels became more frequent, and the roar more appalling. Many captains, supposing that if the allies did not blow up their ships they would plunder them, set them on fire, and abandoned them.

Finally the flames seemed to assert their mastery over the smoke, and dyed the heavens red.

Kara Seïd Ali stood in the midst of death, not knowing what to do. He looked around and saw that they who fell into the sea or the boats had less chance of safety in the general confusion and slaughter than those who remained on deck. The hulk of the flagship had floated toward land. He turned his eyes toward the maintop, and reckoned it the safest place, since the balls of the Europeans fell horizontally upon the hull. Many others of the sailors were already there.

The laments, the prayers and promises of Arnaout Pasha, who was clinging to his neck, drew his attention. In extremity of danger former passions are forgotten. He clasped him under his right arm, and, with the other grasping the ropes of a side ladder, in a few moments bore him aloft. The bullets rarely whistled there. The allies did not fire at the sailors clinging to the rigging. Their only purpose was to destroy their ships.

"How bad this is!" said the Albanian. "Since I was a small boy, I have been at war; but I never saw anything like this. I am deaf and blind!" He rubbed his eyes and ears, all the time keeping a firm hold on a rope of the shaking, creaking mast.

"O my God, save me! O God, I am a sinner! If you save me, Kara Seïd Ali, I will give you all my money, and will become a hermit in the desert! My life has been very wicked!" wailed Barthakas, clinging convulsively with both hands to the rope.

"Who will live? None of us will live! Look! The hold has caught fire!"

"Fire! Fire!" the sailors on deck had begun to shout and those, too, on the masts and ropes joined the cry.

"What shall we do, my Kara Seïd Ali?"

Arnaout Pasha had not finished his sentence when the foremast fell into the sea with a terrific crash, smashing in all the starboard-side of the ship. It fell, carried away by several balls at once.

"It is all over! Look! Now, we, too, shall be hurled down!"

"There is no chance for us now except to jump into the water," muttered the Albanian, tearing off his cloak, turban, breeches, and arms.

"From such a horrible height as this!" said Barthakas; but with chattering teeth he began to strip.

The Arabs on the mast were watching the progress of the fire. They knew that when the powder magazine exploded, the great ship would leap into the air. They, too, throwing off their clothes, and repeating passages from the Koran, prepared to leap.

An aged dervish was in front with hands folded on his breast. "I see you, sweet fountains of paradise!" he cried. "I see you, celestial companies of Gabriel, Ali, Phatima, and Michail! You are coming to open the doors of the true kingdom. Hope not for such blessedness, you children of Satan, you lying apostates of the true God! Hell shall swallow you quick!" He sprang forward, his arms still crossed, after urging the rest to follow.

The entrails of the ship, like a volcano, already emitted horrible heat and the blackest smoke. The deck, pierced here and there, was an enormous crater, below which gleamed masses of red coals which in the imminent explosion were to cover the horizon with fiery hail. Whoever lingered a moment longer on the masts had not the least hope of safety.

The Arabs, praying fervently, jumped off. A few were saved, but most were dashed to destruction. "This is hell!" yelled the Albanian.

"For God's sake don't leave me! I beseech you, Kara Seïd Ali!"

The Albanian in those indescribable moments thought only of himself. Stripped, he was ready and poised for the spring, not a rag on him except his girdle and his silver powder-flask with its leathern strap. In his stupor he forgot them.

Seeing that he intended to abandon him, Barthakas twisted his arms tightly around him, and held on with desperation, like the pygmy which climbed on the back of the Old Man of the Sea and stuck as if glued to him days and nights without his being able to shake him off.

"Stop! Let go my hands, you dog! How can I swim! I will not leave you! Let go my hands! Grasp me by the neck."

Despite his gigantic strength, he tried in vain to free himself. Two or three times, threatening and blaspheming, he shook himself upon the tottering mast. Despair had converted the arms of Barthakas into bands of steel.

"After we are in the water, I will let you go. Save me, and you shall see!"

Danger grew nigher. The last hour of the hulk had struck. One moment more and the flames would reach them, and the smoke hide from them what was sea and what was deck.

"Get up a little higher on my shoulders," said the Albanian, after one more effort had shown him it was impossible to rid himself of his burden.

By degrees Barthakas left the arms of Kara Seïd Ali free, and clung tightly to his neck. He closed his eyes, crossed his feet in front, and earnestly entreated the mercy of the Most High.

The Albanian as warmly besought the Prophet to deliver him from Abou Halem, the father of flames. He poised once, twice, and the third time, while the hull of the ship inclined toward the water, leaped toward the sea.

The voice of Arnaout Pasha gave one shuddering gasp and then was silent forever. The wretch had been plunged down into the crater of the flagship.

Kara Seïd Ali remained in the air like a flag attached to one of the ropes. His silver flask, at the moment he let go, had caught like a hook in one of the ropes. In his leap the rope relaxed like the cord of a bow and at once drew back. So then it shot Barthakas from the back of his deliverer down toward the hold, and held the Albanian in the air.

Kara Seïd Ali gripped the rope with both his hands, and began to descend toward the yard so as to jump once more. That very instant the flames caught the magazine and the flagship was rent to fragments.

Kara Seïd Ali, terribly burned, was shot to a great distance

over the surface of the sea. There, a French boat picked him up and carried him to the ship's hospital. His two legs and one arm were broken.

About five o'clock that afternoon the fire of the allies ceased. Soon the smoke began to lift and the horizon to become visible. Everywhere hulls were seen burning. The history of sea-fights has no more pitiable spectacle to offer. Neither the destruction of the Turkish fleet by Don Juan at Lepanto, nor that at Tchesmeh by Elphinstone could be placed in comparison. Out of one hundred and nineteen Turkish vessels, riding proudly before the battle, only twenty-nine were left!

The pride of the sultan and the obstinacy of Ibrahim were not broken by this battle, fatal to their cause. Peace and independence did not come at once, but both were only a question of time. From the ruins of Homeric Pylos and the heights of Ithome, the shades of all the Greeks who have lived upon them since the days of Nestor may well bless the names of Sir Edward Codrington, the Chevalier de Rigny, and Count Heyden.

CHAPTER XXIV

THE BEYOND

ON the morning of September 26, 1832, the holy city Moscow was full of animation and excitement. The thirteen hundred bells of its two hundred and fifty churches rang incessantly. The mighty clangor of their monotonous music was well nigh deafening to one unaccustomed to such sounds. The Czar Colossal, the king of bells, the largest in the world, its sixty-five tons of metal forged from the fragments of its vaster predecessor, broken in 1737, like a majestic organ drowned all the rest with its far-reaching and thunderous tones. To the roar were added frequent salutes from the fortifications and from the acropolis of the Kremlin. When the Kremlin speaks, all the voiceful history of this stupendous Empire of Orthodoxy sounds from its tombs of ancient czars and patriarchs. The empress, the revered protectress of monasteries and monks, was coming humbly to pay her homage before the famous,

wonder-working Icon of the Mother of God, the Iverskaya Bospia Mater, object of the veneration and pious pilgrimage of the devout throughout that empire.

Almost the entire population of the capital was crowded before the gate, beyond which one reaches the famous Church of the Panaghia of Iveron. The empress was coming on foot to worship before the icon, attended by high officers of the imperial house, and by young women of her suite, all attired in utmost simplicity. Passing between two lines of her rejoicing and applauding subjects, she entered the sanctuary, bent her knee, made many times the sign of the cross, and advanced toward the sacred icon. Bands of taper-bearing and white-robed youths and maidens surrounded her, chanting, "Lord, keep the Empress." The maidens were nuns of the Donski Monastery, the largest in Russia.

The icon was discovered in Georgia, and first carried to Mount Athos. The Czar, Alexis Michailovitch, heard of its wonder-working power and removed it to his capital. It is covered with gold and precious stones. Its color is deep chestnut. The halo about the head is a braid of heavy pearls. The diadem is of precious diamonds. The shoulders are of rare stones, so too the eyebrows and the hand that supports the feet of the infant Saviour. Around it are golden angels, votive offerings, and thirteen ever-burning lamps. Before it come reverently the sick, the peasant, the happy, the miserable, the rich, the pauper, and the emperor himself. It is carried with pomp wherever danger or necessity demand its presence.

The empress kissed the icon many times, and bowed in worship. Her suite did the same. Then she took her seat upon the throne, and listened piously to the liturgy and the hymns of the Donski Vestals.

Her eyes frequently wandered toward the crowded nuns, as if she were seeking in their ranks some one whom she did not see, whose familiar voice she did not hear.

Soon the liturgy ended. Then approaching the abbess, she said to her simply, "I do not see my girl here. I am afraid she is suffering more to-day."

"She is at her last stage, your Majesty. The chief physician is of the opinion that only a few days, perhaps a few hours, are left her," the abbess answered sadly.

"Is it possible! It makes me sad. I always thought that medical skill might lengthen her life."

"She has so changed that your Majesty would not recognize her. Her black eyes still give a lifelike look to her face; but, when she closes them to sleep, she looks like a lifeless image."

"Does she know her condition?"

"She does, and she is waiting like a Christian for her repose. She wants some one to read to her all the time from the church books."

"My poor girl!" the empress repeated with emotion.

She remained some time in thought, and then added, "I want to see her, though I know well it will afflict me. I want to give her some news which I am sure will cause her the greatest joy. Greece has been proclaimed a kingdom, and the young Otho, son of King Louis of Bavaria, has been proclaimed king."

"Such news, Majesty, will give her the greatest joy which she has ever felt!"

The empress entered her carriage with the abbess, and drove to the women's quarter of the Donski Monastery.

The young nun of whom they had spoken, it will be easy for the reader to understand, was our loved Andronike.

After fleeing from cave to cave and mountain to mountain, escaping that death which the soldiers of Ibrahim were dealing to all who came into their power, she went to the tower of her father, after the battle of Navarino, when things were somewhat quieter, and obtained whatever valuables she had. She munificently rewarded her faithful Lampros, and then set out for Moscow to assume the black robe of a nun. Lampros was unwilling to part from her until he saw her safe on Russian soil. He accompanied her therefore on her ship as far as Odessa, and there, with unspeakable sorrow, bade her farewell.

Her afflictions and hardships had seriously undermined her health. The death of Thrasyboulos was the last, severest blow which fell upon her. In her enfeebled state, the insidious disease of consumption struck its roots still deeper. When she reached Moscow, her cheeks retained nothing of that rose color which characterized her youth. The splendid gifts which she offered the Donski Monastery, the pathetic story of her sufferings through eight years, and the nobility of her character won the affection not only of all the nuns, but of the empress herself. Yearly

something vanished from her resemblance to the Andronike of 1821. Hardly the shadow of her former self remained. She became slender, silent, pale, and timorous.

In 1832 the empress, on her return to Saint Petersburg, sent her chief physician to visit her regularly, and had strong hopes that he would save the life withered so untimely. It was in vain. The band of angels who were to bear her from this transitory life had been already appointed from heaven to hover about her head.

Her chamber was a small room, simply furnished and scrupulously clean. From an iron frame above her bed curtains of yellow damask hung down to the floor. Above her pillow was suspended an icon of the Holy Mother, entwined with palms. The Bible lay upon the table. The other furniture of her monastic chamber comprised a few chairs, a sofa, and a great cross directly opposite the bed. Near her sat a nun of twenty-five, who was devotedly attached to Andronike, and was reluctant to leave her alone a minute. She read to her, and watched over her like her own sister. The long-suffering girl lay in bed under a white coverlet. Her once fair face, sunken in the downy pillow, appeared paler than ever, but emaciated, dry, and already touched by the ashen hue of death. Her black hair was almost hidden entirely in a white veil. Her arms lay outside the coverlet, and on her right hand always glistened the betrothal ring of Thrasyboulos.

Pensive, silent, with tearful eyes, she was listening to the sister's reading, when the empress arrived in the adjoining chamber.

The abbess entered first to inform her. The invalid tried to rise; but the empress, who had waited only a moment, prevented her, and took her two hands in both of hers.

"How are you, my dear girl? Are you better?" she asked in a tremulous voice, for the face of the sick girl, worn by pain, had made a vivid impression on her guest.

"No, your Majesty. My strength is failing every hour. Death is growing nearer," she answered, with difficulty, but with perfect calmness.

"Don't say so, my darling girl; you are pale and exhausted, but you are young, and nature itself will help you conquer your persistent disease."

"I never shall regain my health, Majesty. Only a few more days of this life are left me. I am not afraid of

death. I am waiting for it calmly, as every Christian must who knows that he is passing to another life, more real and eternal."

The empress stooped and kissed her forehead, then gently added that Greece had been proclaimed an independent kingdom and that Otho had been declared her king.

"I thank thee, Almighty! I thank thee, Panaghia! Greece a kingdom! Greece alive again! Whoever could believe that those relics of Misolonghi, Scio, Psara, would to-day become a kingdom! Such a reward outweighs everything we have undergone. What beautiful and stupendous works Almighty God can build in a moment!" Claspings her hands, Andronike shed tears of joy.

"I am afraid this news has done her more harm than good," whispered the empress in the ear of the abbess.

"I do not think so, Majesty. You have poured consolation into her afflicted breast."

The empress remained some time in the chamber of the young Greek. Her own heart was heavy and sad. Then she kissed her a second time, and went out, to let her own tears have way.

Andronike in silence gave herself up to sweet thoughts and afterwards to refreshing sleep.

When she awoke a hectic flush shone on her face. The yellow tinge had disappeared from her hollow eyes. Her muscles had regained some elasticity and strength. Her lips, though still pale and parched, found breath and words. She repeated often that, finding herself so much better, she wanted to get up. It was already evening and a lamp was brought in. With the sister who cared for her so tenderly she conversed about the affairs of Greece.

"My Greece a kingdom! Give me, give me a bit of blue ribbon to tie my hair. I can't celebrate this glorious news any other way," said Andronike.

Satisfying her wishes, the kindly nun braided blue ribbons and flowers in her long neglected hair.

At that moment two or three other nuns entered to ask how she was, and were astounded at seeing her so bedecked and sitting upon the bed. They began to talk about the pious empress, and about that day's liturgy. Andronike spoke rapidly, in clear, fluent tones, until the other nuns many times begged her not to tax her strength.

"If I am as well as this to-morrow, I shall get up and go to the church to worship and give thanks to the Panaghia. Then I shall take a walk in the garden," she added.

As she uttered these words, she was seized by a hard and violent cough. There was a sudden fluttering in her breast. She opened her arms as if to embrace some one, and instantly fell back peacefully upon her pillow, never to wake again. The transient color of a few minutes before faded from her cheeks, her lips grew whiter, her eyes closed, and the repellent, solemn shadow of death in a few seconds veiled all that earthly beauty which had been by turns the enemy and the friend of her checkered life. Inevitable fate! Nothing remained on the dead countenance of our beloved friend except the virtue and dignity of her character.

Not for some minutes did the nuns realize that their sister had passed quietly away and without pain. Then, weeping bitterly, they called for the abbess, and threw themselves upon their knees, praying earnestly for the repose of their sister's soul.

That night for many hours the nuns of the Donski Monastery prayed for that soul which, after having passed through a world of vicissitudes, snares, and dangers, now pure and spotless, was already soaring with the angels to that eternal kingdom where the patriarch Gregory, her father and her lover, were waiting for her.

The aged armatolos Lampros survived until 1840. He lived at Nauplia. Long after his death many well remembered how he used to frequent the well known café of Pasclavanos, and narrate the varied events of his life, and extol the beauty and virtues of his mistress.

In like manner, until 1845, in one of the small squares of Smyrna, the stranger might see an Albanian with mutilated hands and feet who was always descanting on the prodigious experiences of the Greek struggle and the tragic death of Barthakas. This was Kara Seïd Ali, himself a wreck from the battle of Navarino.

CONSTANTINOPLE.

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